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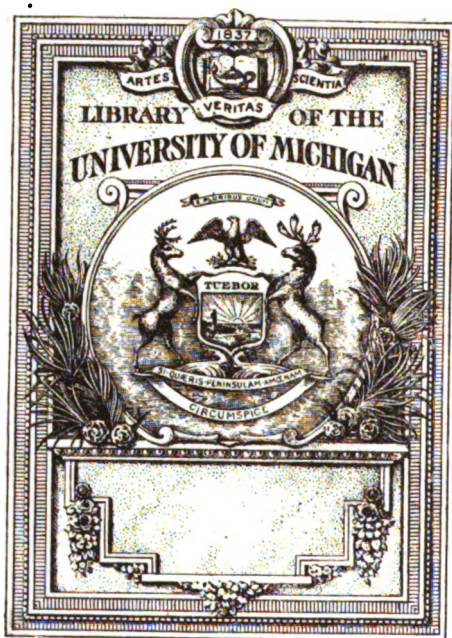
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THE

IRISH MONTHLY.

A Magazine of General Literature.

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

TWENTY-FIRST YEARLY VOLUME

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NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1894, to the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin, who will be glad of the opportunity of thanking them individually.

JANUARY, 1893.

THE SECRET OF THE KING.

CHAPTER I.

“CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.”

IT was a warm Sunday afternoon in Johannesburg. James Huntley was stretched at his ease, skimming the columns of the *Catholic News*, which had come by the last English mail. He had been one of the lucky ones on the Fields, and was even now thinking of retiring to more congenial surroundings, to enjoy his easily gotten wealth, though he thought he might perhaps take a run round Mashonaland first.

This day, as he read, he came across the name “Rev. Arthur Corham” amongst the advertisements appealing to charity. A long silent chord of memory was touched. One day when he and Arthur Corham were boys at school together, he had got into a terrible scrape, which must have resulted in expulsion, or at least public disgrace, if his friend Arthur had not shielded him and taken part of the blame upon himself. Whereupon, with all a schoolboy’s generous earnestness, James had solemnly sworn, “Arthur, if ever in life you are in trouble, and I am able to help you, you can reckon on me.” Arthur had entirely forgotten the incident, and even in James’s mind it was lying latent. Their paths had so widely diverged that they had soon lost sight of each other, nor did they expect ever to meet again. Yet here was James reading the advertisement :—

SPRINGTOWN CHURCH, BLANKSHIRE.

The Rev. Arthur Corham will feel deeply grateful for any help towards paying off the debt on the above Church. £30 must be had soon, and he knows not where to turn for it.

James Huntley was as good as his schoolboy word. "Corham isn't the man to be writing appeals every time he wants a penny or half-penny," he said; "but there are half-a-dozen advertisements far more fetching than his; I'd bet a fiver mine will be the only answer he gets, so I'd better do the job clean—it's no use making two bites of a cherry." Whereupon putting three £10 Bank of England notes into an envelope, with a blank card on which he wrote "Part of an old debt," he whistled *Auld Lang Syne*, and felt happy. The latter was duly posted, and out of it the whole trouble of my story arose, as you shall hear.

Father Corham was certainly a man not to cry out lightly when in trouble; nor again was he a man to fall lightly into financial difficulties. How then did he come to be advertising for £30? The little Catholic chapels with which the towns of England are studded can tell many a tale of privation and anxiety. The priest who opens a new mission will probably begin by taking ordinary lodgings, using one of his rooms for a chapel. He will gather together a congregation and start the wearying process of collecting funds, contenting himself with meat (say) three times a week, and pudding once in a blue moon; all that comes in over and above the barest needs of life, is drained off for the chapel-fund and for the daily claims of charity. So it was with Father Corham at Springton.

Some years of toil had brought his little church to the verge of completion. A bazaar, some concerts, a lecture or two, endless house to house collection, followed one another until he hated the very sight of a coin, and at length all the ordinary means of raising money seemed utterly exhausted. If he had a miserable £80 or £100 more, he should be able to open his church at once. As it was, it might be even a couple of years before he could raise the sum. Yet he was for bowing before the difficulty and waiting, rather than run into debt. But a Mr. Ellis, who had already contributed largely, took upon himself all the responsibility and promised to pay the whole sum in six months' time if Father Corham would but proceed. To a hint about tangible security, Mr. Ellis replied that if anything happened to him, his will would more than cover any difficulty. On this assurance Father Corham went into debt, and to his great joy his chapel was opened.

Then it was that trouble began to close in upon him. Mr. Ellis died suddenly, and although he left £100 to the Catholic

mission, yet through some informality the will was pronounced invalid, and the next heir refused to listen to any claims based upon it. To complicate matters, the man to whom the debt was owing, a man chosen for his friendliness and likely forbearance, became bankrupt, and the debt passed into other and unfriendly hands. Indeed, Father Corham was assured that, if the money were not forthcoming in due time, recourse would be had to extremest measures.

When matters had come to this pass, it was evidently a case for the Bishop, so Father Corham went off to headquarters. The Bishop heard his story patiently through, and replied—"Well, Father Corham, you are learning the lesson in rather a painful way, but it is just as well you should learn it. Money is money, and business is business. The funds of the diocese are hardly adequate to the claims that come upon us in the ordinary way of business. I am obliged to keep a strict rule against all unbusiness-like ventures."

"But, my lord, who could possibly foresee such a combination of circumstances? There seemed to be no loophole for misfortune."

"So you sanguine people always say. You should have had Mr. Ellis' promise in black and white, and in such form as (if necessary) to be negotiable. Or if you wanted my assistance in your speculation, you should have had my previous consent in writing."

The Bishop spoke a little hardly on purpose, because he thought the youthful and zealous priest would be all the better for having a good common-sense lesson rubbed into him. Besides, he knew that the people would never allow such a pastor to be reduced to absolute extremity. Indeed, he felt in his heart that Father Corham was justified, and in such a case the work of God may well be left to the guidance of Providence. So, after some discussion, he gave a personal gift of £10, which he could ill spare, with his blessing, directing Father Corham to raise the money as best he could without diocesan assistance.

"In other words, my lord," said the priest, taking his rebuff gaily, "your instructions are—make money, honestly if you can, but—make money."

"Just so," laughed the Bishop in turn.

"Very well; I don't know what I may be driven to in my

desperation. I hope your lordship will not live to see me in the dock for forgery or anything of that kind."

* So they spoke, jesting as only innocence can afford to jest.

It was then that Father Corham went and wrote his advertisement for the *Catholic News*, and three weeks after that Mr. Huntley cast his bread upon the waters, to be found again only after many days.

CHAPTER II.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

THERE was a man living at Springton who was a considerable puzzle to his neighbours. He was either a Pole or a Russian by birth, and passed under the name of Varovski—a tall man of determined character, suave but unyielding in demeanour. His occupation was professedly that of an artist, though people did not see much fruit of his labours. Every now and again he would be absent from home for irregular periods, leaving his studio in charge of Pat Kenney, an individual who looked as stolid and simple as his master was keen. At other times they would lock up the place and go away together for a week at a stretch. Moreover, Varovski was a Catholic, but never went to church.

It was this last fact that brought him into contact with Father Corham, who spared no pains to bring the wanderer back to obedience. And Varovski was always so polite and appeared to be so good-hearted, and his life was so free from the grosser kinds of irregularity, that it was really difficult to understand the reason of his holding aloof.

If Father Corham had communicated with the police, they could have informed him that Varovski was strongly suspected of complicity in certain swindling operations which were baffling the detectives. But of course the police do not proclaim these things from the housetops. They were content to watch and bide their time. Meanwhile they had a certain curiosity to know the subject of those frequent and interesting conversations between the practised swindler and the youthful priest. Varovski himself had no idea that anybody was on his track, but thought it well, for his general reputation of respectability, that he should be seen to be on friendly terms with the clergy. Hence he always

designedly left Father Corham under the impression that he might soon surrender. The latter, however, ere long perceived he was wasting his energies over this man, and resolved to make one final appeal and then leave him to himself.

With this intention he stopped Varovski one day on the bridge over the river that runs through the town—it was about three weeks after the posting of Huntley's bank-notes—and came frankly to the point at once.

"Well, Varovski, when is this going to end? When are we going to see you at your duty?"

"I declare, Father, your sheep have no chance of escaping you. No sooner do we get a nice bit of pasturage to nibble at beyond the bounds, than you are down upon us with your crook and want to rush us into the fold."

After a certain amount of fencing of this bantering kind Father Corham said in an emphatic tone, which showed how serious he was—

"I assure you, Mr. Varovski, this is the last time I put my hand to the business. You promise and promise, but I have no profit out of it."

Neither of them noticed the approach of a dilapidated old beggar, who hid his profession under the guise of selling matches, and who took up a lazy sprawling attitude in the next recess of the bridge just as these last words were uttered. But Varovski would have been considerably alarmed if he had seen a note-book full of shorthand under that beggar's rags, into which note-book these words of Father Corham were being transferred with keen excitement. If you read them again, you will find they were suspicious words to one who knew Varovski's occupation, as this disguised detective did.

The priest, all unconscious, went on with his unfortunate metaphor, avoiding more sacred language with true Saxon shyness. "I have dunned you again and again, and all you give is a dishonoured I.O.U. And still you persist in going on, with your eyes open, into danger. At this point we part company. If you don't come up to the scratch now, you never will. I have done all I can, and henceforward I wash my hands of your future."

To this there was a murmured answer from Varovski, which the detective could not hear, and then, in more mollified tones, Father Corham added for the benefit of the note-book—

"Well, whatever you do yourself, don't drag poor Pat along with you. Send him to me to-morrow afternoon, will you please?"

"All right, Father, I will, and I'll send him along well primed too"—this, with a hidden jest, well known to Varovski himself, and well guessed by the beggar behind.

"Good," answered the priest, entering into the joke as he conceived of it, "and I'll do my best to unload him."

So they parted, and in a little while the beggar went off with extraordinary activity to remove his disguise and report his discovery. "I have always heard," he was saying to himself, "that those Romish priests were up to mischief; but I never laid hands on one of them yet. I thought all these confabs must mean harm, but they're devilish sly, oh yes! devilish sly."

The next day the mail from South America came in, and the letter from Johannesburg was slipped into Father Corham's box.

Only those who have experienced the straits of honourable poverty can fully picture to themselves the intense relief, the deep gratitude, the almost absurd joy that this £30 caused. Father Corham took it at once to the foot of the tabernacle, and there offered it up with many a prayer for blessings on the head of his unknown benefactor. Who could it possibly be? As far as he knew, he had not a single acquaintance in the whole of South Africa; yet "Part of an old debt!" When the first transports of gratitude and delight were over, he sat down to think it out, but could not come to any conclusion. His old act of generosity towards a school-fellow had not been so out of the common with him as to rise to the surface of his memory now. So at length he gave it up as an insoluble riddle.

To return to Varovski. He parted from Father Corham on the bridge with an evil smile on his countenance that would have enabled him to play Mephistophiles without any disguise. The words "Send Pat to me" had suggested a thought of diabolical revenge. The priest was useful to him only as long as they were on apparently intimate terms; he did not mean to be shaken off like this without striking back. It so happened that in pursuance of his "artist" work he and the rest of the gang had just completed a set of forged bank-notes, which were now awaiting circulation. Varovski intended to palm off the first of them on this priest, who had rejected him. This was what he meant by sending Pat "primed." Pat was to undertake to go to confession

and meanwhile get up a confidential story how "the ould folk" had sent him a £10 note, and he wanted to give ten shillings of it to the debt of the church. Father Corham of course would be delighted, and hand over £9 10s. for the worthless bit of paper. Bad as Pat was, it was no easy job to get him to play so mean a trick on the clergy, but Varovski had an absolute ascendancy over him and simply terrorised him into obedience.

When Pat arrived, Father Corham was still seated in his study plunged in thought. The fateful letter was on the desk before him. At once, however, he gave all his attention to trying to persuade Pat to "go to his duty," and Pat, in pursuance of his plan, was artfully beginning to yield. Just then there was a sick-call, a case of urgency—old Thady Phelan was "taken bad," and was thought to be dying. The priest, forgetting everything else, rushed to the door to enquire into particulars, and then came back to dismiss Pat for the time being, promising to see him again ere long. Pat, however, had utilised his interval. As soon as the priest turned his back, Pat's eyes lost their stolid look and glanced hungrily over the desk. Nothing there but the Johannesburg letter—but what was that just peeping out of the envelope? that uncut edge of the unmistakable bank-note paper? To think was to act with this practised thief. To whip out the three £10 notes and from the roll in his pocket (for Father Corham's was not his only destination that afternoon) to replace them with three forged ones, and to resume his look of stolid imbecility, was the work of a moment. Father Corham returned, dismissed Pat, cast an anxious look into the envelope, blaming himself first for his carelessness, then for his unjust suspicion, looked up the precious £30, and went out on his sick-call.

CHAPTER III.

A BARB IN THE WOUND.

Debt is a burden only when you are not able to pay it. Given the wherewithal, the sense of debt becomes a positive luxury, especially if your enemies think and hope you are unable to pay. So thought Father Corham as he took out of his desk next morning the precious envelope which completed the sum of his liabilities. He transferred the bank-notes to his pocket-book, and looked for the anonymous notelet that had come with them. He searched

his table, the floor, the waste-paper basket, tore open the envelope, shook out his pocket-book. In vain; Pat had carried it off with the real notes, and disapproving of documentary evidence had torn it up and thrown it to the winds. During the impatient search, Father Corham unfortunately crumpled up the envelope and threw it into the fire. He attached no importance to the loss, knowing his habitual carelessness about papers, but he would have liked to keep the scrap just for curiosity. Gone it was, however, so dismissing it from his mind he went forth to pay the debt.

Meanwhile Varovski had at once seen the tactical mistake made by Pat in exceeding his instructions. A mere £10 note would have lain idle for a long time in the priest's desk; but £30, completing the sum owed, would be paid away immediately. The crime would be tracked to their door before twenty hours were over. There was nothing for it but to run away. That evening he alternately chuckled over Pat's ingenuity, and swore at him for his stupidity.

All of a sudden, however, a flash of intelligence brightened his eyes and he began to smile. "There's one of the devil's own thoughts working in him now," muttered Pat to himself. Ere long it came out.

"Pat, you know what will happen to you if I get into any trouble through you?"

"Sure it's myself I'm getting into trouble, I think."

"That won't get you off; let only one of us suffer through you, and the rest will take a terrible revenge. Prison walls cannot protect you from us. You know this has been the understanding between us ever since ——"

"Yes, I know; you needn't go over it all again. It's hell if I stay, and hell if I run away."

"Come now, Pat, it's not so bad as all that. You have a very nice time of it as long as we are not caught."

"Well, but we're always just on the brink of getting caught. Why don't you let me go? I'd never split."

"Let you go? Oh, no, you're much too useful to us, Pat. There's not a man in the three kingdoms can look so idiotic as you can when you like. You're simply a marvel for throwing the police off the scent. But it's too late to be talking like this now. You have been too sharp this time, and we're caught. To-morrow morning Father Corham will pay away those notes;

before evening they will be detected ; everyone will know you were the only person admitted to his study ; and then, what about me ?”

“ What if we make ourselves scarce to-night ?”

“ Too late, if we leave clear proof behind us ; but if we leave only suspicion, we may get through yet. It depends on you.”

“ On me ?”

“ Yes, on you. You have done the mischief, and have got to undo it.”

“ How ?”

“ The only proof against us is that priest’s evidence. *You must stop his mouth.*”

“ No, none of that, Varovski. Before God, I will have no more villainy against the clergy.”

“ Villainy, you fool. I don’t want you to kill him. I’m not a vulgar murderer.”

“ What did you do to Tom Binney, then ?”

“ It was Tom Binney’s fate that was always being held over Pat’s head *in terrorem*. Varovski winced, but went on :

“ See here, no one will suspect Father Corham of forgery ; he will be able to explain where he got his £30 ; but he will at once guess who changed the notes, and, we must prevent his telling that. If he does not tell that, they may suspect, but it will take so long to make up a case that we shall have time to get off to Spain or anywhere, and change all our notes as well. Now, how can we prevent his telling that ?”

“ Well ?”

Varovski leaned forward and hissed in his ear, “ *You must go to confession to him, and tell him you changed the notes.*”

Pat buried his face in his hands and thought it out. Then, lifting up his head, he said, “ Varovski, you are a devil ! you are a devil !”

Varovski displayed his teeth with a grin that both acknowledged and justified the compliment. To do him justice, however, it must be said that he did not realize the danger of suspicion falling on the priest, at least more than temporarily. It is very unusual for a man to receive £30 and not be able to account for it. And this view he impressed on Pat, and so mingled persuasion with coercion that he eventually overcame Pat’s horror of the sacrilege, and the diabolical plot was laid. Varovski himself was

to escape that night in disguise. Meanwhile, by lighting up his room, throwing a shadow on his blind now and then, and in various other ways, Pat was to persuade possible watchers that his master was still at home. He was then to keep a look out, and if the priest went to his creditor, was to go to confession immediately on his return. After that, leaving the house still apparently tenanted by Varovski, he was to put on his densest expression and slip off by the first train he could.

The only doubt Varovski had was whether it would not be better to confess *before* the priest paid the money away. He decided against this; because then without being himself implicated, Father Corham would have leisure to think, and would probably find proofs enough outside of the seal of confession to bring the charge home. Whereas, if the confession were after payment, he would be hedged round with anxieties, and enquiries would be sprung upon him so suddenly that he would probably see no other path of safety than that of silence.

Everything happened precisely as the plotter had foreseen. No one remarked the curiously disguised figure stealing away by a back entrance and making for the railway station. The police kept their watch on the signs of life they saw in Varovski's room. They had tracked Pat the day before to the priest's house. They had even followed Father Corham to poor Thady Phelan's, and had astonished that stricken household by a visit of enquiry after his departure. Next morning they tracked him to his creditor's, and immediately on ascertaining his object had communicated with the chief detective. But, thinking that Pat's work was ended, they did not watch him as he went to the presbytery for confession, so that this visit of his remained a secret.

It was with a light heart that Father Corham returned to his little church and home now free from debt, as he thought; and when he saw Pat Kenney waiting for confession, his spiritual barometer rose several degrees more, recognising as he did the effect of his yesterday's exhortation.

Alas! he soon realised the toils in which he was involved. When the appalling words were uttered, his first hope, only a faint one, was that it was a real heart-felt confession, and that his penitent would take steps outside of the confessional to put matters to rights. When that failed, he hoped to prove that the confession was altogether fictitious and therefore not binding.

But the residue of faith in the depths of poor Pat's soul had made him genuinely sorry: it was a confession, lacking only courage to make deeds correspond to regrets. "I dare not; I dare not; that devil will kill me," was his one answer when the right course was pointed out to him. At length, after a long wrestling with this soul in vain, from the disinterested point of view of right and duty, Father Corham said, "Now, Pat, I see I can do nothing with you; you have committed grievous sin and you come to make what I fear was intended to be a sacrilegious confession so as to tie my hands. I have not spoken to you about myself; I have only laid before you your sin against God. But before you go, I want you to know what you have done to me. This sin of yours will now be laid to my charge, and through your confession my lips are closed. You are putting your priest in the dock as a criminal—perhaps in gaol."

"Oh no, no, Father," moaned Pat, "don't tell me that. They'd never think it of a priest. You only tell them where you got the £30, and it will be all right."

"No, Patriok, don't try and hush up your conscience with false suppositions. I cannot tell where I got the £30; and it is through you that I cannot tell, for along with the notes you took away a little bit of paper, which was the one bit of evidence that would have been of use."

"And I tore it up and threw it away. My God! my God! what have I done?"

With these words Pat rushed from the confessional in an agony of despair, while Father Corham, bowed down with dread and anxiety, went to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament.

Pat succeeded in making good his escape, for the police thought he was safe as long as Varovski was at home, and they had not yet discovered that scoundrel's departure. But half-an-hour after the confession, the detective whom we saw before as a beggar was waiting at Father Corham's door. The priest had by this time in the presence of his Lord recovered his equanimity and determined to wait quietly the issue of events. Not knowing of course that the police were already on his track, he could not suppose that the discovery would come so soon. Consequently, when a Mr. Barton was announced, he had no other feeling than a certain curiosity as to what his business might be. The detective began with a few indifferent remarks so as to set the priest as completely as

possible off his guard. Then, suddenly, *apropos* of nothing, he remarked—

“You paid away a large sum of money this morning in bank-notes.”

There was a flash of consciousness, purely reflex, but wholly unmistakable, which revealed knowledge of the forgery and surprise that the discovery had come so soon. People who have had nothing to conceal, do not practise the art of concealment. The detective read the look, and Father Corham knew he had read it.

“Who are you?” said he.

“I am John Barton, of Scotland Yard,” was the reply.

“Then what is your business with me?”

“My first business was to make certain, what I already strongly suspected, that you knew these notes to be forged; my next business is consequent upon that, namely, to arrest you for that crime, which I now do.”

“What do you mean by saying that you already strongly suspected?”

“Oh, I am not going to let out State secrets. I can only tell you that your every movement has been closely watched for the last forty-eight hours. I’ll trouble you to come along with me now.”

Perfectly mystified and dumbfounded by this intelligence, Father Corham had nothing to say. There was nothing for it but to go. It was no use arguing with a policeman. He had the warrant, and that was enough. Father Corham merely telegraphed to his Bishop, “I am arrested for uttering forged notes; help me if you can.” Then, without saying a word to anyone else, he walked quietly down the street with his captor, and entered the prison gates.

FREDERICK C. KOLBE.

(To be concluded next month.)

MONTE CARLO.

UPON the shore the modern Circe stands,
 And stretches forth her cruel, grasping hands ;
 Above her head the blue sky stoops to meet
 The bluer waves, that rise to kiss her feet,
 And 'mid her groves, where sunshine smiles all day,
 The summer breezes with the flowers play ;
 While on the air soft sounds of music rise,
 To fill the bowers where fadeless summer lies ;
 Sweet human song mingling with song of bird.
 But other sounds in Circe's halls are heard :
 The croupier's voice, the curséd click of gold,
 For which our hearts, our souls, our lives, are sold
 Around the board where the pale dealer sits
 Are gathered those whom sordid longing knits
 In fellowship. Alas ! you will see there
 Youth's golden head and Age's blanching hair,
 Bright cheek of girl, Past Beauty's painted face,
 And on them all the same expression trace.

See, there he stands, the hero of the day !
 A constant Fate has shone upon his play,
 He grasps at last his soul's utmost desire,
 And in his eyes there gleams unholy fire ;
 To clutch the gold his trembling fingers strain,
 And his pale lips, for once, have smiled again.
 Alas ! his angel weeps such joy to see,
 And demons laugh the chorus of his glee.
 Vain, useless gold that cannot bring him back
 His wasted youth, nor fill his daily lack
 Of sweet home joys, nor buy him calm repose,
 Nor one true friend, though round him gather those
 The sordid crew, to whom Fortune is God,
 Who kiss the mud her fickle feet have trod,
 And worship him on whom her smile she flings—
 While yet she smiles—but should she spread her wings,
 And to some other dupéd victim turn,
 As quick as she, their former friend they spurn.

Among the trees a stealthy figure steals
 Towards a spot whose sombre shade conceals
 All things from view. A man here means to end
 The hapless life he has not strength to mend.
 A month ago he was a happy boy,

For whom the world still wore her mask of joy,
Whose honest eyes gazed fearless from a face
Where sin and shame had left no marring trace.
The temper came, and tempted not in vain.
He played—he lost—and then he played again
With borrowed gold he never can repay;
And as he stands, despairing and at bay,
Death seems to him the last and only friend.
O pitying God! will not Thy mercy send
Some angel-hand, to snatch him from the brink
Of that dread hell wherein his soul will sink.

Beneath the stars, among the flowers he lies
With pulseless heart, and wide, unseeing eyes;
The pale calm moon looks down with equal ray
On the self-murderer's desecrated clay,
And on his gentle mother's patient brow,
As in her widowed home she dreams, e'en now,
Her boy's glad step she hears within her halls,
And his dear voice that on his mother calls.
Poor mother, sleep. Alas! when thou shalt wake
Another heart with grief and shame will break—
Another voice to God accusing rise,
For one more curse on Monte Carlo lies.

FRANK PENTRILL.

ST. LAWRENCE'S CATHOLIC HOME.

THE writer of these lines is anxious to bring under the notice of the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* a charity which, so far, has been little understood or appreciated in Dublin. Everybody who walks through the streets of our city must be struck by the number of nurses, clad in various garbs and colours, and, for the most part, young, active, and intent on their business, who flit from place to place, and seem bent on some serious errand which does not admit of delay or lingering on the road. Of a few, a very tiny proportion indeed of these, it is our wish to give some information, and to answer some queries which naturally arise when our already well taxed "giving" minority are appealed to, to open their purses yet a little wider, and to enable a new and

struggling work, for the benefit of the poor, to sustain its existence in our capital.

St. Lawrence's Catholic Home, in Mary-street, is a branch of the large scheme, connected with the Queen's jubilee, for providing trained nurses to the sick poor in their own homes. Trained nurses for the poor, bringing with them inestimable means of comfort and relief, have been for a considerable time a familiar feature amongst the good works of Protestants. It was, however, recognised that in a Catholic city such as ours, of which the immense majority of the poor are Catholics, it was necessary, in order to give effect to the beneficent purposes of the Jubilee Fund, to start a special Catholic Home, the nurses belonging to which should be beyond all suspicion of tampering with the faith of their patients, and who, moreover, would naturally be in a position to see that the sick poor should, in good time, receive the consolations of their religion. It is quite true that the rules of the Society are completely unsectarian, and that its broad design is to help the poor and suffering without any distinction of religion or creed; moreover, that the business of the nurses is distinctly to relieve the body, without interfering in any way with the religious faith of the patients. These rules are strictly adhered to. Nevertheless, it may be easily understood, that in Ireland, at any rate, a special Catholic Home for nurses should exist, to which priests, doctors, and charitable persons who visit the poor, can send in any emergency for effectual aid.

Such a Home is now established, and is in full working order, though the staff, so far, consists but of four nurses, including the Lady Superintendent, who, having graduated at the Nightingale Training School, at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, is fully qualified for her arduous post.

The most confirmed pessimist of the present day is at least compelled to acknowledge that in material comfort and general enlightenment, concerning the various requirements of mankind, enormous progress has been made during the last half or quarter of a century. The sciences of cookery and sanitation, for instance, to speak of matters which were formerly looked upon as of comparatively trifling importance, and which were comprehended either not at all or by very few, have now become household words in even modest establishments, thereby greatly increasing the well-being and comfort of the most humble families. Of no less im-

portance, as one moment's reflection will convince us, is the science of nursing, and, indeed, as everybody knows, the nurse is now considered in many cases of illness as of only secondary importance to the doctor. To the rich, this want is now fully supplied, and experience only can tell what an inestimable blessing a clever, intelligent, well-trained nurse is in a house where sickness has taken up its abode. On this well recognised point it is not necessary to descant. We have only to go a step further, and to realise what such a blessing means to the wretched and ignorant poor, who know nothing of the most elementary rules for either preserving or repairing health, and whose miserable surroundings are such that they are often deprived of the simplest necessities for combating illness.

Two objections at once suggest themselves. Why do not the sick poor go to hospital? Why do they not attend upon one another in cases where sickness breaks out in their families?

To the first question the answer is simple. The hospitals can neither receive all the sick poor of the city, nor can they keep them sufficiently long to ensure recovery. To the second question, though more frequently asked, the answer is equally obvious. The ignorance of the poor is so great, their habits of uncleanness and disorder are so rooted, and the circumstances of their existence are often so terrible, that any approach to intelligent nursing is very rarely to be found amongst them. The use of disinfectants and antiseptics is unknown; the ordinary precautions against infection are disregarded; the simplest dressing of wounds and sores are neglected. In a ward, the sick poor of whom there must be always several hundreds lying in their own homes in a city like ours, must necessarily be sadly neglected, and in many cases deprived of the ordinary alleviation of illness.

It is to meet this want that the district nurses devote their lives to such an arduous task as that of going from house to house, in the poorest quarter of the city, up and down crazy staircases, penetrating into the most uninviting tenements, searching for and finding out the most forlorn and destitute cases, and bringing with them everywhere comfort, relief, and the most intelligent and kindly medical treatment. They undertake the treatment of acute cases of bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, influenza, besides typhoid and enteric fevers, rheumatism, gout, etc., etc. Confinement cases also come within their scope; and their experience and

care have proved invaluable in circumstances where prolonged treatment, after accidents and injuries of all kind, is required. Under such circumstances patients are necessarily dismissed from the hospital long before they are entirely cured, and though the dispensaries are available for them, it may frequently happen that their delicacy is such as to make it difficult for them to leave their homes for treatment, and that the dispensary doctors cannot visit them often enough to ensure the daily necessary care. The fact that during the months of August, September, and October of this year, 76 cases have been attended by the few nurses in St. Lawrence's Home, and 2,294 visits paid, is enough to convince the most sceptical that the work of the district nurses is already thoroughly appreciated in the city, and further enquiry will prove that by the very poor they are looked upon as angels of charity, and that their visits and ministrations are eagerly welcomed.

Their lives are hard and laborious, and the tasks they daily set themselves to accomplish are not easy ones. They shrink from nothing, however repulsive and difficult. They wash, clean, and tend their patients, make their beds, and supply them, so far as means will allow, with linen and other necessaries. This is their preliminary and indispensable work, which, it is needless to say, is often extremely trying and disagreeable, and which, but for their services, would be, for the most part, never attempted. Then comes their more congenial task of nursing, which, as they are all thoroughly trained and experienced, is preformed in the most conscientious and efficacious manner. Of course, in the more serious cases, they act under the doctor's orders, but constantly in chronic illnesses, and sickness of the lighter kinds, they are quite capable of undertaking the entire responsibility.

When one comes to think of it, one must admit that a supply of trained district nurses in every city will turn out to be one of the greatest boons of our day to the sick poor. Not only will it relieve their actual necessities of the moment, but it will also in time instruct and enlighten them in the rules of nursing, of cleanliness, and general usefulness. It will also relieve the overtasked dispensary doctor, and will ensure to our unhappy fellow-sufferers of the poorer classes, a share at least in the alleviations of sickness, which we ourselves consider quite indispensable. It also opens out a wide field of active charity to many young women who, though well inclined to devote themselves to the poor for a

certain number of hours each day, do not feel themselves called upon to enter religion as nuns. These sisters are bound by no vows, and only obey the simplest rules. Their work is extremely hard—eight hours a day, generally—but to many it is an extremely interesting work, and obtains its reward partially, at least, in the thoroughly satisfactory results which it achieves. In fact, it may be looked upon now as a career for women which combines the exercise of the highest Christian charity, with a certain amount of freedom and absence of the solemn obligations of conventual life, for which only a chosen few are eligible. Amongst our Protestant fellow-countrymen it has been already accepted as an absolute necessity, and it cannot be for a moment imagined that now that it has obtained the highest sanction from our pastors, it should be allowed to languish in the capital of Catholic Ireland.

M. J. MARTIN.

“HEIRS TO THE KINGDOM.”

SAY not “My cross too heavy is, the way
 Too rough, my hands and feet are torn
 By wayside stones and many a piercing thorn;
 I sink, I fall, why does my Lord delay?”
 Oh! say not so, 'tis trusted sons who may
 Assume the charge their fathers long have borne,
 A prince must wear the crown a king has worn,
 A stout heart don the warrior's array.
 Then who would dally in the flowery mead
 Drinking with laughing lips from pleasure's cup,
 Basking in idleness beneath the sun,
 While there is loud-voiced call to noble deed,
 A hill to climb, a cross to carry up,
 Void life to fill, a crown which must be won?

JESSIE TULLOCH

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

There is hardly one of Charles Dickens's innumerable creations that lives in the memory of his readers as vividly and as pleasantly as Sam Weller. He would hardly have given that name to Mr. Pecksniff's faithful valet if he at that time had reckoned among his friends a certain Mr. and Mrs. Weller, with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted. He once sent the following lines to their daughter, with a note in which he said: "I thought of these rhymes, as I rode out yesterday. The name of my horse was *not* Pegasus"—

I once put in a book, by hook or by crook,
The whole race, as I thought, of a "feller,"
And, in doing so, pleased the town's taste, much diseased,
And the name of that person was Weller.

I now find, to my cost, that one Weller I lost—
Ornèl destiny, thus to arrange it!
How I love her dear name, which has brought me some fame,
But, great heaven, how gladly I'd change it!

The gentleman to whom was reserved the privilege of changing Miss Weller's name was Mr. T. J. Thompson. Their children, Elizabeth and Alice, are now Lady Butler and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, the painter of "The Roll Call," and the author of "Preludes." We are delighted to hear that from the latter the literary world may at once expect a new volume of poems and a volume of essays. We can hardly decide to which of the two we look forward more eagerly. We remember all the subtle refinement and originality of "Preludes," but we remember also the exquisite art of Mrs. Meynell's prose style.

* * *

In criticising a new volume of Mr. Farjeon's, *The Saturday Review* says: "The style is awkward and clumsy. It is hardly too much to say that from the first to the last in the three volumes the word 'begin' is never used. Everything always 'commences,' from the author and the editor down to the working carpenter; and that fact alone tells a tale as to the literary merits of the production." Now is this not too violent an attack on the simple word *commence*? An Edinburgh reviewer a long time ago con-

trusted two writers, one of whom liked a nice little word to end with, while the other preferred a ponderous polysyllable with which to conclude. I remember an excellent talker of my childhood who used, in her story-telling, to *encounter* some person and *accost* him, whereas nowadays we meet a person and speak to him. It is well to cultivate simplicity and pure Saxon, but there can be too much of them, or, at least, too great an effort to attain them. Stylism is surely wrong. Let us try to have something good to say, and say it.

* * *

I have just discovered a modern counterpart for the pharisee who went up into the Temple to pray. His prayer resolved itself into an act of thanksgiving that he was not like the rest of men—into admiration of his own goodness. Just like “little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie,” and of whom we have no opinion recorded but one, namely, while “he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,” he remarked, in the very spirit of the pharisee, “Oh, what a good boy am I!”

* * *

Many of us live too long. A long life was the temporal sanction attached to the Fourth Commandment; but it is not always a blessing. Even in the matter of fame and other earthly advantages there is a counterpart for the *consummatus in brevi* of the Wise Man. The peculiar and perennial fame that Keats has won would hardly have been increased if he had lived longer. Thomas Davis would, doubtless, be a much less interesting and influential figure in Irish history at the middle of the nineteenth century if he had been spared for the complications of another ten years. If Thomas Caulfield Irwin had died after publishing his first little book of *Versicles*, he would be a far more satisfactory subject for an appreciative essay. Let us contrive to die in time, and, meanwhile, let us live.

* * *

An American Colonel Dodge wrote a pleasant book about horses, in which he gives this advice to a young rider:—“Don’t be afraid of a fall; it don’t hurt you much nineteen cases out of twenty. If you find you are really going, and can’t save yourself, don’t stiffen. Try to flop—the more like a drunken man the better. It is rigid muscle that break bones.” The present writer has never even seen a hunt; and what interests him in this advice

is its bearing upon falls of another kind. In the race for perfection, also, there must be occasional tumbles. "Try to flop." Don't be too much surprised or even distressed at your mishap. "Nothing," said a certain holy nun, "gets me out of a scrape like a good act of humility."

* * *

The Times once wrote: "It has been proved beyond a doubt that Lord Mulgrave has actually invited to dinner that rancorous-mouthed ruffian O'Connell." Even *The Times* would speak very differently of O'Connell now, though it might not have the magnanimity to adopt what Gladstone said at Limehouse on the 16th December, 1888: "O'Connell was their leader because he was a man incomparably elevated in talent, power, and devotion to his country over every contemporary, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, throughout the length or breadth of Ireland."

* * *

There is a song, it seems, that begins "Give me back yesterday." Some one proposed as a companion song, "You don't happen to have the day after to-morrow in your pocket, do you?" The two requests are about equally unreasonable. Our life, as far as it is practically at our disposal, does not consist of yesterday and the day after to-morrow, but of to-day, and even of a small portion of to-day, certainly not of the hours that have already gone by since the sun and I arose this morning—not at the same moment, for this is St. Andrew's day, and his Majesty rises late at this season. Well, the point I am coming to is simply the old advice, not to waste regrets on the irrevocable past, but to force ourselves to use well the fleeting present. Of course, we are bound to be sorry also for the past, as far as we misused it. A little boy gave it as his idea of heaven, "the place where you are never sorry." Certainly that description does not hold for this earth. If you are good for anything, if you have any proper ideal, you are sure to be sorry very often. To escape being sorry by being very dull, and worthless, and heartless, is far worse than any amount of trouble and sorrow. "I am sorry, I am sorry"—I say this after nearly everything I do." And she had no right to feel thus, for she did many things extraordinarily well; but her keen sense of perfection made her feel any slight shortcoming acutely. Coarser natures, like ours, are not likely to have an excess of regret and self-reproach, and we ought to use our faculty

of remorse to good purpose. Regret the shortcomings of yesterday or of half an hour ago, in order that you may make amends and avoid similar mistakes to-day or in the next half hour. "No use watering last year's crops," said Mrs. Poyser. Tears will not make the flowers to spring up which we ought to have planted last year, and did not; but take your watering-pot into your hands to refresh the drooping flowers that are pining in your garden this minute, so pale and sickly as rather to be eyesores than ornaments, weeds rather than flowers.

* * *

Lord, give me grace and strength of character to tear myself away promptly from what, if not bad, is less good, and to give myself earnestly, diligently, self-denyingly, to the better and the best.

* * *

Part of the disorder of our correspondence may arise from our wish to send long answers to our friends, whereas a postcard or brief note by return of post would satisfy them and put them out of suspense at once, and save them from getting fidgetty and displeased. Apply this to prayer, our correspondence with God and His saints. We must not wait for time for long regular prayers. Short, informal prayers, ejaculations, etc.—these may even please God and His saints better by their frequency and fervour, and may make us feel more at home in prayer.

* * *

There is a maxim of worldly wisdom which may be very useful in our spiritual concerns: "Short accounts make long friends." When we don't pay in ready money, when we order goods freely, if not recklessly, and keep no account of our outlay, it is pretty certain that, when the bill at last is furnished, we shall be greatly startled at the total amount. "Is it possible? Surely I can't have got all that wine? Did that coat cost so much?" And we are apt to dispute the account, if possible, or, at all events, to pay with a bad grace, and perhaps part on bad terms. Whereas, if we had forced ourselves to settle our accounts at certain short intervals, if we had tried to pay our way for the most part in cash—for "ready money is a great check to the imagination"—the effort would make us curtail our outlay, the necessities of life would be found not to be quite so necessary, our debts would be kept within reasonable limits, we should be better satisfied with

our merchants and they with their customers, and our accounts, almost as short as our tempers, would be in a normally satisfactory state. The application of all this to our consciences is obvious enough; and this is fortunate, for there is not time now to enter into particulars.

How many of 'our readers remember in our fourteenth volume (1886) a very good story called "Mr. Baker's Domestic System?" It described the ludicrous failure of a certain gentleman who pretended that his wife had not much to do, and who rashly undertook to take her place for a day in managing the children and the household affairs. I find a similar experiment narrated more briefly in an old Scotch ballad—

John Grumlie swore by the licht o' the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow;
"John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae haud the plow.

"First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear,
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."

O he did dress his children fair,
And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer;
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday,
But he forgot to ca' in the hens,
And the hens a' laid away.

The hawkit crummie loot down nae milk,
He kirked, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed wrang, and nought gaed right;
He danced wi' rage and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
Wi' mony a wave and shout;
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife came home at e'en,
 And laughed as she'd been mad,
 When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
 And John sae glum and sad.
 Quoth he, "I gi'e up my housewife akep,
 I'll be nae mair gudewife!"
 "Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,
 Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."
 "The deil be in that," quo' surly John,
 "I'll do as I've done before."
 Wi' that the gudewife took up a stout rung,
 And John made off to the door.
 "Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
 I ken I'm sair to blame,
 But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
 And ye maun bide at hame."

* * *

These last two pigeonholes are exceptions to the general rule; they contain borrowed matter. Christmastide reminds us of a thoughtful little paper which appeared in 1885 in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. A contrast is drawn between "Two Cradles," one of which is the cynosure of Christians at this holy season—the Cradle of Bethlehem.

* * *

The German poet, Schiller, has left two beautiful lines on a child singing contentedly in his narrow cot. They are framed on a classical metre, without rhyme, and may be put into English thus, imitating the hexameter and pentameter of the Latins:

Blithe little songster! thou findest unlimited space in thy cradle:
 Grown to a man, thou shalt find narrow the limitless world;

The meaning is plain, though so compressed. The infant knows nothing that lies beyond his cradle; and, knowing nothing, is content with his little kingdom. In after life when ambition, vanity, and avarice have whispered to him their unwholesome lessons, he will find the wide world itself too narrow for the honours he will grasp at, and the possessions he will covet.

But, while we think over the expressive lines, a thought arises that leads us to another cradle, to another infant lying there, and to a for different lesson. The poet contemplated an infant whose gladness could only last as long as his ignorance of any larger field for his desires than his cradle; a contentment that was doomed

to vanish, when his intelligence developed in manhood, and when he should find other objects for his insatiable pursuit. Whereas, in the cradle to which we come to pay our loving homage at Christmastide, and in the tabernacle which is the scene of our Lord's patient life in the Adorable Sacrament, we find an infant who is the Supreme Intelligence and Wisdom ; an infant in whose tiny hand lies all the might of Omnipotence ; an Infant born on a December night yet existing in the Bosom of the Father through Eternity. His wisdom, equally with His love, "reacheth from end to end powerfully, and ordereth all things sweetly."* And yet, all the while—oh, thought of unutterable consolation—while He is occupied about all, He has a special love for each. *Deus, Deus meus*†, exclaims the inspired psalm : "O God, my God."

Now, let us try and give this turn to the poet's lines. If he wrote two, and we attempt six, let us be forgiven under the plea that the Christian song of love, however inferior in poetic gift, deals with a truth at least three times as valuable as his.

Infinite Love ! in Thy cradle Thou numberless millions embracest ;
 Singling and loving the while each individual heart.
 Spread all abroad to Thy gaze is the Universe Thou hast created —
 Yet ev'ry dewdrop and flower shines in the Sun of Thy love.
 Myriads, in circling ranks, Thy saints and Thy seraphs adore Thee :
 Still—in Thy Heart's wide expanse, even for *me* there is room !

* * *

Those who drew up the following list did not consult Catholic girls. The constituency polled are peculiar in preferring A. L. O. E. to Mrs. Gaskell by 30 to 5—Mrs. Gaskell, who wrote *Cranford* and *North and South*, set aside for this A. L. O. E. of whom I know more than most of my readers, though my knowledge is confined to the fact that those initials stand for "A Lady of England."

* * *

In an article which Mr. E. G. Salmon contributes to *The Nineteenth Century* on "Books for Girls," there is an interesting list showing what books they do, as a matter of fact, most affect. The data were procured by Mr. Charles Welsh, the publisher, who collected replies from various schools. A thousand school girls responded to the question, "Who is your favourite author?" and,

* Wisdom viii. 1.

† Psalm xiii. 1.

rejecting all names which are not mentioned five times, Mr. Salmon tabulates the result as follows :—

Charles Dickens	..	330	Bunyan	11
Sir Walter Scott	..	226	Miss Braddon	11
C. Kingsley	..	91	Mrs. H. B. Stowe	11
C. M. Yonge	..	91	Miss Worboise	10
Shakspeare	..	73	H. Ainsworth	10
E. Wetherell	..	54	Lord Tennyson	9
Mrs. Henry Wood	..	51	Miss Montgomery	9
George Eliot	..	41	R. D. Blackmore	9
Lord Lytton	..	41	W. Black	8
Longfellow	..	31	Defoe	8
A. L. O. E.	..	30	Mark Twain	8
Andersen	..	29	F. Smedley	7
Hesba Stretton	..	26	Carlyle	6
Canon Farrar	..	22	Miss Edgeworth	6
Grace Aquilar	..	21	Miss Havergal	6
Grimm	..	19	John Ruskin	5
Thackeray	..	18	Lewis Carroll	5
Mrs. Walton	..	17	R. M. Ballantyne	6
Whyte Melville	..	17	C. Bronte	5
W. H. G. Kingston	..	16	Mrs. Gaskell	5
Jules Verne	..	16	Mrs. Hemans	5
Mrs. Craik	..	14	Mrs. E. Marshall	5
Macaulay	..	13	Capt. Marryat	5
Miss Allcott	..	12	F. Anstey	5

“This analysis of the voting, as it may be called, suggests,” says Mr. Salmon, “some curious reflections to those who have at all studied ‘girls’ literature. Hardly one of the recognized writers for girls is mentioned. Mr. Welsh is, doubtless, correct when he surmises that much of the popularity, from the publisher’s point of view of books for ‘girls,’ is due to the fact that they are bought by parents and friends for presents. If girls were to choose their own books, in other words, they would make a choice for themselves very different from that which their elders make for them.”

FAIRIES.

ROUND a clump of cowslips tall,
 In a ring the fairies small
 Danced on yesternight ;
 And the moonbeams glimmered faintly,
 As they danced their measure quaintly
 In the mystical, sweet light.

Underneath the high, green rath,
 Where, beside the milkmaid's path,
 Hazel bushes grow,
 Rises an enchanted palace,
 Over it the foxglove's chalice,
 And the magic white thorns blow.

Here the fairies live all day,
 Till the green rath turneth grey,
 'Neath the moonlight pale ;
 And from out the fragrant meadows
 Sings the corn-crake, and the shadows
 Wierdly lie on hill and vale.

Then light footsteps swiftly pass,
 Rustling o'er the dewy grass,
 And the fairy horn
 Bloweth while the hazels shiver,
 And the sleeping foxgloves quiver
 Underneath the lone white thorn.

For the fairies own the Night,
 With its mystical moonlight,
 And whilst tired men
 Through the silent hours are sleeping,
 They their revels high are keeping,
 On green hill, or haunted glen.

MARY FURLONG.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

A CONTRAST.

WHY has no artist chosen for his subject Eve embracing her first-born child? It would seem a subject only less charming and sublime than that of the Virgin Mother with the infant Jesus. Eve as she came from the hands of God, the very type of female beauty, the helpmate like to the great forefather, embracing their first offspring, the first human babe! What freshness, what grace, what sublimity in this picture!

Yet no! the instinct has been right which has assisted the artist's hand. That picture could not be painted. As well paint Judas in his childish gambols as Cain receiving the caresses of his mother. Paint Eve bending over the lifeless body of the "just Abel," then all will be true in sentiment. The mother seeing her own work now for the first time consummated in and by her own children—what heart-rending pathos! Yet, relieved by the thought that if one child is a murderer the other is a martyr. Yes, the first death, not the first birth, is the proper subject for the artist's pencil.

And yet we would like to dwell upon that first birth, if only to enhance by contrast the picture which we love so well—of Mary with the infant God.

What mysterious expectations must have been those of Eve awaiting the birth of her first babe! A babe! that word is sweet to the human race. We have all been babes once, and though our memories reach not back to that mysterious stage of our being, yet our consciences salute it without remorse. Freedom from "all malice and all guile," such is the conception which associates itself in our minds with "new-born babes," and as St. Peter reminds us (1 Pet. ii. 1, 2) it is the ideal which the perfect Christian strives to realize. But if there is beauty in the very word babe, what joy is there to the young mother that she is soon to clasp her own babe to her bosom; and what eager and wondering expectations mingle with the prayers which she sends up to Him, "of Whom all paternity in Heaven and earth is named," and to her whose glad maternity reversed the sentence passed on Eve, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." If those words agitated the heart

of Eve with remorse and fear, yet the expectation of her first babe must have had in it a joy and mysterious wonder, such as no mother has ever since experienced. She was expecting not merely her first babe, but the first babe of the human race. She could form no picture in her mind of human being but as her husband or as herself. What a cry of wonder as well as of joy is in those words which she uttered when first her eyes rested on her child, *Possedi hominem per Deum*, "I have obtained a man-child by the power (or the gift) of God" (Gen. iv. 1). In accordance with this sentiment the parents named this child Cain, i. e. Possession. It must have been a strange joy for Adam when God brought to him Eve, so mysteriously created from himself, so like, yet so unlike, himself. But the wonderment must have been greater still when Eve brought to him their first babe. Was it joy or sorrow that then predominated? Did laughter brighten or tears dim those parents' eyes? That smooth soft face, how unlike the noble features of Adam, or the loveliness of Eve! yet they both see it in their own image. Those little arms, unable to lift themselves, will they grow some day to be like the robust limbs of the father? Yes, for are they not doomed to till the ground till the sweat roll down the brow? But their child speaks not. Speech had been created with Adam, and had been born with Eve in her mysterious birth. They had spoken to and understood each other at their first meeting. And now their child has no speech! He utters no sound but plaintive cries of pain, and answers no questions of his eager and pitying parents. Will it be always thus? How many questions of wonder, perplexity, and fear must those first parents have put to each other, which only time or revelation could solve. Yet we can hardly doubt that in those first days when they gazed on their little Cain, their Possession, their Treasure, and as each month, each year, he entered on some new phase of that childhood and youth which they had never known, gladness, joy, and even laughter must have been often in their hearts.

Cain, too, was a new pledge of love. He was a new link between those two beings, so wondrously united in their origin yet so grievously wrenched asunder by their fall. Adam and Eve meet once more in Cain. He is the child, the possession of both. "He is our child," they say, as they converse together.

The picture we have been contemplating is full of charms. Why, then, is it unsuited to the artist? Alas! we cannot look on

that child as those fond parents looked. We know now what they did not know then. The caresses of Eve lavished on her babe make us shudder ; for she is caressing a murderer. Poor mother ! God, in His mercy, hid this from her. "Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof." He would not add sorrow upon sorrow in her childbirth by unfolding the future.

But the day was come at last when Adam and Eve knelt by the corpse of Abel. They looked into his face, but there was no response from the glazed eyes. They called him by his name, but there came no answer from his lips. They raised his arm, but it fell heavily back to earth. They saw the life-blood which had oozed from a great gash in the head, and they understood it—this was Death. This was the punishment of sin, on which they had so long and so often meditated and conversed. Fain would they have kept with them the lifeless body, but it grew livid, yellow, black ; and corruption warned them that they must hide beneath the earth their own offspring, since "Dust they were, and unto dust they must return."

And this first and most hideous death is the work of their first-born. Must not the bitterness of Eve at the death of Abel have been increased by the memory of the joy with which she had welcomed Cain into the world ? Could she have then foreseen, when she cried, "I have gotten a son through God," that her son would live to shed his brother's blood, that God would lay a curse upon him for his haughty impenitence, that the earth would refuse him its fruits, and that he would be a fugitive and a vagabond among men ? Instead of clasping him to her bosom with joy, Eve would have let him fall with horror from her arms. It is because we feel and know this, that "Eve caressing her offspring" is no proper subject for the artist.

And it is because Mary reversed all this in her child that all generations love to contemplate her joy, and all great artists vie with one another to represent it.

Sursum corda ! Though we can reach but glimpses of Mary's divine joy, it fills our hearts with gladness. The Church has instituted a feast of Mary's expectation, and Saints have fallen into ecstasy when they have contemplated that eager and ardent longing of the virginal and maternal heart for the birth of that "Holy, that should be called the Son of God."

Oh ! with how much more depth of meaning, as well as with

how much greater wonder and joy than Eve, must Mary have exclaimed on Christmas night, "*Possedi hominem per Deum*," "I have obtained a child by God's gift, by God's operation, and my child is God!" With what ineffable joy, as well as with what mysterious awe, must she have first gazed on those features which shall gladden Paradise for ever! With what an ecstasy of humility must she have seen her own likeness in Him who is the express Image of the Father!

Pagan sculptors would represent Hercules caressing a child, because the hero's strength was enhanced by the weakness to which it condescended. But the Almighty God became a child! The power of God Incarnate in weakness; what a marvel for faith, what a sublimity for art, and what a joy and adoration for Mary! But oh! who can conceive the sentiments of that Virgin Mother? She looks down in the manger, and she says; with all a mother's love, "This is my child." She looks up to Heaven, and she says, with all a creature's adoration, "O God! this is Thy child." And then she adds—yes, she a creature of God's hand, and a creature little in her own eyes: "O my God, and my Creator, O Eternal Father, this is our child." God and Mary meet in Jesus! God has given His Son to Mary as a pledge of His love; Mary gives her Son back to God as a pledge of her love. Jesus is the link between the Heavenly Father and that humble Maiden. She converses with her "Father who is in Heaven," about their common Son, in a language unknown to men or Angels; she loves each of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity with a love different not only in degree but in kind, from that of any other creature. What a contrast between Cain the murderer, the link between Adam and Eve, and Jesus the Saviour, the link between God and Mary!

But is the foreknowledge of the death of Jesus no drawback to Mary's joy? and does not the knowledge of His death and her dolours jar on the harmony of our feelings, as we contemplate the young mother and her lovely Babe? On the contrary, it deepens that harmony by striking a new chord of love and gratitude in our bosom. When we gaze on the beautiful picture of the tender Virgin and the smiling Child, we do not wish to forget that already both of them know what awaits them in after years, and both of them accept it all. We know that in the instant of His conception the human soul of Jesus exclaimed: "A body hast Thou fitted to me. Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God"

(Heb. x. 5). We know that Simeon was allowed to linger on the earth to have the sword of sorrow plunged in Mary's breast. Yet we know that he did it while singing his song of triumph over the Child who should be "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles." That light is still shining in our souls while we gaze on the Mother and the Child, it is shining still more in Mary's soul while she gazes on her Babe. It shone upon her when the sun was eclipsed on Calvary. Wherever we look on Mary, that light of our salvation, purchased for us by her generous sacrifice of her Son, bathes her in a golden splendour. She is no longer a mere gladsome mother rejoicing over her first-born, nor even the mother of our God dazzling us with her dignity; she is the mother of our Redeemer, she is our own Mother, loving us so "as to give for us her only begotten Son," after the example and with a charity like that of our Heavenly Father.

As, then, the thought of the future years of Cain mars the picture of Eve's delight, so the thought of the future years of Jesus exalts the picture of Mary's embraces. Mary shall indeed weep over the dead body of Jesus, slain by wicked hands, as Eve wept over that of Abel; but "the Blood of Jesus speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. xii. 24); the blood of Abel cried up to Heaven for a curse, the Blood of Jesus cries for a blessing; therefore when we think of the two mothers, we say to Mary, "To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve—oh! after this our exile, show to us the blessed Fruit of thy womb, Jesus; O clement, O tender, O sweet Virgin Mary."

Some modern Protestants, in their incomprehensible annoyance at any allusion to the Blessed One, will not see any mention of Mary in the great promise made to Adam. Milton took a juster view. When Michael has foretold to Adam the Incarnation of the Son of God, Adam exclaims:

"Now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,
Why our great Expectation should be called
The seed of woman! Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heaven!"

Alas for the Christian who, gazing on that picture of Mary and the Infant Jesus, does not exclaim with Adam, "Virgin Mother, Hail!"

T. E. B.

ITEMS ABOUT IRISHMEN.

J. G. M'CARTHY, JUDGE O'BRIEN, J. W. COLE (CALCRAFT),
CLARENCE MANGAN, NICHOLAS MOORE STACK.

1. To the facts that we mentioned last month about the late John George MacCarthy may be added the date of his birth, as recorded by himself in "The Irish Birthday-Book" of his friend, Thomas H. Atteridge, of Cork. He was born at 64 South Main-street, Cork, on the 22nd of June, 1829. In his 18th year, February, 1857, he published in *Dolman's Magazine*, "A Scene at Ancient Hermon," a fanciful sketch of the raising of the son of the widow of Naim. On July 12th of that same year, at a literary exhibition at Cork, "Master John George MacCarthy read a sentimental narrative called 'The Last of the Archons,'" which was afterwards published in *Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine*. In June he published in the same magazine an admirable paper on the Monasteries of Ireland. From his height and from his fondness for the American poet, he was dubbed Longfellow in the family circle.

2. In a biographical sketch of the Rev. Edmund J. O'Reilly, prefixed to the collected edition of his essays on the Relations of the Church to Society, an emphatic testimony to his worth is quoted from Judge O'Brien, the first of three of that name who have been raised to the judicial bench. It is this circumstance which has preserved a page of the *Weekly Register* of January 7th, 1882, which contains the following obituary of this excellent and most upright judge, who was in private life a most amiable man, and a very fervent Catholic.*

"We regret to record the death of the Hon. James O'Brien, second Justice of the Queen's Bench Division, at his residence, St. Stephen's Green, at the age of 75 years. His loss will be sincerely

* May we confide to the obscurity of a footnote such a peculiar circumstance as this which has reached us? Not once or twice, but habitually, the pious judge prayed so fervently that he could be overheard through the closed door of his bedroom. This may be objected to by those who have their feelings so well under control that their best orisons have never been loud enough to penetrate the thinnest of doors.

regretted by the legal profession and the public. He was a sound and able constitutional lawyer, whose judgments were held in the highest respect, while his uniform courtesy and consideration to every practitioner and suitor in his court were gratefully appreciated. He was a mild and merciful judge in criminal cases, and prisoners often found their best defence in his keen and conscientious examination of every point in their favour, and every possible flaw in the case of the Crown. He was called to the Bar in 1830, and before his elevation to the bench in 1858 was one of her Majesty's sergeants-at-law. The late judge, though an earnest Catholic, was educated in the Belfast Institute under Dr. Hincks, for whom and his family he retained the highest regard. He entered Trinity College from that establishment, and his academic career was highly distinguished. He took first prize in logic and first medal in mathematics in 1825. At the close of his collegiate life he entered a conveyancer's office in London and, as already stated, was called to the Bar in 1830. He took silk in 1841, and became sergeant-at-law in 1848. He represented Limerick from 1854 to 1858, when he was raised to the bench. His brother, Mr. John O'Brien, had represented Limerick for many years before him. He was a member of a family who were always decided Liberals, but those who differed from him in creed and politics were among his staunchest friends."

3. John William Cole was the son of Major Thomas Cole, of Callan, Co. Kilkenny, and of Margaret, daughter of Colonel Cockburn, whose portrait may be seen to the right of General Moncton's, in West's picture of the death of General Wolfe in the great fight before Quebec. That Colonel Cockburn was married to the great granddaughter of Mary Sarsfield, sister to the famous Earl of Lucan, whose last words on a foreign battlefield were: "Oh! that this were for Ireland." Cole's biography of Patrick Sarsfield is the fullest that there is. He entered the army when young, being an officer in the Fusiliers when stationed near Paris, in 1815, during the occupation of that city by the allies. He already mingled theatrical tastes with his military profession. He became afterwards the Mr. Calcraft, so popular as actor and manager among Dublin play-goers. Both these tastes show themselves in his numerous contributions to literature, chiefly in the *Dublin University Magazine* in its best days. Among these may be mentioned:

"Heroes Ancient and Modern," contrasting such men as Cæsar and Napoleon, and giving minute and professional studies of various battlefields; a Life of Tyrone Power, the Irish actor; a Life of the Czar Nicholas; a Translation of Guizot's work on Revealed Religion, etc. A history of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, for twenty years preceding the present management, appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1868.

4. It is often stated that Clarence Mangan died of cholera in the year 1849, in St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin. R. M. S. corrects this error :—

"In June, 1888, I called Father Meehan's attention to a scurrilous article in *Time* (a short-lived London magazine) entitled 'Poetry from a Dublin Garret,' in which the writer would have his readers believe that Mangan died unknown; that he was brought to hospital on a cart from the Liberties, which had been sent round the city by order of the Board of Health to collect all the victims of cholera, and when they came to a tall gaunt house in Bride-street they were told that in the top attic there was a sick man. Perhaps he had cholera, perhaps not. No one seemed to know or care about him.

"I cannot do better than give you father Meehan's own words, in a letter to me on the subject :—

'I read all that rubbish about Mangan in *Time*. He was taken from Bride-street by directions of the late Dr. Stokes to Meath Hospital. I was at his bedside there, and he received Extreme Unction from the then chaplain to Meath Hospital. Mangan did not die unknown. Dr. Stokes and Burton, the painter, watched over him. Burton painted his portrait in the morgue of the hospital. Cholera was his victor. The statement about the cart and the Liberties is a wretched invention.'

5. Nicholas Moore Stack was born at Listowel on the 19th of March, 1798, of a highly respectable family. In his early years he came to Cork, where his fine qualities and fascinating talents soon won him social distinction. As he arrived at manhood he evidenced a decided tendency to, and extraordinary capabilities for, histrionic pursuits. He was the acknowledged leader of the amateur theatricals, which were then so fashionable. What a treat it was to enjoy his exquisite elocution and masterly conceptions of character, aided, as they were, by his splendid physique and beautiful eye—and how, as the room rang with plaudits, it

used to be fondly predicted that Ireland had produced one destined to win the crown of Kemble, and share the dominion of Macready. He went on the London stage, and at once his success far exceeded even the enthusiastic expectations of his local admirers. At a bound he reached the first rank; his talents were attested and affirmed before the most splendid and critical audiences in the world; some of the masterpieces of modern dramatic literature—amongst the rest Leigh Hunt's "*Genevra*," and Sheridan Knowles' "*Virginius*"—were written expressly for him; and when he retired, it was amidst the wonder of the London critics. The fact was that his mind was too delicately formed, and of too high a moral tone to continue a contest whose proudest laurels are scarcely unsullied. The Lecture Hall was his proper sphere; and it was there he did his work. Mr. Staak became professor of Elocution. In the year 1829 he was engaged as such in the Colleges of Carlow and Maynooth, which positions he ever since retained, while in later years he formed similar engagements at Oscott, St. Edmund's and other colleges and seminaries in England and Ireland. Few have seen him in the Lecture Hall that will readily forget him. His style could hardly be called a style at all. It was nature itself—but nature divested of local vulgarities, refined from personal defects, freed from all trammels of awkwardness and dullness, elevated by noble thoughts, and preserved fresh, graceful, manly, and pure. With a deep sense of the true rules and principles of his art, he combined a thorough disdain of claptrap, exaggeration, and artifice. His delivery was in itself a subtle and delightful criticism which brought out hidden beauties and evolved the spirit of the whole. And then he was the most patient of teachers. Highly gifted and accomplished, delicately fastidious, having to do often with full grown men, and with these little personal peculiarities which men are so sensitive about, he never gave offence. In fact, you could not be offended with one who was himself so modest, frank and kind. He had a profoundly religious spirit; and his edifying life was closed by a holy and happy death, about the 20th of August, 1854.*

*The subject of this notice is referred to by Cardinal Wiseman in a letter quoted in this month's instalment of the Memorial Notes on Dr. Russell of Maynooth. Dr. Russell's opinion of Mr. Staak will be found at pp. 276 and 415 of our last year's volume.

BY THE RIVER.

I HEARKEN to thy voice as in past days.
 And come to thee across the yielding sands ;
 Hard by a crane on the gray margin stands,
 Unlicensed pirate of the water ways
 He holds in fee, heedless how man gainsays ;
 Calmly he counts his prospects and demands :
 Young birds at home, shy fish that sail in bands,
 And hide and sport where the green alder sways.
 A narrow strip of field winds far one side,
 Bordered by white thorn and the wild dog-rose,
 With here and there a beech tree gold and brown ;
 Still further on, the road curves gray and wide,
 When the tired drayman slowly homeward goes
 With horses laden from the distant town.

A yellow wagtail struts from stone to stone,
 And flushes out his plumage rich and fair ;
 Soft stir of wings comes sweeping up the air—
 Two plovers hastening to the moors alone.
 A little isle along the strand upthrown,
 Round which, their mimic anchors cast with care,
 Like some small fleet that the dark waters dare,
 Wave smooth green flags whose roots no hand hath sown.
 Pass on in triumph the restraining ledge,
 And 'twixt thy olive banks in current clear,
 Still mirror deep the ever changing skies ;
 Above, the wild flocks feeding in the sedge
 Startle the silences with sudden cries,
 And the swift hare makes for the hills in fear.

ALICE ESMONDE.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.*

NO one can deny that the name of science is in these days largely quoted against the teachings of the Church, nor is it to be doubted that many souls are troubled and perplexed by the assurances they so frequently hear, that the witness of nature contradicts their creed. From this two great evils follow. Some, on the strength of these assurances, lose their faith, and embrace the materialistic doctrines which science is said to favour. This is, of course, the worst that can happen ; but there is another consequence which, if not so fatal to souls, is nevertheless much to be deplored. Many Catholics distrust science ; they look at it askance as a dangerous thing ; they refuse to have anything to do with it, and by so acting they do but give the enemies of the Church a cause for rejoicing. See, men may say, how true it is that Catholics may fear the light of knowledge, and that their Church is the inveterate foe of advancement. I purpose in the present paper to sketch very briefly—for the limits allowed me are quite inadequate for the proper treatment of such a subject—what should be our attitude in this regard. It is very needful that this should be done, for all the trouble whereof I have spoken comes not from science herself, but from those who call themselves her representatives. Science, properly understood, does not, and cannot, run counter to revealed truth—just because both are true. He who imagines contradiction between them does an injury to both. It is nothing less than an insult to the Church to suppose that any amount of light can harm those teachings which claim to spring from the very fountain-head of all light and all knowledge ; and it is a sorry view to take of God's creation to imagine that the story it tells can do aught but enhance our idea of His power, His wisdom, and His goodness.

Before I proceed, there are two remarks to be made by way of prelude. In the first place, by science we mean knowledge gained from the study of the world around us. We do not mean what is but theory, speculation, or hypothesis. That which is demon-

* A paper by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., read at the Annual Conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Great Britain, at Glasgow, two years ago. It is surely well worth rescuing from an old newspaper.—ED. I. M.

strated it is scientific to believe, and that alone, and a thing is not demonstrated merely by being asserted and assumed. In the second place, faith also means knowledge—knowledge with absolute demonstration. This is a point so absolutely dark to our adversaries that we may easily allow them to obscure it to ourselves. They take it for granted that faith has nothing whatever to show for itself except the authority—the human authority—on which it comes, and that we have absolutely no reason to give on our own behalf for believing as we do. But we need go no further than our Catechism to see how false this is. Faith is a supernatural gift of God poured into our souls, and shedding upon them a light such as no natural means of knowledge can convey. Faith is its own witness to the soul through the overpowering intensity of light. Argument may bring us to the Faith, but the conviction of reasoning pales beside the brilliancy of the knowledge which faith brings, when that free gift of God is bestowed upon us. The knowledge we acquire by natural processes may be true and sound, but it comes as through a glass darkly, gathered up and conducted to our minds from the glimpses and reflections of truth we detect in the universe; but in the things of faith God speaks not through His works, but through Himself; and the humblest and most unlettered soul on which He deigns to set the seal of faith is possessed of a knowledge, profounder, surer, and more dear than science can impart to the greatest of philosophers.

We start, therefore, naturally and necessarily, with the assumption that our faith is the truth, but we must not, therefore, refuse to regard the claims of science. Nature is a book given us by God to read, and the very fact that we can discover so much beauty there, and so many marvels, is a sure proof that He wishes us to read it. But we may approach its study with our minds at ease. Secure in the calm tranquillity of faith, recognising God's voice in her teachings, we need have no fear of pushing to their utmost consequences all discoveries we may make in the realm of science, provided only we be assured that they are true discoveries. And this is the point on which we must assure ourselves when dealing with what comes to us in the name of science, more particularly of popular science. No doubt, science has made giant strides in these later days, but her advance has not kept pace with the eagerness of some of her followers. They would supplement her teachings with their own, and would have us believe that both

claim equal authority. I allude at present—and shall in this paper entirely confine myself—to that branch of science which deals with the origin of the world and of man; a branch which may almost be said to have a monopoly of the objections brought against Christian belief; but it is these objections which we are taught to consider so formidable.

What are the facts? The corner-stone of the anti-Christian position is, of course, the evolutionary hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, itself developed and extended by Mr. Herbert Spencer and others. But in regard of this it is to be remarked, in the first place, that not one man in ten who advocates it has any real conception as to what it is. Secondly, confining our attention to those who really understand it, the Darwinian theory may be safely pronounced to have seen its best days—it is undoubtedly not gaining, but losing ground with men of science. As a summary proof of this assertion I need only quote Mr. Mivart—an authority whose competency to speak on such a matter none can deny—who describes the celebrated natural selection theory of Mr. Darwin as a “puerile hypothesis,” and again as “the most absurd of all absurd explanations.” Sir Gabriel Stokes, now President of the Royal Society, also remarks with astonishment upon the facility with which eminent men have accepted a theory for which he can discover no adequate demonstration, but which seems to him incompatible with the facts revealed by science.

But in the third place—which is more to our present purpose—looked at in itself, it is clear that this theory is not, and cannot be, a final settlement of the problem with which it attempts to deal. No explanation of the facts of the universe can be satisfactory which does not explain them all, or which, at least, is not compatible with their explanation; and this is just where all purely material theories of evolution conspicuously fail. They cannot even profess to explain the moral order of the world, the distinction between right and wrong, the obligation of conscience. They have, indeed, attempted explanation of all this, but the futility and crude absurdity of the result is enough to stigmatise the hopelessness of the task. And equally impotent is the same science to account for the first beginnings of those forces with which it deals, or the origin of the laws by which they are governed. Here is the great gulf fixed which may not be passed by mechanical hypotheses. The beginning is the crucial test, but

it is just of this that our so-called science is content perforce to tell us nothing, and then it outrages the name of science which it assumes by expecting our minds to be contented with what it offers as a final explanation.

I will illustrate what I mean by one example, which I shall seek in the writings of Professor Huxley, whom all will acknowledge as a most capable representative of the unbelieving school. He speaks of the Darwinian theory as having dealt a death-blow to the old Christian belief in an intelligent Creator. How so? Because, to quote his own words, "the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour," which he assumes to have been its first condition, "and a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapour, have predicted the actual condition of the world of to-day." But let all this be granted—what then? Whence came that cosmic vapour? and whence came the laws by which it would have been possible to calculate what would become of it? Grant that the world in its primordial state was arranged like a musical box to produce a certain harmony, does that diminish the wonder that the harmony is produced, or dispense with the need of an artist to account for it? Yet, this is the sort of explanation which in one form or other meets us at every turn, and which is apparently accepted without scruple by thousands in the name of science.

Evidence still more striking even than this is afforded us by Mr. Wallace, who may justly claim to be the joint-author of the Darwinian theory. In defence of that theory he has lately written a book, wherein, after recapitulating the arguments from observation by which Darwinism seems to be supported, he proceeds to some reflections of a more fundamental character, which would appear altogether to destroy all claims on the part of the theory for which he pleads, to be considered as a philosophical explanation of that which it attempts to explain. He says: "There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when *some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action*. The first stage is the change from inorganic to organic, when the earliest vegetable cell, or the living protoplasm out of which it arose, first appeared. The next stage is still more marvellous, *still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces*. It is the introduction of sensation or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal

and vegetable kingdom. *Here all idea of mere complication of structure producing the result is out of the question. . . .* The third stage is the existence in man of a number of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him furthest above the brutes, and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement. *These faculties could not possibly have been developed by means of the same laws which have determined the progressive development of the organic world in general.*" And he concludes with these still more emphatic words: "These three distinct stages of progress from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man, *point clearly to an unseen universe—a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.*"

Yes; that is the truth. We do an injury to science when we assume towards its advances an attitude perfectly defensive. Not only does it not obscure the fundamental truths of natural theology, but it "points clearly" to the great First Cause from Whom alone could come all that, with the investigation of which it is concerned. It has been well said that the discovery of the law of the conservation of energy has made atheism unscientific. The same may be said of recent researches into the past history of our earth's rotation. By each of these roads science leads us to recognise a condition of things "in the beginning," such as no force we find in nature could have produced, nay, which they cannot even maintain. The machine of the universe is found to be as a clock, which goes indeed with admirable precision, but runs down in the going, which could never have wound itself up, for left to its own laws and forces it can but gravitate helplessly and certainly to a condition of stagnation and of death. All the forces we know in nature part with the power of doing work as they exercise it, to recover it no more. Whence did that power first come? Obviously, science herself replies, from a source of energy not spent in the using, from One who could give what He had no need of receiving. And let us remind ourselves that though this be not the conclusion which finds favour with those who present themselves most frequently as the representatives of science, we have not far to seek among the foremost ranks of scientific men in order to find witnesses of its truth.

"To treat of God," says Newton, the greatest of them all, "is a part of natural science. The whole variety of created things could unite only from the design and the will of a Being existing

of Himself. This exact machinery of sun and planets could not originate except from the plan of a Being intelligent and almighty." "We have evidence," says Sir Gabriel Stokes, "in the commencement of life on earth, of the operation of a cause altogether beyond the ken of science. The study of the phenomena of nature leads us to the contemplation of a Being from Whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold." "We assume as absolutely self-evident," say Professors Stewart and Tate, "the existence of a Deity, Who is the Creator and Upholder of all things." Still more emphatically speaks Sir William Thomson, of whom Scotland may so justly be proud: "Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler." "We find," says Sir William Siemens, "that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works." "The presence of mind," says Sir John Herschel, "is what solves the whole difficulty. Will without motion, power without design, though opposed to reason, would be admirable in explaining a chaos, but would render little aid in explaining anything else." "The negation of God," says Mr. Mivart, "involves intellectual suicide." The investigation of the laws and harmonies of nature affords an infinite field for the exercise of the highest human intellects. They do not create the wonder there met with, it is sufficient for their glory to understand what they find. "What!" we may exclaim with even the infidel Diderot; "can the formation of the universe be a lesser proof of intelligence than its explanation?"

Let us not, therefore, be afraid of science, but regard it as a most valuable auxiliary in our great task of knowing Him more fully, the knowledge of Whom is the great object of those faculties which He has given. Far from regarding it as an enemy let us welcome its discoveries, conscious that as on the one hand God alone can explain the mysteries of nature, so on the other every fresh truth gathered from nature is another witness to God.

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XII.—*More Letters from Cardinal Wiseman.*

ALTHOUGH I knew from Dr. Russell himself that from the third or fourth Number of *The Dublin Review* he was closely connected with it, contributing to every Number one or two or sometimes even three articles, I am surprised to find him called by Dr. Wiseman, in 1846, Editor of the *Review*. On the 17th of January the latter writes from Oscott:—

A report has reached me that you are thinking of retiring from the editorship of the *Review*; and I lose not a post in writing to entreat you not to think of such a step, especially at the present moment. We are soon to have an accession of new writers from among the converts. Ward and Mr. Marshall are writing, and probably Oakeley will do the same. It is of great importance that the Catholic element of the *Review* should be kept together as much as possible, and as strong an infusion of *old* Catholicism as possible be kept in it. This I mean for the sake of keeping up confidence from the Catholic body, which will be jealous of seeing the *Review* pass too much into neophyte hands.

The movement goes on. To-morrow Mr. Morris (author of the Essay, which gained, on the best method of proving Christianity to the Hindoos) will be received at Birmingham. He is Dr. Pusey's intimate friend, and a great scholar—and a Syriac scholar, which I much value. He will join us here.

You have probably seen the report that Mr. Newman and his Littlemore community come to occupy the old College here. Workmen are now getting it ready. There will be eight or nine with Mr. Newman, including most of the authors of the *Lives of the English Saints*. I cannot enter into details, but I think you would be pleased with the purposes and prospects of the establishment. Mr. Newman of course brings his library of 3,000 volumes, chiefly ecclesiastical literature. I hope thus to see accomplished a long-cherished wish, for I have for some years looked forward to seeing that house take the place of Littlemore. Mr. Newman is at present in the North; he has visited Dr. Briggs at York, Dr. Mostyn and Dr. Riddell, Ushaw College, Stonyhurst, and perhaps the Lancashire bishops. He has been twice also at Old Hall and twice at Prior Park. Everywhere

everybody is delighted with him, and he clearly wishes to throw himself entirely into the Catholic body and become one of ourselves.

Mr. Faber is living at Birmingham with a most edifying little community of young converts from his own former flock. They work at their trades and live in common. But he will soon start for Italy, where he will stay some months. I hope that, when all are settled down, you will come over and see us.

On the 30th of the same month he writes again, and he begins by offering a welcome to Mr. Moore Stack, the Professor of Elocution, for whom Dr. Russell had expressed such admiration in his letters home during his student days some fifteen years earlier. As his name has turned up, we abridge among the "Items about Irishmen" in our present Number the obituary which appeared in *The Cork Examiner* at the time of his death, and which a curious chance has placed in our hands since we referred to it at page 415 of our twentieth yearly volume. He speaks of two new converts, the Rev. Henry Formby and Mr. Burder, afterwards Abbot of Mount St. Bernard in Leicestershire; and he says that fifty University men had been received into the Church in six months. Among the anticipated conversions he names Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who certainly was heard of afterwards, and Lord Ilchester's eldest son—who was not. A more authentic rumour pointed to the Rev. Stuart Bathurst, grandson to the Bishop of Norwich, who was, I think, the only Anglican prelate that voted for Catholic Emancipation. Mr. Bathurst became a Catholic priest. His sister, Miss Grace Bathurst, married a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Grace, of Grace Hall—which made her signature somewhat peculiar.

Passing over for the present some letters about *Dublin Review* articles, let us give in full a letter which refers to some other matters also. The "Mr. Christie" at the beginning was the holy and amiable man who died recently at Farm-street, London—Father Albany Christie, S.J. The *Father Eustace* that Dr. Russell was expected to slash was a feminine Protestant controversial novel.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

Feb. 24, '47.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—The article of which you have sent me the proofs (which I had seen) is by Mr. Christie. His article on Paget in the last Number has given great satisfaction to scientific professional men, one of whom, a learned and clever Catholic physiologist,

wrote to me to know the author, as he did not think we had persons amongst us in *that line*. The rest of the article is on our Lord's death, and as Dr. Stroud is at once a clever physiologist and a great Protestant theologian, I think that anyone reviewing him and correcting him should have himself *up* to the latest scientific knowledge on the subject of the blood, on which his theory of Christ's death rests. I cannot help thinking that the *fact* (showing the *possibility*) of deep and accurate acquaintance with the latest scientific researches being united with devout and simple knowledge of ascetic love, will tell well in favour of Catholic science with the learned, to whom we are debtors as well as to the universe.

Did you not tell me you were going to write on F. Eustace? A good *slashing* article on *her* would come well. We are short of matter, especially light. Cannot you get Mr. Kelly or others to do something? I have *not one* of the books on Card. Ximenes.

Mr. M'Mullen is son of a Dr. M'Mullen, a physician at Taunton, but I do not know, and cannot learn, any particulars of his country. The good work is, thank God, going on prosperously. There are very many wavering, more dissatisfied, and I trust we shall see the fruits of it all soon.

My principal article this Number will be, I fear, a *superficial* one on *Theology*! And yet it is *against* superficial theology that I am going to write. Whether I shall succeed or not I hardly can tell. I shall, perhaps, give another on Lord Lindsay's Christian Art. I have so much on my mind, and so little quiet thought nowadays, that I am driven to draw upon stores laid up in better days, instead of pursuing, as I should much like, any new researches, or attempting any new views. I have *three* communities, besides the College (and all composed of converts), dependent upon me for guidance, formation, and some for temporal support; and I have not a soul to consult or lean upon in any way in such matters. *In everything that relates to the conversion movement. I feel perfectly alone, solitary, isolated.* I do not mean, of course, in work, for I *do* nothing, but in principles, in ideas, in modes of directing its agents, &c. I have no one near me from whom I *dare* ask advice. I am often ready to sink under burthen which I can share with no one; and the oppression of hidden grief which almost habitually weighs on me *no one* knows. But I have had lately such wonderful interpositions of a kind Providence, and such consoling proofs that we are on the right track, that I feel better able, than I could have expected, to bear up against what is so discouraging.

Pray for me, and believe me ever

Your sincere and affectionate friend in Xt,

N. WISEMAN.

We pass on to a letter dated "Bexhill, July 4, 1850," and marked "*Private and Confidential*;" but the secret was only his threatened elevation to the Cardinalate, which was supposed to involve perpetual exile in Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND—To begin with your affairs, I do not think you can have better interest than that of the Nuncios. He is an old schoolfellow of mine, and as such I could further recommend you. I could also give you a letter to Count Colloredo, late Austrian Minister here, a very good man. But is not the Leopoldine Society exclusively for America established at Bishop Kenrick's suggestion? I enclose you two letters from Allies; the second refers to the article on the Universities for *The Dublin Review*.

And now as to this. I cannot describe what a weight was upon my mind while we were forming our new plans, and at the same time what a painful constraint I was obliged to put upon myself. From this I am *so far* relieved that I can write *to you* in strict confidence on the matter, as otherwise serious consequences might ensue.

A painful secret had been confided to me since early in May by the Cardinal Secretary of State, and it is only to-day that I hear the matter has reached London as a *report*, and a letter from Rome received a few days ago shows me that it has oozed out there, and so will soon be public. I feel, therefore, authorised to write confidentially about it, till it is publicly known as a certainty.

The truth, then, is that I leave England (for ever!) next month. In September the Consistory is to be held, which binds me in golden fetters for life, and cuts off all my hopes, all my aspirations, all my life's wish, to labour for England's conversion in England, in the midst of the strife with heresy, and the triumphs of that Church. I have written as plainly and as strongly as one can about oneself; but a peremptory answer has come that I am wanted at Rome, and that a successor will be provided.

In this order I must hear the voice of God, and I at least have one consolation, that in accepting, in obedience, the unwelcome dignity, I am sacrificing everything that is dear to me, and, perhaps, destroying my own work, in which too much of selfish or earthly complacency may have mingled. It was only in Feb. '49 that by the death of good Dr. Walsh, I first became properly a free agent, acting on my own responsibility, and in May I am again thrown back into a vague and indefinite position. This is even *humiliating*; for I own that, consulting one's human feelings, to stand at the helm in the Capital of this Empire, in such a crisis, while the Church is bearing all before it, is a nobler position than to be one of a congregation in

which one may have the power of giving one vote in favour of the right.

This, however, consoles me ; the event depresses me, crushes me, nay, *buries* me for ever in this life ; and so it *must* be good for me. But is it not to one like a farmer looking at the fields, in which he has taken pride, and on which he has expended all his labour, swept over by a flood, which will efface all his work ? And if so, is it not a judgment and a chastisement, and to be submitted to as such ? While, therefore, I bow to the mandate, and in it to the Divine Will, I cannot but feel in it a reproof that my work has been badly done, and must be taken from me and given to others.

Just at this moment, too, the poor Puseyites are clustering about me, and almost clinging to me again. The tide is flowing towards London, and settling there. I wish you could see two or three that I have in hand ; you would be charmed with them. They are tender to handle, and require often great kindness, and their future position must be often suggested to them, sometimes provided for them. I fancy, when I go, they will not easily find anyone (except former converts, perhaps), who can follow them to the end in their peculiar wants and feelings. But here, again, God will provide, and what a consolation it would be to me if Rome became the final goal of the movement, and took it all into its own hands ! Such thoughts sometimes brighten the dark prospect before me, and whisper hope. But it is only hope, instead of the actual reality around me ; and the exchange is poor.

You will easily understand how *The Dublin Review* connects itself in my mind with this separation. It is true I can send articles from Rome, as I did before. But I cannot hope to seize the passing exigency, or to come out with the word in season.

Moreover, now, no books are ever sent me for reviewing. I have to find my own topics and my own books. But at a distance this will be impossible, and unless works published in England are sent out to me, I shall be obliged to withdraw altogether. If my affair gets out, so that I can act on it by the time you come to London, I must meet you with Mr. Bagshawe (to whom I dare not communicate it till public), to concert a plan for this. But the most urgent matter now is, that I cannot possibly get anything ready for September, and matter ought to be preparing now. Will you therefore set all at work that you can ? (I might get a farewell article up on the Gorham case). See if you please to this matter.

Excuse this long unburthening of my griefs, which have been pent up for the last months.

Yours very sincerely in Xt.,

✱ N. WISEMAN.

I do not know what was Dr. Russell's errand to Vienna, referred to at the beginning of the preceding letter and calling forth the following note of introduction :

LONDON, *August 11th*, 1850.

MY LORD,—Your Excellency's kindness to me when in London emboldens me to address you, with this letter of introduction and recommendation in favour of the Rev. Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, who is proceeding to Vienna on some ecclesiastical business. I am sure you will find him worthy of your patronage and assistance, as I consider him to be one of the most distinguished of our Clergy.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant in Xt.,

N. WISEMAN.

His Excellency Count Colloredo.

It will not, I trust, be indiscreet to claim for Dr. Russell a share in two of the best intellectual efforts of two of his friends—the one from whose correspondence I am giving these extracts, and Lord O'Hagan. Lord O'Hagan did not include in his fine volume of "Speeches and Addresses" his eloquent defence of Father Vladimir Petcherine, who was tried in the Green Street Courthouse, December 7, 1855, on the bogus charge of having burned the Bible during a Redemptorist Mission at Kingstown. An overworked lawyer could not be expected to have at his command the facts put forward to illustrate the affectionate care and reverence which the Catholic Church has in all ages displayed towards the Sacred Scriptures. One morning during the course of the Trial Dr. Russell might have been seen issuing from Lord O'Hagan's house in Rutland Square on his way to catch the first train from the Broadstone to Maynooth, after a night spent in coaching his friend in this branch of the case.

The other work in which I claim for him some slight share is *Fabiola*. Much of it was written by Cardinal Wiseman while making a visitation of districts in the south of England which are now separate dioceses. Dr. Russell accompanied him on this episcopal tour, which extended to the Channel Islands, and, as they travelled along, they discussed the archæological setting of the tale. To this pleasant expedition Cardinal Wiseman refers in a letter written from St. Leonards-on-Sea, August 12, 1851 :

I have not written to you, I find, since I had the pleasure of being a *homo viator* with you, adventurously exploring the vast Pampas and the huge Andes of the Islands which compose the Channel Archipelago (Sark being reserved for future investigation), and searching in vain for specimens of the ingenious *Brassica fabulosa Jerseyensis*, 18 feet high. I look forward with delight to the repetition of this pleasure; perhaps next year in the Scilly Islands whither I have promised the Bishop of Plymouth to accompany him in visitation, "mutato sic nominis omine:" where I trust we may not be disturbed by the nocturnal orgies or Orangism of Northern Hibernia, at least without their being duly visited from the Window. For, as the poet saith:

Raucâ nocturnam pellenti voce quietam
Uroeus effuso proluit amne caput.

And now to business.

The business, however, we may pass over, as it relates chiefly to politics nearly half a century old. The last lines allude probably to some molestation offered to the travellers during that Papal Aggression ferment which did poor Lord John Russell almost as much damage as his slovenly Memoirs did to Moore's fame.

When Hurst and Blackett published the Cardinal's "Recollections of the Four Last Popes," he asked them to send the sheets to Dr. Russell "in hopes that you or some one would write an article on the book in the next *Dublin*. Being sent thus, it may be more easily cut up (materially) without transcription of extracts. I really have a very poor opinion of the affair, having had but little leisure to do it in. It may, however, do some little good with some people, but it will make some people very angry."

When the Cardinal saw the proof-sheets of Dr. Russell's review of his new book, "Recollections of the Four Last Popes," he sent to Maynooth the following protest:—

"I am in dismay at the far, far exaggerated account which, in your kind friendship, you have given of me in your review, particularly in slip No. 4. It quite humbles me to see myself put into the class of men to whom I look up with veneration from an immense distance. Do not think that I write this in a maudlin vein. I assure you I winced under your description of my qualifications, so different from the original within me. I have asked Mr. Bagshawe to amend this as well as he can—if for no other reason, to save me a little Purgatory, for you are giving me an unmerited reward here."

LOVE AND DEATH.

BEHOLD the silent spectre, Death,
 With flashing shield and spear :
 The quick blast of his icy breath
 Pierceth the soul with fear.

He has no heart within those bones,
 No soft dew in his eye ;
 He loves to hear the dying groans
 Of men who fear to die.

And now he comes this way, my son,
 Swiftly he comes for thee,
 So put my blessed armour on,
 And bid thy young fears flee.

Take as thy lance, swift, flashing, clear,
 The keen light of my love ;
 A shield that maketh vain his spear
 Thy trust in me shall prove.

But see, he hears thy battle cry—
 Thy hymn of victory,
 And gently lays his armour by,
 And gently comes to thee.

Now, like a spirit shining fair,
 His eyes are full of light,
 And from his head flows golden hair,
 That brightens all the night.

He folds thee in his silver wings,
 Thou, like a nested dove,
 That in her shining arbour sings,
 Pourest thy soul in love.

And now thou comest to my hands
 From thy long weary strife,
 Thy feet have touched the silver sands,
 Thy love has brought thee life.

I'll give thy eyes the morn's delight,
 I'll fill thy ears with peace,
 And lead thee through the aisles of night
 To the great dawn's increase.

And upwards to thy crystal throne
 Swift as a winged star,
 Where Love Eternal flames alone
 'Mid the great deeps afar.

D. BERNARDS.

ON BUSINESS MATTERS.

THE volume of which this is the first number, is our twenty-first yearly volume. With the present year we shall have attained our majority. Twenty-one years' duration is a long span, especially if one takes into consideration the conditions and fortunes of Irish literature in these years, still more those of Irish periodical literature, and, most of all, Irish Catholic periodical literature.

However, the title prefixed to these remarks limits them to one aspect of the question, which reminds us of an excellent principle quoted in some batch of our "Winged Words." "A sound balance-sheet is the first law of existence for magazines as for other terrestrial concerns."

Our friends are aware that for some time we have not inflicted bills upon them, in the hope that without the help of any such vulgar commercial appliances the mere recurrence of New Year's Day would be a sufficient reminder that a new yearly subscription ought to be forthcoming. Of two readers whose eyes fall on this page, one will lay it aside and take no practical action on the matter; the other will, in the course of the day, procure postal orders to the value of seven shillings—or as many multiples of that sum as lie on his conscience—and will send them to the address which is given at the top of the first white page of this magazine, after the cover. The latter does what is right, and kind, and honourable.

We shall next month continue this subject, under the same heading, and enter into some details on business matters.

DREAMS.

ONCE in my night, like a darting star, a rosy little Dream,
Dimpled and sly, with curls that as the spray of a fountain gleam,
And feet that fall like snow-flakes, a tiptoe for surprise,
Slid down, a winged Hope, to kiss my sorrow-haunted eyes.

Strange, how our dreams come back! Again a rosy little Dream,
Dimpled and sly, with curls that as the spray of a fountain gleam,
And feet that fall like snow-flakes, a tiptoe for surprise,
Steals in, a wingless Hope, this morn to kiss my happy eyes.

G. N. P.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. In honour of Christmastide we begin with stories ; and in this department there is nothing brighter or better than "The Mystery of Hall-in-the-Wood" by Rosa Mulholland (London : 55 Old Bailey). The binding is very gay, very attractive, and Christmaslike ; and the tale itself, besides being as perfect a bit of literature in its own kind as the author's name guarantees, is brimful to overflowing with a wholesome sensationalism very pleasant for even gray-haired (or no-haired) reviewers, but which must thrill delightfully the young readers for whom it is intended. Robin, perhaps, is a trifle too impudent ; but the fault is easily forgiven to a hero so brave and good. The youngest of the *dramatis personæ*, Lovey, is a charmingly natural little body. Besides six full-page illustrations by Maynard Brown, the initials and tail pieces are very well engraved. It is a handsome well-gilt octavo of 250 pages ; and yet those kind booksellers insist on giving back a luckpenny out of your half-crown.

2. A book for bigger boys comes to us across the Atlantic—"Harry Dee," by Francis J. Finn, S.J. (Benziger : New York). This young author's previous tales, "Percy Wynn" and "Tom Playfair," have had the great success which they deserve. The trilogy now completed form a permanent addition to schoolboy light literature. There is nothing sickly or "preachy" about them ; they are full of manliness and healthy excitement, while of course enforcing good principles. The three together may be said to form one work ; for some of the characters reappear at more advanced stages of boyhood and college life. I should be curious to know what criticism this American "Eric" receives from those who have the same practical experience of schoolboy life and sentiments at home.

3. Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster-row, London, has brought out very elegantly "Lidia Donati, a Tale of Florence," by L. M. P. The illustrations will add to the attractiveness of the book. The story has plenty of sentiment and a little controversy, and the publisher, as we have said, has done it more than justice. The same publisher has brought out with the same excellent taste, in the same bold type and handsome form, "The Child Countess," by Mrs. William Maude, which, as Father Richard Clarke, S.J., says in the few pages of preface which will secure many readers for the book, "gives a vivid and interesting picture of the state of society under the early Stuarts, of the reign of terror then prevalent, and of the constancy in the Faith on the part of many Catholics who, generally unknown to fame, earned a great

reward in Heaven by all that they suffered for their religion." In a smaller volume Mr. Washbourne also gives us "A Real Ghost, and other Christmas Stories," by May Dearn. The pictures and tales will, no doubt, please the readers for whom they are intended, but we should like a little more of artistic and literary merit, and more of humdrum life in the plot—though "The Real Ghost," indeed, is expressly said to be founded on fact.

4. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington have added to their Lecture Series a very pretty volume of three hundred pages, "The Black Lady and Other Tales," by Canon Schmid. That name guarantees the little stories as innocent and pleasant. Dr. Russell of Maynooth was the first to translate the good Canon of Angsburg nearly fifty years ago. We should like to know how far this translation and that published by Mr. John Hodges, and also other versions in English, draw upon this original translation, which is still published by James Duffy and Son, of Dublin. The present volume, which is called first series, says not a word by way of explanation on this point, and puts forward no translator's name.

5. They are not "New Books," but we take the opportunity of mentioning the authorship of two excellent Catholic novels, one of which has been many years before the public—"Mount St. Laurence," and "The Wyndham Family." By a list appended to the second edition of Edward Healy Thompson's great work, "The Life and Glories of St. Joseph"—which has appeared since the author's death—we learn for the first time, and somewhat to our surprise, that Mr. Healy Thompson was the author also of the two tales that we have named. Caterers for Catholic libraries may add these to their stores as being safe and edifying without being silly. To Mr. Thompson, moreover, we are indebted for the more directly religious tale, "Mary, Star of the Sea." But good as all his writings and translations are, from "The Unity of the Episcopate" onward, he must have thought of none of them with greater consolation on his death-bed than of the work in which he gathered together with incredible industry and good literary skill whatever has been written of St. Joseph by the best authorities, especially in Italian and Spanish. Convents often neglect to procure books which might fairly look to them for patronage. If any such after this warning fail to furnish their community library with a copy of this standard work on St. Joseph, we decline to share with them the responsibility of this flagrant omission.

6. Another distinguished contributor to Catholic literature has closed an edifying life by an edifying death—Mr. Edward Heneage Dering. Although learned enough to translate very competently Father Liberatore's philosophical works, he was the author also of

very clever novels, which are very attractive in spite of the religious spirit that shines through them, not too obtrusively. "Freville Chase" and its two companion volumes, "Sherborne," and "The Lady of Ravenscombe," may safely be added to Catholic lending libraries. Mr. John Hodges in his most recent list gives Mr. Dering as the author of a very clever essay, "In the Light of the Nineteenth Century," which hitherto was said to be written by "Innominatus."

7. Talking of novels by Catholic authors that are safe for our lending libraries, and at the same time foremost among their literary compeers, we may mention that Blackwood the Publisher's current list announces, at 3s. 6d. each, E. D. Gerard's novels, *Reata*, *Beggar my Neighbour*, and *The Waters of Hercules*. It has been revealed that "E. D." stands for the initials of two sisters, of whom the younger, Miss Dorothea Gerard, is solely responsible for *Lady Baby*, a brilliant tale which ran through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is now in a popular edition for 3s. 6d. Her *Recha* appears in this list for 6s. *Orthodox*, by the same clever novelist, is probably issued by another publisher.

8. Though this is our January issue, it may be in the hands of our readers while in search of Christmas boxes and New Year's gifts. The choice of the judicious will often fall on a pretty little book containing holy thoughts that are sure to sink into the mind when a page is read occasionally. Mr. Vincent O'Brien, 8 Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin, has produced with extreme care two such booklets which have already had great vogue—"Little Gems from St. Alphonsus Liguori, selected and arranged for every day in the year," by Sara O'Brien, and "Little Gems from Thomas a Kempis." Even more daintily brought out are "The Birthday Book of the Madonna," and "The Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart," by the same publisher. These very pious and pretty books have run through more than one new edition already. Mr. O'Brien has also, by arrangement with the publishers, given a specially dainty binding to Father Russell's "Moments before the Tabernacle," which, even in its ordinary dress, has found great favour with the pious public on account of its divine theme and the simplicity with which it is treated.

9. The following discriminating bit of criticism on a three-volume novel, in which our readers are already interested, appears in *The Weekly Register* of Dec. 10:—"Mrs. Francis has found a new situation and a fresh motive for her novel, *Whither?* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). She interests us in ways unaccustomed, and by means unhackneyed, in the fortunes of a heroine good, beautiful, and intelligent, chastened by ills. The tension of the story is relieved by accessory character of a certain brightness and briskness. The best of these is Lady Wyvington, who whisks her benevolent way through the earlier part.

of the story with a life-like movement; but she has good rivals in the married women of Canon de Mévins's Lancashire parish. The last volume closes in a manner quite unforeseen and yet inevitable, the heroine having but one way of rescue from her innocent and devoted love for one unworthy of her. His unworthiness, by the way, is so moderate as to convince us of the author's power of restraint; her insistence and over-emphasis in the case of Virginia Whitworth's early treatment by her grandfather make the only effect of exaggeration in the otherwise delicate work of the novel."

10. "Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Little Souls, or Simple Instructions on the Virtues, for the Children of the Catholic Church," by Mary E. Richardson (Benziger : New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) is very prettily written, and very prettily bound and printed. The subjects discussed with children are the love of God, humility, mortification, patience, mildness, obedience, simplicity, diligence, prayer, confidence in God, purity and charity. The instructions are very forcible and practical. We did not transcribe from the title-page the words, "to which are added short stories from the Bible." These bible-stories fill one half of the book.

11. "St. Liguori on the Religious State," was a tiny book published by Richardson, and it helped many vocations some forty years ago. Much fuller and more useful will be found "A Treatise on Religious Vocation, according to the teaching of the Holy Doctors, St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus, to which is added a series of prayers for the use of those who are called to the Religious State; edited in English by a Redemptorist Father." Copies of this work, which is particularly well edited and printed, may be had at the Redemptorist Houses, Mount St. Alphonsus, Limerick, and Bishop Eton, Wavertree, Liverpool.

12. "The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1893" (New York: the Catholic Publication Society) is worthy of the silver jubilee of this excellent publication. Besides the usual information of an almanac and a Catholic almanac, it supplies us with many good biographical and miscellaneous articles by Brother Azarias, Father Talbot Smith, Mr. W. J. Onahan, and others, interspersed with admirably engraved portraits of John Gilmary Shea, Daniel Dougherty of the Silver Tongue, and four American bishops recently deceased—namely, Dr. Wadhams, Dr. Loughlin, Dr. Tuigg, Dr. Flasch. We have just counted the hierarchy of the United States, and find that it consists of one Cardinal, eleven other Archbishops, and seventy-four Bishops.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

THE SECRET OF THE KING.

CHAPTER IV.

DE PROFUNDIS.

As the Bishop sat half stupefied over this astounding telegram, there came up before his mind the last words he had heard Father Corham utter,—“I don’t know what I may do in my desperation; I hope your lordship won’t live to see me in the dock for forgery.” He thrust them indignantly away, refusing to attach any importance to a mere jest; but the unbidden and unwelcome guests remained. Of course he went down at once to Springton. Before being able to see Father Corham, he had to see the officials and took occasion to ask them on what evidence they had taken so extraordinary a step. Suspicion came nearer and nearer to the surface, but he kept on thrusting it down, insisting on it with himself that the young priest’s character was stronger than any chain of circumstantial evidence. “Pooh!” he said, “Father Corham will sweep it all away with a single word.” To his surprise, however, that single word was not forthcoming. The accused met him with an air of reserve, refused to answer questions, and except that he solemnly affirmed his innocence bore himself as if he were guilty. The Bishop was completely puzzled and perplexed.

Father Corham, as Varovski had anticipated, decided on as complete a silence as possible. There were several things which he might have fairly said in his own defence, but which, if he once said them, he would afterwards be hard pressed to amplify in the prosecution of Varovski and Kenney. The terrible seal of confession threw its shadow over the whole transaction. He would keep silence, trusting that his character would outweigh the

evidence against him. He did not know the strength of that evidence, for at the preliminary investigation they only put forward enough for a *prima facie* case. So he reserved his defence, and was committed for trial. •One thing he was profoundly thankful for, and that was that he was spared the ignominy of having to stand in the same dock with the real criminal, Varovski.

Of course the Bishop procured bail for him, and the interval before the trial he spent at a Benedictine monastery where, secluded from the observation of men, he might give all his time to prayer and retreat.

Meanwhile one day the detective Barton called on the Bishop to "pump" him about Father Corham's antecedents. There was nothing that could help the prosecution, except that when Barton asked "then you mean to say that you cannot remember any word or deed of his which might lead one to suspect the possibility of his doing a thing of this kind?" the Bishop hesitated for a hardly perceptible moment before giving an answer. The detective made a note of the hesitation while pretending not to observe it. As he knew the Bishop would be called for the defence, he could afford to bide his time.

The only effort that could be made to procure evidence for the defence was to cable to Johannesburg to advertise in the leading papers for the man who had sent £30 to the Rev. Arthur Corham. As Mr. James Huntley was then on his tour through Mashonaland, it is not surprising that the advertisement had no effect. Hence, too, the latter never came to read the accounts of the *cause célèbre* in which his old school-fellow figured so unhappily.

The eventful day of the trial arrived. The Court was crowded of course. The Crown prosecutor gave a brief account of the forged notes, and then witnesses were called.

Mr. Milborough, Father Corham's creditor at Springton, gave evidence of the debt of about £50, which had nearly run to its extreme limit. He knew the accused had been very hard pressed, and had only a few days before payment begged for an extension of time because he could not scrape together more than £20. He (witness) had refused. Consequently he was very much surprised when accused came to make payment: £20 was in gold and silver, and £30 in three Bank of England notes. Witness asked where he had got the notes, and accused replied that his fairy godmother had sent them to him. (Laughter in the Court which was at

once suppressed.) He did not exactly suspect the notes, but he was a business man and he asked accused to endorse them. The accused seemed to hesitate and asked whether it was usual, adding with a laugh, "I have not much acquaintance with notes, you know: coppers are more in my line." However, he did endorse the notes. The laugh seemed to him to be an uneasy one, and he did not understand it until the police came in,—which they did immediately after accused's departure. They told him to do nothing until Mr. Barton's arrival. The latter at once decided that the notes were forged. [They were produced in Court.]

By Father Corham (who defended himself),—The debt had not been contracted with him originally: he had acquired it. Yes, he had got it fairly cheap. Still he refused extension of time, because he saw no reason to be lenient to the Roman Catholic mission. If he could have broken it up, he would have felt justified. There was no love lost between him and the Roman Church. Nor between him and the Roman clergy. He had not acted out of enmity, but had simply kept within his rights. Still it could not be denied that he had done just what an enemy would do. It would be quite intelligible if the accused regarded him as an enemy. Indeed he knew that this was the talk of the town, but he did not care what people said: he stuck to his rights. Until the police came, he took Father Corham's jokes as attempts at friendliness. He did not in any way respond to these overtures: he wasn't a humbug. He thought it natural enough that, if a man's first joke was repelled, he should laugh a little uneasily over a second. This explanation of Father Corham's laugh had not occurred to him before. The hesitation before endorsing was not expressed in any other sign than that of asking the question. If the question had not been asked, he would not have mentioned anything about hesitation. There was no sign of embarrassment. As a man of business, he certainly thought a man must be a born fool to put his name to a forged note, unless he intended to run away immediately. He did not think accused was a born fool,—but did not know what a man might do when put suddenly in a tight place.

Several witnesses were called to prove how keenly Father Corham felt his burthen of debt, and a copy of the *Catholic News* was put in showing by the advertisement that it was precisely £30 that was wanted. These witnesses also proved how frequently

the accused was seen walking with Varovski, against whom and Pat Kenney warrants had been issued, but who hitherto had baffled their pursuers.

The chief witness was of course the detective Barton. He said he had long had reasons, unnecessary to detail then, for suspecting Varovski; that he had consequently under various disguises dogged his steps pretty closely. He related the conversation on the bridge—how the accused was threatening to withdraw from “the business,” because he was getting “no profit out of it,”—how he had been dunning Varovski for money, but could not get it—how he had asked for Pat to be sent to him, and Varovski had promised to send him “primed,” and the accused had said he would “unload” him. Consequently all the movements of the parties had been watched. Accused had gone out on a sick-call, but that visit gave no clue. Then came the payment of debt. As soon as witness had satisfied himself that the notes were forgeries, he procured a warrant and visited accused. When he mentioned the notes, there was an undoubted look of consciousness on accused’s face. He was an expert reader of faces, and accused’s was a very easy face to read. He would unhesitatingly swear to this. And the accused had not denied it, but had at once asked him who he was. Whereupon he arrested him.

Cross-examined by Father Corham.—He had not known that Varovski was a Catholic. Could not believe that the conversation on the bridge referred to religious duties: it seemed to him to be all about money. Was aware that our Lord spoke about talents and debts and stewards when he meant grace, but clergymen did not talk like that now. Had practically no experience of Catholic clergy. Had always heard that they were to be distrusted. All his experience of clergy was with Evangelicals and Dissenters. Though it was six of one, half a dozen of the other. Admitted that his education as a detective would be more complete if he had studied the Catholic clergy, supposing them to be so different a type of men. Had not heard the whole conversation—Varovski speaking low as if he did not want to be heard. “One word more, Mr. Barton: from your point of view, if Varovski and I were conspiring together, would you not take Varovski to be the ring-leader and me the subordinate?” Certainly. “Can you remember then whether in that conversation I was speaking like a subordinate, or in a tone of authority?” Well, now I think of it, your

tone was rather masterful. "Then, while the words in your notebook taken by themselves seem to favour your view, the tone in which they were spoken would favour mine?"—Perhaps I might admit as much as that. "Very well, sir, you may stand down."

Here there was general surprise, and the Judge interposed. "Mr. Corham," he said, "it is very unfortunate that you have chosen not to be represented by counsel. You have defended yourself very ably so far, but simply to protect you I must point out to you how damaging it will be to your case if you cannot shake the evidence of the last witness about your betraying consciousness at the time of your arrest. I think you require only a hint that a lawyer would address himself mainly to that point."

Father Corham thanked his lordship for the hint, but did not think he should be able to extract a different opinion from a witness who was so cocksure about his inferences. As he was not able to give evidence himself, all he could do would be to discuss the fallibility of such "face-readings" in his defence.

The prosecutor then closed his case.

Father Corham admitted that there was a ring of apparently adverse testimony which it would be hard, perhaps impossible, to break. He would simply put forward his line of defence, supporting it by what evidence was forthcoming, and would trust that an unblemished career of honour and uprightness, and he might add of faithfulness to his high calling, would stand him in good stead and make it impossible for the jury to believe him guilty. "I admit, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "that my need of money was great. But I always knew that in the last resort my people would not fail me; that rather than see the mission-property sold over my head and the mission itself broken up, they would part with every superfluity [and even with some of the necessities of life. [Applause here from the back of the Court; at once suppressed.] Even failing them, I could trust my Bishop: I might meet with censure, even with punishment, but the cause of the Church would not have been allowed to fall into the hands of her enemies. Therefore although my anxiety was great, yet it was not extreme: it was not of that overwhelming kind which drives men to distraction and tempts them to crime. I shall therefore tender evidence to lessen the motive of the alleged crime.

"With regard to my intimacy with Varovski, I have of course no evidence to bring forward, as it was entirely between him and

me, but I would submit that all that has been told of it is explicable on the supposition that I was trying to bring him to a sense of his religious duty. And if there is a double interpretation I am entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

"You are aware that I claim to have received £30 from Johannesburg in answer to an advertisement. Unfortunately all efforts to discover the transmitter have been in vain, and still more unfortunately I myself burnt the envelope which might have proved everything for me. The evidence of the post-boy will not be conclusive, but will establish a probability in this direction.

"Whether those three £10 notes were false when I received them, or were changed when in my possession, or in the possession of my creditor, I am not now in a position to say. There is a mystery here which I am unable to unravel, and through which I must trust to my own integrity to bring me in safety. I am accused of having shown consciousness of the notes being false half an hour after I had paid them away. I trust you will think twice before accepting as infallible this reading of other people's minds. The mere fact of a stranger coming to me about a payment I had made only half an hour before would have been sufficient to cause a foreboding of evil, especially in a mind so strung with anxiety as mine had been. And I put it to you, which of you would be able to distinguish in my eyes with certainty between a recognition of past evil and a foreboding of future. I submit that this case must be decided on other grounds than these phrenological inferences."

He also dwelt on the folly of the mode of payment, supposing him to be conscious of the forgery. It would have been so easy for him to have found people whose confidence in him would have enabled him to change the notes without detection, that the madness of thus giving himself away to his enemies was simply incredible.

Such was the general tone of the defence, which I have summed up all together in this place for convenience sake. By a freak of fortune the visit of Pat within the fateful half-hour was unknown to the prosecution. It would have been a fine peg to hang a probability upon, and Father Corham could easily have proved his presence by external evidence, but it trenched too closely on the sacred seal of silence, so he would not.

Witnesses were called in accordance with his speech. Several

members of his congregation proved the hopefulness of his tone even amid his deepest anxiety.

The post-boy proved that on the day in question a foreign letter had come for Father Corham, which was a rare occurrence. He could not say it was a Transvaal stamp, but it was certainly one he had never seen before: that was why he remembered it. Cross-examined, he showed that he really did not know much about stamps: there were, for example, several German stamps shown him which he said might be Transvaal for all he knew. Also Father Corham did sometimes, though rarely, get letters from foreign parts. He could not say whether the stamps were French or German; he paid more attention to addresses than to stamps. Re-examined,—when other foreign letters came for Father Corham, the address was always in a curious Frenchy hand, but on this occasion the address was in a fine flowing English hand. The post-mistress was also called and said that that week there had certainly been a Transvaal letter, the only one she remembered ever coming to Springton,—but she had not noticed to whom it was addressed.

The Rev. J. Hennessy was called. He had been through school and college with Father Corham, had been ordained with him, and now had a mission close to him. Knew him as intimately as one man can know another. Was perfectly certain that his friend was incapable of such a crime. Would take his single word against the inferences of a thousand detectives. Had heard the whole evidence of the prosecution: it had not shaken his belief in Father Corham's innocence, not by a hair's breadth.

Last of all came the Bishop. Though in fact his belief in Father Corham had been sadly shaken, yet he gave willing testimony to the excellence of his priestly career, and the prisoner's case began to look really bright, when the prosecutor said,

"Just one word, my lord Bishop. When Mr. Barton called on you and asked you whether the prisoner had ever said or done anything which might lead you to suspect the possibility of his doing a thing of this kind,—do you remember that you hesitated?"

"I did hesitate for a moment, but did not think it had been perceptible."

"It was perceptible however, and by the bye this shews that our friend Mr. Barton is not so very fallible after all in his

phrenological inferences. Would you kindly tell the Court why you hesitated?"

"It was nothing but a jest that once passed between us. I am convinced that I should not have hesitated. It is not fair to make so serious a thing of a mere jest that anybody might make."

"There's many a true word spoken in jest, my lord, as you know. You will kindly let the Court judge of the fairness or otherwise."

"In that case you ought to accuse me as an accomplice, for I shared the jest."

"Let us but hear it, my lord."

Then the Bishop repeated the conversation in which Father Corham had spoken about his desperation, and about standing in the dock for forgery.

At that point, two of the jurymen, who throughout the defence had been leaning forward in eager suspense and with rising hope, fell back with that unconscious sigh of relief with which suspense gives way even to unwelcome certainty.

It was not difficult for the prosecution to point out the weak points of the defence, and before the Judge began his summing up the verdict was a foregone conclusion. It would needlessly prolong my story to give the Judge's patient and kindly analysis of all the proofs and possibilities of the case. One passage only need be set down. "The externally frank and honourable bearing of the prisoner, his marked ability in dealing with certain portions of the evidence, and the extraordinary care with which he shirked other portions which told directly against him, might have led me suspect that he was trying to shield a fourth party. I say a *fourth* party, because the guilt of Varovski and Kenney is thoroughly known; hence there could be no object in shielding them. But there is not a shred of evidence, or even of suspicion, implicating any fourth party at all, so that such a surmise has no *locus standi*."

The jury did not even leave the box, but unhesitatingly declared the verdict "Guilty." Whereupon the Judge delivered sentence as follows:—"Arthur Corham, in giving effect to the verdict, in which I entirely concur, I naturally take into account your hitherto unblemished life, the fact that this is in all probability your very first offence, and especially the great (and I may add unselfish) temptation by which you were led astray. On the other hand, the evidence seems to point to a certain deliberation in the crime. I will also bear in mind the utter ruin a sentence like this brings,

upon your professional career. It is to be hoped that hereafter you will employ your undoubted abilities for worthier ends. Taking all things into consideration, I cannot sentence you to less than three years' hard labour."

Though he knew it was coming, it was a heavy blow, and his cheek blanched as he bowed his head in acquiescence. He was taken from the Court, followed by the pity of all and the sympathy of only Father Hennessy his friend and of a few of his own congregation in the back seats, poor and unlearned, whose keen instinct would have cut through a far stronger chain of evidence on behalf of the priest they loved.

What he felt still more was the after interview with the Bishop. But for this too he had prepared and summoned up for it a more than Stoic fortitude. He felt that while his own share in the interview would be the more painful, the Bishop's would be the more embarrassing. He therefore determined not to complicate matters still further by futile assertions of innocence.

"I have a painful task before me, Mr. Corham," the Bishop began.

"I fully understand, my lord," replied the priest, "and I have no wish to make it more painful for you. I am under censure of the law and must fall under the censure of the Church as well. Believing me to be guilty, you cannot do otherwise, and I submit."

"If I could be quite sure either way," said the Bishop reflectively, and feeling his way; "before the trial I was tormented with a doubt of your innocence, now I am tormented with a doubt of your guilt."

"I am not bound to speak any further, my lord: things must take their course."

"What then will be your attitude in the face of all this?"

"I will bear up against it as if I were innocent; and I will do penance for it as if I were guilty. Think no more about it, my lord; for me the bitterness of death is past: I have fallen from my post: I have three years to think over it, and the future is in the hands of God."

The blow had fallen in all its strength, and Father Corham entered into the furnace wherein the gold of innocence is refined into sanctity. That night when he said the psalm *De Profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine*, he was able to say to himself with half a smile, "I never knew the meaning of that prayer before."

CHAPTER V.

LIVING IT DOWN.

It is easy to talk in a book about three years of penal servitude; no word painting can ever overtake the reality. But when it is a case of a man of refinement among the vulgar, a man of piety among the profane, a man of education among the ignorant, sharing their labours, their meals, their recreations, then there is nothing for it but silent sympathy. Fortunately Father Corham had thought it all out, had realised beforehand what it would mean in all its details, and was prepared for a definite line of action. Towards others he was kindly when he had a chance, but maintained a silent dignity. To the knowing wink, the tongue in the cheek, the ribald chaff, the foul word, he answered nothing. They played practical jokes on him, they plagued him for "putting on side," they became enraged at his imperturbability, but he went on his own way. Soon some began to believe in him, and respect him. The officials appreciated his ready submission, and ere long his surroundings became bearable, as it is nature of human affairs to do. He had his breviary and rosary, and they allowed him books and writing material for his leisure hours. His plan for the future was already laid down. He would support himself by his pen, and here in prison he was utilising his time by writing articles, tales, poems, and jotting down notes, which might be useful to him afterwards in journalism.

At length his time expired, to the regret of his gaolers, and he found himself once more at liberty. His position was an arduous one, but he had no intention of shirking the difficulties of it. If ever his character was to be cleared, it would be at his old place at Springton, and at Springton alone would he stay. It was painful to all, and the Bishop expressed a hope that he would go elsewhere, but he claimed it as his right to be allowed to live it down. He dressed, of course, as a layman, took lodgings, and earned his living in journalism. Every morning saw him at mass, every Saturday at confession. The priest, none other than his old friend Father Hennessy, was in his confidence, and, after remonstrance, fell in with his plan. "Those who believe me innocent," he said, "shall see my submission; and those who

believe me guilty, shall at least see me do penance." So there he knelt in the back benches day after day, waiting for God's good time. Some at first wished to treat him as a priest, but he sternly rebuked them: he resolutely refused to listen to anything about the past,—indeed he listened to very little at all, passing in and out amongst the people in solitary wise, almost like a hermit. The only person he could not silence was old Mrs. Malone, who would kiss the hem of his sleeve or any part of his garment she could get hold of unseen, and treated him generally with distant reverence like a saint. The leaven spread, and though they spoke of it only in whispers, yet one after another came round, overcome by the persuasiveness of patient endurance, and eventually the whole congregation came to think more of the priest who knelt afar off, not daring even to go to Communion, than of the priest who ministered to them from the altar. And as after their own Communion they streamed from the altar and caught sight of his wistful looks in their direction, many and many a prayer went up that his innocence might be brought to light. At such times, the congregation would be startled once in a way by a loud wail of sorrow from poor old Widow Malone, who could bear no longer the contrast of her own happiness with the silent suffering of Soggarth! and she would be hushed into silent weeping by her children or grandchildren, whose eyes were also full of tears.

Father Hennessy knew well that this secret sympathy with sorrow was working great good amongst his flock, and that the mere presence of this suspended priest was more to his people than all his own sermons. He too revered him as a saint. But he would not permit the people to speak to him about it, fearing lest they might fall to criticising the Bishop. Yet, of course, what could the Bishop do? Things were not changed because people's feelings were changed, and the fact remained that Father Corham had been to all appearance justly condemned, and was only a few months out of gaol.

Meanwhile the editors of several Catholic periodicals had cause to rejoice. A new contributor had arisen who had learned in his own sorrow to touch the tenderest chords of human nature. Under various pen-names he sent out the tales and poems and articles he had written or sketched in the shades of the prison house. And so he gained for himself a living, while the same

secret influence which was transforming his own old congregation was multiplied and scattered broad-cast by the power of the Press.

Meanwhile also, however all this had told upon his health. The colour left his face, and the action of the heart began to give him trouble. The sadness was too monotonous. He had not laughed since the day of his trial. Smiled, yes : every child had his smile, and many another, but never a laugh.

One day, Father Hennessy said to him, in the affectionate tone they always used when they were alone,

"Arthur, how long is this to last?"

"I don't know, Gerald," he answered, "I think I have almost lived it down by this time, and I have a presentiment that deliverance is not far off now. At least if it doesn't come soon, it will be too late, I fear."

"Good God! don't say that, Arthur."

"Well, I have a pain here sometimes," pointing to his heart, "and if that is to be the deliverance, perhaps it is the best after all."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Once, as Father Corham was leaving the church after making his evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament, a stranger met him in the porch and asked,

"This is the Catholic church, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then will you kindly tell me where Father Corham lives?"

"Father Corham? Do you want to see Father Corham?"

"Of course; whom else? Isn't he here still? I have just come all the way from South Africa, so I am not up to date."

"South Africa!"

"Yes, man alive, South Africa. One would take you for a walking echo. There's nothing tragic about that, is there? I come from Johannesburg and I want to see Father Corham."

Of course it was James Huntley, but neither recognised the other. Father Corham, however, at the word Johannesburg turned deathly pale, put his hand to his heart, and staggered against the wall. Huntley was astonished, but, being a practical

man and not seeing what else to do, he dashed a handful of holy-water into the face of the fainting man, muttering to himself, "I don't know what has come over the old country, if men are going to put on tragedy airs and faint away as soon as you look at them." The sudden spasm however soon passed, and the priest said with a smile,

"I must apologise for this ; I am getting very weak of late. If you will come with me, I will bring you to Father Corham."

They walked some little distance in silence, and then Huntley said,

"It is curious that Father Corham should live so far away from his church."

"Yes, it *is* curious," was the reply.

They reached his lodgings, and to Huntley's surprise, his guide walked in without knocking, lit the lamp, drew down the blind, and offered him a seat. He had not time, however, to express his surprise, before his companion said,

"Now, I am Father Corham : who are you?"

"My God ! can that be Arthur Corham?"

He leaped up to say this, and only then, by the word Arthur and by a look into the eyes which had not been properly seen till then, did the priest recognise his old school-fellow. And it all flashed across his mind what a fool he had been never to think of James's generous school-boy promise as the meaning of "part of an old debt." The knowledge calmed him. He knew now he was clear of every stigma, at least in his Bishop's eyes, and for one imperceptible moment his whole being went up to God in thanksgiving. But all he said, after the first greeting, was,

"You said something about a tragedy just now in the porch. Sit down quietly, James, and I'll tell you one."

It was all very well to say "sit down quietly," it was the one thing Huntley could not do. As the pitiful story proceeded, he would get up and walk up and down the room. He would suddenly shake both his friend's hands. He laughed and swore alternately. "Damn anonymous letters!" he cried, "it's the only one I ever sent in my life : never another if I live to a hundred." Then after a while, "Damn that Varovski ! Oh yes, you needn't say Hush, hush : you haven't your cloth on now ; when you get it back again, I'll be respectable ; now I'm going to say damn. If I had him here, I'd——," and with that he lunged

the poker into the fire and made a hole that would have let daylight into a dozen men.

When the whole thing had been told, he rose suddenly and took his hat.

"What's the matter? Where are you going?"

"I'm going straight to your Bishop, if he lives the other side of Hong Kong."

"My dear fellow, there's no such awful hurry as all that. Stop with me to-night; I'll manage a shakedown for you. I'll wire to him, and we can both go together to-morrow. I have some work to-night that must be done."

"No, I'll not stop another minute. Where does your Bishop live?"

"Why it's a good hour by train, and I don't know if you can catch a train now."

He took down a local time-table: there were trains at 6.10 and 7.45. It was now nearly six.

"Very well, the 6.10 is the one for me."

"No, no: if you must go to-night, stop and have tea with me, and take the next."

"No, Corham, I tell you: I'll give myself no food, and that Bishop of yours no rest, until all this is put right again."

He rushed out alone and made his way to the station. At the entrance he saw a little boy looking for a job. He looked like an Irish boy.

"What's your name?" said Huntley.

"Terry Malone," was the reply.

"Catholic boy, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know Father Corham?"

"Sh! you musn't call him Father; he won't let you."

"And what do the people say about him?"

"Oh, we all know now he never done it."

"Never done it, eh? You all believe him now?"

"Oh, yes, now. But me and my granny, that's old Mrs. Malone, you know, we believed him all along."

"Good boy. A most intelligent boy."

"Yes," went on the lad, seeing he had a sympathetic listener, "and we're all praying like blacks for the stranger to come from over the seas and put everything right."

"Good! Well, my boy, here's half-a-crown for you, and tell your granny she may bet her last shilling that stranger will be here before twenty-four hours are over."

Then he rushed in and took his ticket, while the boy up with his cap and ran off whooping. The news spread like wild-fire, and all the Catholic population were on the *qui vive* for something, they knew not what. In their reverence they left Father Corham unquestioned, but Terry would not go to bed, so that he might stop and watch all the trains, and three hours later it was signalled all round the town that the Bishop had arrived with the stranger. But I must not anticipate.

Of course the message was taken to Father Hennessy among the first, but as it was Friday evening and just on time for the devotions, he had to postpone the satisfaction of his eager curiosity. Rosary passed, and the sermon, and Benediction, but the seat in the back bench, always reverently left for its usual occupant, remained vacant. Evidently something had happened. And when immediately after the service Father Hennessy went to his brother priest's lodgings and was told he was *out*, the mystery grew.

"Where has he gone?"

"I don't know, Father," answered the landlady, "a messenger, a poor man, came here and called for him, and they went away together just before time for service."

To return, then, to Father Corham. This messenger, being admitted, said to him, "I am a Protestant myself, sir, but there is a poor Catholic dying in my house and he wants to see *you*."

"My good man, I can do nothing for him; why did you not go for the priest?"

"He says he will see no one but you, sir, and you must come quick, for he is going fast."

Of course it was poor Pat Kenney. Finding himself seriously ill, he slipped away from the clutches of the gang, knowing that if they found him they would kill him, but feeling that the Angel of Death would anticipate them. He came to Springton, was taken in and shielded by this poor man to whom he had been kind in days gone by, and the same day, feeling himself shattered by the journey, sent for Father Corham that he might make what reparation was still open to him.

It was not without emotion that Father Corham saw the emaciated frame of the man who had been the instrument of his

ruin, but resentment was long dead, and the instinct of the spiritual healer reigned supreme. Pat burst into tears, and holding out his hand said,

"Father, *I want to finish my confession.*"

"But, Pat, you know I have no faculties now."

"Ah but, Father, this is the hour of death, and all priests have faculties then, you taught me so yourself."

"True, when there is no other priest by. I'll stay with you, but let me send for Father Hennessy."

"No, no, no," wailed the dying man, "I'm going fast and may not live till then."

It looked true, and just then the hour struck; the service was beginning and Father Hennessy would not be accessible for more than an hour. So then and there the confession began, or rather, as Pat had said, continued. Poor fellow, it was in terror rather than in malice he had sinned, at least after the first offence which had brought him under the power of this terrible secret association of villains; and which of us would pursue a path of uprightness with an assassin's dagger pricking us from behind? At any rate, he was free and penitent now, and promised reparation. As soon as he received absolution, he was to write a confession and have it witnessed. Father Corham thought it better for the absolution to precede, for the disease was fast making headway. The tears rolled down his cheeks during this his first exercise of his priestly functions, and he fervently thanked God for the opportunity of this Christian revenge.

Pat's dying hand feebly scrawled the few words that were necessary:—"I, Patrick Kenney, at the hour of death, confess that I myself put the false bank-notes on Father Corham's desk and took away the real ones, and that I afterwards went to him to confession so that he might not be able to say anything about it." The people of the house were then called in and witnessed his signature, though they thought it was his will, and wondered what in the world Kenney could have to leave. When they left again, Kenney lay back exhausted.

"Father, how can you ever forgive me?" he said.

"Don't let that trouble you, Patrick; I never was anything else than sorry for you. I saw you were driven into it."

"Indeed and I was. Oh, that Varovski is a devil."

"Hush, do not spoil your confession by such sayings."

"Have you forgiven him yourself, Father?"

"Completely, and long ago."

"Then so will I. But he is a devil all the same."

"Now, now, Pat; say a prayer for him."

"I will; but I might almost as well pray for old Satan himself."

"Try and put that thought out of your mind: be at peace with all, and bear no ill will."

"Oh, I've no ill will. It's not for the likes of me to say anything against the devil himself."

And with this act of humility and forgiveness, though startlingly untheological in expression, Father Corham was satisfied. He turned the poor fellow's mind away from it by beginning the prayers for the dying. Before he got through them, there was a cry, "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" and the soul of Patrick Kenney was on earth no more.

"Just then the hour struck again; if they had waited for Father Hennessy, it would have been too late.

Father Corham stopped a little time to help the people of the house to make necessary arrangements, and then returned to his lodgings with his precious document of perfect public freedom in his pocket.

He found his brother priest before his fire.

"What's this I hear, Father Arthur, about a stranger? Has the Johannesburg man turned up?"

"Yes, Gerald, you may call me by that name now. Not only has the Johannesburg man arrived, but—read that," and he handed him the confession.

What pen can describe such gladness? The deeper moods of joy, as of grief, claim silence as their fullest expression. When you have been with your friend through the Valley of Humiliation, and have upheld him against the world, and have had your friendship refined by trial, strengthened by endurance and sanctified by reverence,—and when at length your confidence is justified, innocence triumphant and friendship glorified,—what words can your heart find to express the splendour of such a joy?

After the few moments, Father Corham said, "Gerald, have you said Matins yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Then we will say our office together, as of old."

Never before had the Psalms been so exultant ; never the *Te Deum* so grand ; and Lauds they could have prolonged for ever.

Soon after the last prayer, a cab rumbled down the street and stopped at the door. It was the Bishop, and he came, almost dragged in by the impetuous James Huntley. The Bishop knelt before the suspended priest,—

“Father Corham, I ask your forgiveness.”

“Don’t, my lord : I cannot bear this.”

“Let me be, Father ; I kneel in honour to the priesthood common to us both, which I have been the unhappy cause of dragging in the dust. Exercise your priestly office once more and give us all your blessing.”

Then they rose, and all explanations were made, and the document of confession handed round, and the whole wonderful story discussed again and again. By this time a murmuring sound was heard from the street. They glanced out and saw the whole street crowded with people waiting for the result. The window was thrown open, and the Bishop looked out. The gas-lamp close by revealed him, and the crowd broke out into a cheer. Beckoning for silence, he said, “My friends, I am happy to tell you that Father Corham’s innocence has been fully and triumphantly vindicated, and the whole country shall know it to-morrow morning.” Not another word could he get in for five minutes, the crowd cheering and calling for their priest. But he sat still within, saying “Not yet, I must see them first in church.” This, after a while, the Bishop explained to them, telling them to disperse, that Father Corham would say the 8 o’clock mass next morning, and that then the whole story would be told to them ; meanwhile they could guess that he would wish to be left alone with God.

So the crowd dispersed, Huntley went to his hotel, and the Bishop and the two priests to the presbytery. There they were left alone, except that the organist, on behalf of the choir, sent a message to ask that the mass might be a *Missa Cantata* and that the *Te Deum* might be sung.

Next morning there was not even standing room in the church. Mrs. Malone had been there with the early dawn, and many more. Many shops were shut, and Protestants as well as Catholics crowded in, being on tip-toe to hear the extraordinary revelations.

As eight o’clock struck, the bell at the sacristy door was

tinkled, and Father Corham, vested for Mass, entered preceded by the serving boys and followed by the Bishop. The whole congregation by a common impulse rose to receive him, and Mrs. Malone's "Glory be to God" was heard all over the church without any one thinking it necessary to check her. Close observers, however, remarked that his face was deadly pale, and Dr. Thompson in one of the front seats whispered to his wife, "He ought not to be out of bed: I hope his freedom has not come too late." While the priest stood aside, the Bishop came forward to the altar rails and gave a succinct account of the whole case as we now know it.

"As long as I live," he concluded, "my own share in this matter will be a subject of poignant regret. He himself knows, and you all know, and God above knows, I could not have acted otherwise. Nevertheless I say it will be a bitter sorrow to me to my dying day.

"But for you the day of sorrow has departed. I restore to you your Pastor, whom you always loved, in whom also you have learned to believe without proof. He comes to you with more than the authority of an ordinary priest. He has put his life into his words and you cannot disregard them. When he preaches to you the virtues of humility and obedience, you will remember how he bore himself towards the authorities which condemned him in his innocence. When he speaks to you of charity, you will remember how he closed the eyes of the man who wrought his ruin, the poor misguided man who now lies yonder, forgiven of God and of men, on whose soul may God have mercy! When he speaks to you of perseverance, you will think of the days when he knelt in the obscure corner over there, living down his disgrace. When he urges upon you the virtue of mortification, you will bear in mind his years of hard labour uncomplainingly borne in prison. And above all when the Sacrament of Penance is his theme, it shall be glorified in your eyes, for he almost literally gave his life, nay he gave what to him was far dearer than life, in order to assert before heaven and earth its inviolable sanctity. You will all now rise, and join with me in the *Te Deum*, the Church's song of thanksgiving, and may the joy of this day never be forgotten by either priest or people."

After the *Te Deum*, Father Corham went to the altar for Mass, and the choir struck up the *Kyrie*. But the shock of joy had been

too great. It was not so much the clearing of his name, or the love of his people, as the thought of once more offering up the Sacrifice and receiving our Lord in Communion. This was a joy that made his heart beat with rapture beyond its power of endurance. Every one knows the beautiful words with which the Mass begins :—

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

V.—Introibo ad altare Dei.

R.—Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

Father Corham only reached the word *Introibo*.—"I will enter in,"—when he gave a sudden gasp and fell forward on his face.

There was sudden consternation ; the music ceased ; a cry passed through the church followed by breathless silence ; the Bishop rushed forward to lift him, and Dr. Thompson stepped into the sanctuary to give what medical aid was possible. It was too late. "I knew he had a weak heart," said the doctor, "and the shock was too great. He is gone."

Yes, he had *entered in*, not to the earthly altar of Communion, but into the very gates of heaven.

They laid him, as he was, with the sacred vestments on, at the entrance of the sanctuary, and the people, plunged from the heights of exultation down the lowest depths of sorrow, came weeping to kiss his feet. They had hitherto regarded him as a Confessor of the faith ; now they revered him as a Martyr.

The memory of him still does in Springton what the Bishop said his living voice would do. Poor old Mrs. Malone by common consent was permitted to appropriate the humble seat now known as "the priest's corner," near which he was buried beneath the floor of the church, and where they have placed on the wall a tablet with his name followed by the brief epitaph :—

Bonum est abscondere sacramentum regis.

"It is good to keep the Secret of the King."

FREDERICK C. KOILBR.

AFTER MASS.

THE Sacrifice is over and complete—
 A simple country Mass—
 The people rise and worship as is meet,
 Then from the temple pass ;
 Each face the glory of the mercy seat
 Reflects as 'twere a glass.

The withered features of the aged folk,
 To me, less wrinkled seem ;
 On rugged forms bent by the toilers' yoke
 There rests a softening gleam,
 As Moses' face, when God from Sinai spoke,
 Caught a transfiguring beam.

The girls in groups adown the steep borean
 Move with unstudied grace ;
 While, here and there, close-hooded may be seen
 A sweet Madonna-face.
 The eager, bashful boys, two minds between,
 Loiter behind a space.

The acolytes that in the altar's ray,
 Like purple orchids, bent,
 Transplanted to the common light of day
 Shout in pure merriment ;
 Thrice happy boys, in whose unclouded way
 Pastime and prayer are blent.

From cabins scattered on the treeless coast
 The azure turf smoke curls,
 Then, like a banner borne before a host,
 In the free air unfurls.
 Give us but time and we shall prove our boast,—
 We are not slaves nor churls,—

Nay, but a people, fickle if you will,
 But steadfast in our love
 To faith and freedom, Priest and patriot still
 Can touch the chords that move
 The nation's heart, through good report and ill,
 To deeds the heavens approve.

T. H. WRIGHT.

THE EARLY DUBLIN REVIEWERS.

UNPUBLISHED MEMORANDA OF AUTHORS' NAMES.

IT has been the good fortune of this Magazine to be allowed the privilege of putting into print for the first time several important documents of a personal nature. The most recent of these are the deeply interesting letters of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Wiseman contained in the Memorial Notes of Dr. Russell of Maynooth. But we recall with special pride the O'Connell Papers which ran through several of our volumes some ten years ago, including a diary kept by O'Connell in his youth, and a vast mass of his private correspondence entrusted to us for publication by the Liberator's son, the late Morgan O'Connell. The back volumes of THE IRISH MONTHLY must be consulted by any future biographer of perhaps the greatest man, and certainly the greatest Irishman of the Nineteenth Century.

Many will not share the feeling, but personally we consider our greatest piece of luck in this department to be the treasure-trove that forms the substance of the present paper.

It is very nearly sixty years since *The Dublin Review* began its dignified career as a periodical of the highest class, a Catholic rival of the Whig *Edinburgh Review* and the Tory *Quarterly*. Although there has been no interruption in its publication since July, 1836, it has not imitated those great Reviews in forming one single unbroken series of volumes numbered continuously from volume the first. There was first what it may be convenient to call the Wiseman Series, and then the Dr. Ward Series, and then a third series under the editorship of Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Lastly, a fourth series was begun in January 1892, which very properly disregards the numeration of the two preceding series and dates from the very beginning in the year 1836: the volume for 1892 is vol. CIX., though its immediate predecessor (except at the last moment on its titlepage) was called volume XXXVI.

The Wiseman Series consists of the first fifty-two volumes, and ends with a rather meagre index to that whole series. Meagre as it is, we wish that the continuation of it had wound up volume 109. The third series inaugurated one important change which

is still maintained : namely, the anonymity of the reviewer is abandoned, the articles are with very few exceptions signed by the writers. This justifies still more our desire to know the names of the writers in the earlier volumes also. It has always been easy to identify many of the articles which were claimed by the authors who republished them in separate volumes. This is the case with regard to Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Ward, Dr. George Abraham, Mr. Wilberforce, and some others ; and many separate articles had their authorship revealed in such books as the *Life of Dr. Grant of Southwark*, and in letters like those of Cardinal Wiseman, incorporated in the sketch of Dr. Russell running through our own pages. My list of such articles was already of considerable length when I mentioned the subject in the last conversation I had with the late Mr. Cashel Hoey.

This gifted Irishman, a native of the very ancient and interesting little town which gives a name to Carlingford Lough, and which gave birth also to Thomas Darcy McGee, was associated in the editorship of *The Nation* in the last years of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's connection with the famous journal which he founded and which he has survived. When Duffy went to Australia, his lieutenant removed to London. Among his other work, he was practically the editor of *The Dublin Review* during the years that Dr. W. G. Ward was proprietor, though of course Dr. Ward exercised supreme control over it. Much excellent writing of his own is in its pages.

Mr. Hoey's services to literature have not received their due recognition. We trust that we may be able to bring some of his work under the notice of our readers, but just now we may venture to cite a tribute to his personal worth from a private diary of Dr. Murray of Maynooth, which we have been allowed to examine. The first entries for the year 1866 are these :—

"January 17, Wednesday. To Dublin this day to meet by appointment my old friend, John Cashel Hoey, and to have a long chat with him ; and a long chat we had together, about so many things that I should find it difficult to enumerate here even the very heads of them.

"January 19, Friday. Again to Dublin to meet Hoey. Another long, long talk. How delightful to meet men like him—intelligent, honorable, truthful ; men that have a heart, a large heart, a true heart, a heart in the right place. He told me many

things about his English friends—about the late Cardinal Wiseman, about Dr. Manning, Dr. Ward, &c., which were very interesting, and which I would gladly record here, but I am so much pressed with work.”

My conversation with Mr. Cashel Hoey was some twenty-five years later than Dr. Murray's. Finding me interested in unveiling anonymities,* he promised to show me the memoranda that he possessed concerning the early writers of *The Dublin Review*. His last illness came upon him soon after. Through the great kindness of Mrs. Cashel Hoey—herself so distinguished a writer in fiction and in graver departments of literature—the precious little note-book has been placed at last in my hands.

It is labelled “Dublin Review, 1 to 104,” but unfortunately there are gaps in the record. Of the two quarterly parts which form a volume of the *Review* the first has its writers chronicled on the left-hand page, and the second on the page opposite. Except in one instance towards the end the articles are specified only by their number, not by subjects. All the entries are in Mr. Bagshawe's neat and clear hand, except one line on a blank page in front, which is easily recognised as Dr. Ward's very peculiar handwriting, which his warm friend, the late Lord Tennyson, described as “a row of walking sticks gone mad.” Dr. Ward simply notes the fact: “In No. 55, five articles by Dr. Russell.”

In the *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* which we are now happily able to expect from the pen of Father John Morris, S.J., many interesting details will no doubt be forthcoming about the foundation of *The Dublin Review*. Its first editor is already completely forgotten—Mr. Michael J. Quin, author of “A Steam Voyage down the Danube,” and “A Visit to Spain,” the former of which filled two volumes and reached at least a third edition. Are the dates of his birth and death on record anywhere, with some account of the work that lay between? To the two quarterly issues which alone he edited he himself contributed no less than nine articles: 1, 3, 6, 7, and 8 in July, 1836, while in October he is responsible for articles 2, 3, 5 and 9. He is also partly responsible for the 5th article in the first Number, which Mr. Bagshawe assigns to “Mr. Hoggart” and Mr. M. J. Quin; but Cardinal Wiseman has already in our own pages (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. XX, p. 655) sent a message through

* The present paper belongs to the series entitled “Anonymities Unveiled,” of which nine instalments have appeared, beginning in our seventeenth volume.

Dr. Russell to Dr. Murray of Maynooth that the article on Music was by Mr. Hogarth, brother-in-law of Boz. The partnership between Mrs. Charles Dickens' brother and the Editor of *The Dublin Review* seems to have arisen from the fact that the article in question is based on Mr. George Hogarth's "Musical History, Biography, and Criticism," that Mr. Hogarth could not praise his own book, but, after compiling the scientific and professional parts of the paper, he left the praise to be slipped in by Mr. Quin.

The second article of No. 1 was by Mr. D. Drummond, who probably (though the initial of his christian name changes from D to J and T) wrote the eighth article in No. 2, the third in No. 3 and in No. 4, the tenth in No. 7, and the eighth in No. 8—and then disappears for ever. Who was he? We shall be glad to be referred to any sources of information that may be available about such of these early Dublin Reviewers as may hitherto have been more or less overlooked.

The remaining articles in the opening number of *The Dublin Review* are the fourth by Mr. Pollock and Mr. Blunt, the ninth by J. B. Robertson, so well known afterwards in Dublin as a Professor of History in the Catholic University; the tenth by Mr. Vignoles, C.E., and lastly the eleventh by the Rev. Dr. Wiseman, to whose name is added in parenthesis *Cardinal*. This addition seems to have been made when the list was originally drawn up: which makes us guess that this is a neat transcript of rough contemporary notes and probably made in 1863 when Mr. Bagshawe was at last retiring from the office of editor.

Dr. Wiseman contributes to the second number of the Review the seventh article and helps Mr. Skermetz in the sixth. We should not be surprised if this were a mistake in transcription for Mr. Steinmetz, whose only contributions are the sixth article of No. 10 and the fourth of No. 16. Beside the articles already assigned in No. 2 to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Quin, the only others are the first by Mr. Stanton of Dublin, author of one of Repeal Prize Essays and editor of the defunct newspaper, *The Register*, in which Dillon and Davis tried their prentice hands—and the fourth article by Dr. Russell of Maynooth, who was then twenty-four years old.

After the first half year Mr. Quin ceased to be editor. His successor was the Rev. M. A. Tierney, who only edited No. 3. The authors of the twelve articles are in the following order: Mr.

Thomas Wyse, Dr. Wiseman, Mr T. Drummond, Mr. J. F. Palmer, Mr. Howitt, Rev. Mr. Graves (Dublin), Dr. Wiseman, Rev. Dr. Maguire, Mr. Michael Stanton (Dublin), Mr. Mudie, Rev. Dr. Russell, and Mr. T. K. Hervey. The last was probably the very minor poet who figures in the *Annals* which were in fashion sixty years ago. It will be noticed that Dr. Wiseman wrote the second and seventh articles. Mr. Wyse and Mr. Palmer were afterwards knighted. The latter leads off in the following Number, followed by Professor Robertson, Mr. T. Drummond, Professor de Morgan, and Mr. Bell. No author is assigned for the seventh article. The eighth is the joint contribution of the Rev. Dr. Cox and Sir J. F. Palmer. The ninth is Dr. Wiseman's share of this number. The eleventh is attributed to Mr. M. Stapleton (London), while 10, 12, and 13 are marked B—no doubt Mr. Bagshawe himself. His contributing to No. 4 led on probably to his editing No. 6. But meanwhile the fourth and fifth numbers were edited by Mr. James Smith of Edinburgh, father to the learned Archbishop of Edinburgh, recently deceased. In his second quarterly issue Dr. Wiseman wrote the first, third, and seventh articles; Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., the second; Mr. Chapman (a Judge in the Colonies) the fourth; Rev. Mr. Graves (Dublin) the sixth, no author being named for the fifth; M de Coux of the Université Catholique writes the eighth; the editor Mr. Quin, the ninth; and Professor de Morgan the tenth, the eleventh (like the fifth) being left anonymous.

And now begins Mr. H. R. Bagshawe's long reign of a quarter of a century. No. 6 ranges contributors in this order: Professor Robertson, Mr. T. Chisholm Anstey, M.P. (both second and third articles), Dr. Wiseman (both fourth and fifth articles), Mr. Duff, Mr. M. J. Quin, Mr. Chapman, Rev. Dr. Maguire, Rev. Dr. Rook, and the writer of the 11th article whose name is not given—a fate which befalls the eleventh article in the preceding issue and in the next two Numbers also. Let us put these in tabular form as a check upon annotation. There may be a good deal of that hereafter, especially regarding the less known of these writers; but it is well, first of all, to get the names consecutively into print. As the fourth and fifth volumes contain the four quarterly parts for the year 1838, the reader can easily determine the date of any particular volume of the series.

Volume 4	
No. 7	No. 8
I. Dr. Michelowicz (a Russian)	I. Mr. P. Mac Mahon, M.P.
II. Dr. Klausen	II. Rev. Dr. Wiseman
III. Mr. Chapman	III. Dr. Johnson
IV. Dr. Urlicks	IV. Rev. Dr. Wiseman
V. Mr. S. A. Dunham (historian)	V. Mr. J. O'Connell, M.P.
VI. M. de Coux	VI. Mr. Vincent
VII. Mr. M. J. Quin	VII. Dr. Michelson (Michelowicz)
VIII. Mr. F. J. Palmer	VIII. Mr. T. Drummond
IX. M. de Coux (a Catholic communicated)	IX. Mr. Graves (Irish Parson)
X. Mr. T. Drummond	X. Mrs. Fitzsimon (daughter of O'Connell)
XI.	XI.

Opposite Mr Drummond's name is written "Communicated from a friend," but it is not clear whether it refers to him or Mr. Graves. Probably to the latter; for the article assigned to him is on the Bishop of Exeter and the Catholic Oath, and an Irish parson could hardly speak of "our Holy Father the Pope." The article of Ellen O'Connell—the first female Dublin Reviewer, as another Irishwoman, Miss O'Connor Eccles, is one of the latest—is on a sufficiently untheological and feminine subject, Irish Novels. It has a wide range, from Miss Edgeworth to William Carleton, including Lady Morgan, the Banims, Gerald Griffin, and Samuel Lover.

It will be noticed in the following table how many blanks remain in the twelfth number of the Review; but a much wider gap will soon follow.

Volume 5	
No. 9	No. 10
I. Dr. Wiseman	I. Rev. Dr. Wiseman
II. Dr. Papenwordt	II. Mr. M. Stapleton
III. Dr. Russell	(Lond.)
IV. Rev. Mr. Cooke (Dublin)	III. Mr. Sullivan
V. Mr. P. MacMahon, M.P.	IV. Mr. T. C. Anstey, M.P.
VI. Mr. Motler (London)	V. Mr. John O'Connell, M.P.
VII. Dr. Dunham (historian)	VI. Mr. Steinmetz
VIII. B.	VII. Dr. Cooper (Dublin)
IX. Rev. Dr. Wiseman	VIII. M. C. de Coux
	IX. Mr. M. Stanton (Dublin)
	X. B.
	XI.

Volume 6

No. 11

No. 12

- I. Dr. Wiseman
- II. Professor Robertson
- III. Mr. R. J. Gainsford
(Sheffield)
- IV. Dr. Russell
- V. Dr. Cooper (Dublin)
- VI. Rev. W. E. Kyan
- VII. Mr. C. Vignoles, C.E.
- VIII. Mr. R. J. Gainsford
(Sheffield)
- IX. Mr. J. B. Robertson

- I. Dr. Papenwordt
- II.
- III.
- IV. Rev. Dr. Lingard (historian)
- V. Dr. Wiseman
- VI.
- VII.
- VIII.
- IX.

Volume 7

No. 13

No. 14

- I. Dr. Errington (Bishop of
Plymouth)
- II. Mr. P. MacMahon, M.P.
- III. Dr. Urlicks
- IV. Mr. J. B. Robertson (Prof.)
- V. Dr. Papenwordt
- VI. Dr. Wiseman
- VII. Rev. J. Smith (Formby)
- VIII. Rev. Dr. Maguire
- IX. B.
- X. Dr. Wiseman
- XI. J. B. Robertson (Prof.)

- I. Professor Robertson
- II. Mr. Palmer
- III. Mr. Hattersley
- IV. Mr. F. Lucas (*Tablet*)
- V.
- VI. Dr. Russell
- VII. Mr. J. F. Palmer
(Sir J. F. P.)
- VIII. Dr. Dartnell
- IX.
- X. B.

Volume 8

No. 15

No. 16.

- I. W. P. MacMahon, M.P.
- II. Dr. Russell
- III. Mr. Hattersley
- IV. Mr. F. Lucas (*Tablet*)
- V. Dr. Russell
- VI. Rev. Dr. Miley (Dublin)
- VII. Professor Murray
(Maynooth)
- VIII. Dr. Wiseman
- IX. Mr. J. MacDonnell

- I. B.
- II. Mr. Charles Brett
- III. Rev. Doctor Lingard
(historian)
- IV. Mr. Steinmetz
- V. Mr. Hattersley
- VI. Mr. M. J. Quin
- VII. Rev. Dr. Maguire
- VIII. Rev. Dr. Wiseman
- IX.

Here a long blank occurs. White pages are left for particulars that were never forthcoming. Nothing is told of volumes 9, 10,

and 11; and of the twelfth volume the second half only has its authors chronicled. Of its ten articles the fourth is left anonymous; the first and third are by Dr. Russell, the second by Mr. P. MacMahon, M.P., the fifth by Professor Kelly of Maynooth, the sixth by the Rev. Father Leahy, Dominican Convent, Cork (afterwards the holy and beloved Bishop of Dromore); and the four last in order by Professor de Morgan, by Mr. T. C. Anstey, by "B" himself, and by Cardinal Wiseman—to call him so, long before his time.

After this another long blank broken by a single entry. The first in No. 27 (February, 1843) is assigned to John Earl of Shrewsbury. It proves to be an article of 66 pages on Recent Charges delivered by Protestant prelates, among them Henry Edward Manning, Archdeacon of Chichester. If the Earl wrote this learned article, he must have been helped by his chaplain. Nothing more is set down till we come to

Volume 20

No. 39

No. 40

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| I. Rev. P. MacLachlan (Falkirk) | I. Rev. Dr. Murray (Maynooth) |
| II. Mr. Roach (Cork, National Bank) | II. Dr Russell |
| III. The Rev. F. Oakley (Canon) | III. Mr. J. Gordon (Inverness) |
| IV. Mr W. G. Ward | IV. Mr. W. G. Ward |
| V. Rev. Dr. Murphy (Cork) | V. Rev. Dr. Murray (Maynooth) |
| VI. Rev. T. W. M. Marshall | VI. Mr. W. G. Ward |
| VII. Rev. F. Oakley (Canon) | VII. Rev. Dr. Wiseman (Cardl) |
| VIII. | VIII. Rev. Dr. Newman (Oratory) |
| | IX. Rev. Mr. Kelly (Maynooth) |
| | X. Rev. F. Oakley (Canon) |

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| I. Mr. A. De Morgan (Prof.) | I. Rev. Mr. Oakley (Canon) |
| II. Mr. W. G. Ward | II. Rev. J. B. Morris |
| III. Rev. G. Crolly (Maynooth) | III. Mr. Walker of Scarborough |
| IV. Rev. J. B. Morris | IV. Rev. A. J. Christie, S.J. |
| V. Dr. Russell | V. Rev. Dr. Murray (Maynooth) |
| VI. Rev. Dr. Murray (Maynooth) | VI. Rev. J B. Morris |
| VII. Rev. F. Oakley (Canon) | VII. Dr. Russell |
| VIII. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Maynooth | VIII. Rev. Dr. Wiseman (Cardl.) |
| IX. Rev. Dr. Wiseman (Cardl.) | IX. Rev. Doctor Wiseman (Cardl.) |
| | X. Rev. Dr. Wiseman (Cardl.) |

Volume 22.

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- I. Rev Dr. Murphy (Cork)
- II. Rev. A. J. Christie (S.J.)
- III. Dr. Russell
- IV. Mr. A. De Morgan (Prof.)
- V. Rev. G. Crolly (Maynooth)
- VI. Rev. Dr. Kelly (Maynooth)
- VII. Rev. Mr. Oakley (Canon)
- VIII. Dr Russell
- IX. Mr. Roche (Cork)
- X. Mr. W. B. McCabe

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- I. Mr. W. G. Ward
- II. Rev. Dr. Murphy (Cork)
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- V. Mr. J. P. Campbell (S.J.)
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- VII. Rev. T. Flanagan (Canon)
- VIII. Mr Lewis
- IX. Mr F H Laing
- X. Rev. Dr Wiseman (Cardl.)

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- III. Rev Dr Murphy (Cork)
- IV. Mr E Kenealy
- V. Rev Dr Murphy
- VI. Mr N Bridges
- VII. B
- VIII. Mr G W Ward
- IX. Rev H Fromby Mr H. Bernard
- X. Dr Russell
- XI. Mr J Roach (Cork)
- XII. Mr J O'Hagan (Dublin)
- XIII. Rev H Formby

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- I. Mr W B McCabe
- II. Dr Charlton, Newcastle-on-Tyne
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- VIII. Rev Profr. Crolly (Maynooth)
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- I. Rev F Oakley (Canon)
- II. Mr J B Robertson
- III. Mr W B McCabe
- IV. Dr Russell
- V. Mr P MacMahon, M P
- VI. Mr P MacMahon, M P
- VII. Mr F Lucas
- VIII. Mr W B McCabe
- IX. Dr Russell
- X. Rev Professor Crolly (Maynooth)
- XI. Dr Wiseman (Cardl.)

No. 48

- I. Mr D Lewis
- II. Mr J B Dasent (Barrister)
- III. Mr W B MacCabe
- IV. Dr Santwillie
- V. Mr Jonathan Duncan or Durcan
- VI. James Roach, Esq (Waterford)
- VII. Mr W B McCabe
- VIII. D C Heron, Esq (Dublin)
- IX. Dr Wiseman (Cardl.)
- X. Dr Russell

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- I. Dr Charlton (Newcastle-on-Tyne)
- II. Rev H Formby
- III. Mr W B McCabe
- IV. Rev J G Wenham (Mortlake)
Dr Campbell, London
- V. Mr P MacMahon, M P
- VI. Mr H R St John
- VII. Dr Russell
- VIII. Dr Kemp (Eper)
- IX. Dr Russell
- X. B

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- I. Dr Russell
- II. Mr P MacMahon, M P
- III. Mr W B McCabe
- IV. Rev. H. Formby
- V. Mr J M Capes
- VI. Rev Dr Murphy (Cork)
- VII. Rev Prof Colly (Maynooth)
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- II. Mr W B McCabe
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- I. Mr W B McCabe
- II. Dr Russell
- III. Mrs Percy Sinnett
- IV. Dr Grant (Rome)
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- I. Dr Russell
- II. Dr Charles, Newcastle-on-Tyne
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- VII. Dr Wiseman (C W. unknown)
- VIII. Rev F Oakley (Canon)
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- I. Rev F Oakley (Canon)
- II. Dr Wiseman (Cardl)
- III. Mr P McMahon, M P
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- VI. Mr McCabe
- VII. Dr Wiseman (Cardl)

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- I. Mr J B Robertson (Prof)
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- I. Dr Russell
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- IV. Dr Charlton (Newcastle-on-Tyne)
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- I. Rev. T Flanagan (Canon)
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- VII. Dr Russell
- VIII. Mr P MacMahon, M P
- IX. Mr Allies
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Volume 30

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- I. Rev F Oakley (Canon)
- II. Mr Allies
- III. Mr (M B) Maxwell
- IV. Mr Audley (Paris)
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- I. Rev Professor Crolly (Maynooth)
- II. Dr Charlton (Newcastle-on-Tyne)
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- I. Mr E Walford
- II. Mr E. Walford
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- IV. Mr C F Audley (Paris)
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- VI. Dr Russell
- VII. Rev. Professor Crolly (Maynooth)
- VIII. Mr E Walford
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- XI. Dr Russell (summary of Irish letter)

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- I. Rev Profr Crolly (Maynooth)
- II. Rev. Mr Formby
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- I. Mr J B Robertson, Prof
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- I. Rev F Oakley (Canon)
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- VII. Rev G Crolly (Maynooth)
- VIII. Dr Russell
- IX. Scott (Mr J B Robertson)

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- VI. Dr Russell
- VII. Cardinal Wiseman

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- I. Dr Russell
- II. Rev Mr Anderdon
- III. Mr Myles O'Reilly
(M P Major)
- IV. Mr Abraham
- V. Dr Charlton
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- VI. Dr Russell
- VII. B
- VIII. Mr J B Robertson (Prof)
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- Mr E Walford
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 VIII. Mr Finlayson

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- I. Rev Mr Anderdon
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 III. Mr Finlayson
 IV. Mr E Walford
 V. Dr Russell
 VI. Mr J B Robertson (Prof)
 VII. Rev Canon Oakley

Many of our readers will pass over these lists of names with a careless glance; but those who are able to consult a complete set of *The Dublin Review* in public or private library, and know what treasures of orthodox erudition are contained in those old volumes, will be very glad to identify the authors, about whom we have much additional information to communicate.

M. R.

DEATH.

HOW thy realm broadens in the gray churchyard !
 Thou beckonest, and lo ! one quits the street
 And the green valleys one—nor chance nor cheat
 Thy coming may yet hasten or retard.
 Surely that face is fathomless and hard ;
 Yet Sorrow, thy twin-sister, says those feet
 Bring healing, and those fingers softly meet
 And hold pain's anodyne and rich reward.

Come not in dawn, nor dark, nor when brown dusk
 Lingers to winnow the last shaft of light :
 Thy dismal forehead needs a setting bright.
 When some hot noontide shows grain ripe in husk,
 Pass thou the threshold, veil the casement clear
 From scared and filming eyes, wipe the slow tear.

ALICE ESMONDE.

A POET'S SILENCE.

ONE of Matthew Arnold's delicate pieces of criticism deals with the silence of the poet Gray. "*He never spoke out,*" he says, repeating a certain phrase in a letter already quoted, and adding: "In these four words is contained the whole history of Gray, both as a man and as a poet." How subtly and conclusively he proves his case, and how eloquent he causes the very silence which he laments to become are facts too familiar to all admirers of Arnold to be dwelt on. But this silence of a poet is surely a strange and unlooked for thing, one of the very rarest reproaches which we address to our bards. The same critic who mourns Gray's sterility regrets Wordsworth's too great productiveness. As to Tennyson—but Tennyson is silent now!

If these great ones spoke perchance too often for their own honour and our profit, what shall be said of the minor poet? Surely the gift of silence in the average verse-maker is as rare as in the average woman. This is perhaps because such power of renunciation implies a discretion, a tact, an intuition exquisite enough in themselves to guarantee a nature above the ordinary. To discern beauty well enough, to describe it more or less articulately is the province of the many; but to discern it so well as to recognise when it transcends description is reserved for the few. Not many of our poets realise that just as there are sounds too highly pitched to strike the ordinary ear, perfumes too delicate to be perceived by the ordinary nostril, there are certain heights and depths of beauty, of emotion, of delight, above and beyond our poor human powers of expression. St. Paul, though he tells us that he was caught up into Paradise, adds that he heard "secret words which it is not given to man to utter." St. Teresa, questioned as to a recent vision of Heaven, could only reply: "I have seen—I have seen—I have seen!" Elizabeth of Hungary—sweetest and most human of saints—who, dying, astonished those who surrounded her by the flow of burning words to which she gave utterance in the midst of her weakness, expressed the ecstasy of the last supreme moment, when, as she had already announced, the Bridegroom came to seek His Spouse, by exclaiming "Silence! Silence!" And even here below we have our Paradises, or rather our glimpses of Paradise, gardens enclosed

into which we sometimes penetrate—joys too keen for words ; just as also, alas ! there are griefs too deep for tears.

But to recognise the intrinsic beauty of silence is perhaps even more uncommon than to recognise that silence is a tribute to beauty ; to appreciate the value of a pause, the hidden virtue of certain negatives, the tantalising charm of withdrawal, indicates powers of perception almost unique. Under my hand to-day is a certain tiny volume, "Poems by Alice Meynell," (London : Elkin Mathews, and John Lane), an author who may be called the Poet of Silence, not only because these scanty pages represent the poetical work of several years, or because of the delicate reticence which suggests as much as it withholds, but because she preaches this two-fold gospel with such persuasive force. Witness this lyric :—

TO THE BELOVED.

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
 Amongst the winds, between the voices,
 Mingling alike with pensive lays,
 And with the music that rejoices,
 Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
 In all the pauses of her breath.
 Hush back to rest the melody
 That out of thee awakeneth ;
 And thou, wake ever, wake for me.

Full, full is life in hidden places,
 For thou art silence unto me.
 Full, full is thought in endless spaces.
 Full is my life. A silent sea
 Lies round all shores with long embraces.

Thou art like silence all unvexed
 Though wild words part my soul from thee,
 Thou art like silence unperplexed,
 A secret and a mystery
 Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay !
 Thou art inwoven with every air.
 With thee the wildest tempests play,
 And snatches of thee everywhere
 Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine, for me.
 For life's fair outward part are rife
 The silver noises ; let them be.
 It is the very soul of life
 Listens for thee, listens for thee.

O pause between the sobs of cares !
 O thought within all thought that is ;
 Trance between laughers unawares !
 Thou art the form of melodies,
 And thou the ecstasy of prayers.

It is a common practice with poets to press the voices of nature into their service, to endow inanimate things with imaginary tones :—

“ In thy songs must wind and tree
 Bear the fictions of thy sadness,
 Thy humanity.
 For their truth is not for thee—”

says Mrs. Meynell “ To a Poet.” But she herself goes a step further: she perceives and reveres the *Silence* of Nature; she recognises that there are—

Secrets in the bowers,
 Secrets in the sun and showers.

“ To a Daisy,” she says—

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide
 Like all created things, secrets from me
 And stand a barrier to eternity.

And, glancing through her pages, we see that Nature, grateful as it were for the gracious tribute of sympathy and respect, suffers this poet to draw forth music from this very silence.

To make a song of silence, to seize its subtle tones, its delicate harmonies—the cadences indistinguishable to other ears—surely this is no common feat; yet with what entire self-effacement does Mrs. Meynell look forward to “ Future Poetry.”

No new delights to our desire
 The singers of the past can yield.
 I lift mine eyes to hill and field,
 And see in them your yet dumb lyre,
 Poets unborn and unrevealed.

Singers to come, what thoughts will start
 To song? what words of yours be sent
 Through man's soul, and with earth be blent?
 These worlds of nature and the heart
 Await you like an instrument.

Who knows what musical flocks of words
 Upon these pine-tree tops will light,
 And crown these towers in circling flight
 And cross these seas like summer birds,
 And give a voice to the day and night?

Something of you already is ours ;
 Some mystic part of you belongs
 To us whose dreams your future throngs,
 Who look on hills, and trees, and flowers,
 Which will mean so much in your songs.

I wonder, like the maid who found,
 And knelt to lift, the lyre supreme
 Of Orpheus from the Thracian stream.
 She dreams on its sealed past profound ;
 On a deep future sealed I dream.

She bears it in her wanderings
 Within her arms, and has not pressed
 Her unskilled fingers, but her breast
 Upon those silent sacred strings ;
 I, too, clasp mystic strings at rest.

For I, i' the world of land and seas.
 The sky of wind and rain and fire,
 And in man's world of long desire—
 In all that is yet dumb in these—
 Have found a more mysterious lyre.

In a sonnet upon another subject she says :—

I stand as mute
 As one with full strong music in his heart,
 Whose fingers stray upon a shattered lute.

Why, we are tempted to ask, since even these “mystic strings at rest,” vibrate so sweetly in this woman-poet's clasp, why may we not hear the “full strong music” which we know is garnered in her heart ?

Of the quality of that music no one who reads these pages can doubt. I have purposely quoted only from poems which bear on this particular phase of the writer's thought ; but, besides the sonnets for which she is deservedly celebrated, there are other exquisite lyrics in the volume which even exceed these already given in beauty and depth of feeling. Take, for example, “Regrets” :—

As, when the seaward ebbing tide doth pour
 Out by the low sand spaces,
 The parting waves slip back to clasp the shore
 With lingering embraces,—

So in the tide of life that carries me
 From where thy true heart dwells,
 Waves of my thoughts and memories turn to thee
 With lessening farewells ;

Waving of hands ; dreams, when the day forgets ;
 A care half lost in cares ;
 The saddest of my verses ; dim regrets ;
 Thy name among my prayers.

I would the day might come, so waited for,
 So patiently besought,
 When I, returning, should fill up once more
 Thy desolated thought ;

And fill thy loneliness that lies apart
 In still persistent pain.
 Shall I content thee, O thou broken heart.
 As the tide comes again,

And brims the little sea-shore lakes, and sets
 Seaweeds afloat, and fills
 The silent pools, rivers and rivulets
 Among the inland hills ?

One is struck, let one open the book where one will, by the *finish* of the work which it contains ; a choice of words, fastidious but never fantastic, just as the tender feeling which they convey, at once delicate and passionate, never degenerates into sentimentality on the one hand, or coarseness on the other. And with all this, with the joy in her art which she cannot conceal, Mrs. Meynell calls herself "a silent poet !" Must we perforce respect this reticence of hers, as she respects the secrets of nature ? But even in the silence of nature the poet finds "intimate sweet things" ; will she not at some future time interpret them for us anew ? The Israelites of old suffered Moses to veil his face when he came down from the mountain ; yet none the less they cried to him : "Speak thou to us !"

M. E. FRANCIS.

HALF-WAY.

From the French of Théophile Gautier.

UPON Life's rocky mountain-road,
 At the plateau of thirty-five,
 My foaming steeds, that 'neath the goad
 Of vain chimeras pant, arrive.

There, some brief moments, tired I stay—
 Tired, though unslaked my longings vast—
 The while my frozen glances stray
 Along the Future and the Past.

JOHN J. HAYDEN.

THE CLERGY AND THE LAW OF ELECTIONS.

THAT the following remarks do not refer to any recent transactions in Ireland is plain from the fact that the writer is fifteen years dead. Most of our readers, those at least who pause at this page instead of turning from it, will not need to be informed of the reputation which is even still enjoyed by the late Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., as a solid and profoundly conscientious theologian of calm judgment and wide erudition. We introduce his essay by a few sentences, not consecutive, from another paper of his own.

The priest's office of adviser is not confined to the confessional. He is often asked about the lawfulness or unlawfulness of certain courses of action that are contemplated—about obligations to do or omit doing certain things. Cases are proposed to him, not imaginary cases, or merely possible cases, or even such as may be likely to happen, but cases which have happened, or are happening, to the persons who recur to him, or to others regarding whom those persons are interested. The circumstances are detailed, in order that the priest may be in a position to judge accurately on the subject and answer correctly, not of course infallibly, for he is not infallible either in the confessional or out of it, but according to his lights.

There is another official use of the professional knowledge of the clergy, and that is religious instruction, by preaching, catechising, or otherwise.

The clergy are bound to instruct the people both as to dogmas, or truths to be believed, and as to morals, teaching them what they are bound to do and what to avoid, exhorting them to repentance for their sins and the practice of virtue. In one word, all that God requires of men in the different relations of life. Merely secular matters, as such, merely temporal interests, as such, do not fall within the range of this pastoral teaching, but their moral bearings do, though a good deal of prudence is requisite in treating of these, that the proper boundaries may not be transgressed, that a handle may not be afforded for complaining of unnecessary and mischievous interference in worldly business and that needless offence may not be given to any one. Yet the clergy have a right

te speak to their people concerning all classes of moral obligations. By this assertion I mean that individual priests have the right in subordination to their ecclesiastical superiors, in other words, that the Church has the right of doing so through her ministers. Ordinarily, in these countries, there is no difficulty thrown in their way. The fullest expositions of Catholic doctrine with its practical developments may be safely given. There is no likelihood of treason or sedition being preached here or anywhere else, because the Church condemns these things, and enforces loyalty towards the State. But if the civil power were to command anything unlawful, as happened even among us in other times, the clergy would be entitled and obliged to forbid a guilty obedience to that authority whose just laws should still continue to be observed.

I have said that *ordinarily* there is no difficulty thrown in the way of the clergy as to their instructions concerning moral obligations. The chief exception I am aware of, so far as public teaching, is with regard to the duties of voters at Parliamentary elections. British law is very jealous of clerical influence in this department. I will, for the moment, adopt, as an exposition of the law, a passage in the judgment delivered at the conclusion of the trial of the Longford Election Petition in 1870. This passage conveys the view taken of the Law by an eminent judge, whose words carry with them great weight. He may, no doubt, be mistaken as to the legal doctrine on the subject, and what he says is to be looked on rather as a *dictum* than as even an attempt to fix the rule of law, so far even as it could be fixed by one election judge. Still he is a most respectable authority, and appears to have spoken deliberately and with reflection. He has spoken clearly, definitely, and unambiguously, with one exception which I intend dwelling on a little hereafter.

The words of Mr Justice Fitzgerald* are as follows (pp. xiv., xv. of Report)—“Considering this question of undue influence, or rather what I call here undue clerical influence, because all the allegations of the petitioners point to undue priestly influence, it is not my intention in any way to detract from the proper influence which a clergyman has, or by a single word to lessen its legitimate exercise. We cannot forget its wholesome operation, and how often, even recently, it has been the great bulwark of the com-

* Afterwards Lord Fitzgerald. He died in 1891.

munity against insurrection and fruitless attempts at revolution. The Catholic priest has, and he ought to have, great influence. His position, his sacred character, his superior education, and the identity of his interest with his flock, ensure it to him, and that influence receives ten-fold force from the conviction of his people that it is generally exercised for their benefit. In the proper exercise of that influence on electors the priest may counsel, advise, recommend, entreat, and point out the true line of moral duty, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another; and may, if he thinks fit, throw the whole weight of his character into the scale; but he may not appeal to the fears, or terrors, or superstition of those he addresses. He must not hold out hopes of reward here or hereafter, and he must not use threats of temporal injury or disadvantage, or of punishment hereafter. He must not, for instance, threaten to excommunicate or to withhold the sacraments, or to expose the party to any other religious disability, or denounce the voting for any particular candidate as a sin, or as an offence involving punishment here or hereafter. If he does so with a view to influence a voter, or to affect an election, the law considers him guilty of undue influence. As priestly influence is so great, we must regard its exercise with extreme jealousy, and seek, by the utmost vigilance, to keep it within due and proper bounds." So far the learned judge.

Before discussing the doctrine laid down in these few sentences, I will take the liberty of expressing some views of my own concerning the action of the clergy with regard to elections, views that are quite irrespective of the law of the land, but in no degree at variance with it. I think that political subjects, elections included, ought to be seldom and sparingly treated of in discourses from the altar or pulpit—in fact, only so far as is more or less *necessary*. When a priest does find it his duty to introduce them, he should remember not only his own sacred character, which he carries with him everywhere, but also the holiness of the place where he stands and of the function he is performing as a preacher of God's word. Hence, his language ought to be circumspect, dignified, temperate, free from exaggeration. It ought to be such, too, as would bear to be reported and printed without discredit to himself or scandal to others. I am not alluding now to any rhetorical excellence, but to the perfect propriety of the expressions used. A great deal of what I have just written is applicable

to other utterances of priests, as, for instance, in their speeches at public meetings—indeed to all their utterances. No doubt, greater latitude may be allowed in some circumstances than in others; but that latitude has its boundaries, and these should be carefully estimated and never passed.

As to the fitness or unfitness of any particular candidate, a priest should be *very slow* to judge even in his own mind that a vote for or against any given man is sinful. By a vote *against* a candidate, I mean, of course, a vote *for* his adversary to *his* exclusion. A priest should be *still slower* to express such a judgment, though prudently formed, and he should be *very slow indeed* to express it in public. This is *especially* applicable to an absolute, decisive form of pronouncing on the subject. For example, there is a considerable difference between saying: "I tell you it is a grievous sin to vote for such a man;" and saying, "It is well for you to reflect whether such a vote may not be sinful,"—or, "If I were to vote for him, I should feel that I was guilty of a serious sin." There are plenty of unmistakable sins, without multiplying them unnecessarily.

I come now to the principles set forth in the Longford Judgment regarding clerical influence. In the first place it will be seen, on close examination, that the influence there sanctioned and approved is not in itself essentially and exclusively *clerical*. It is not spiritual, though indirectly connected with the clerical and spiritual profession of those by whom it is exercised. There is indeed no widely diffused *class* of men of whom all the same things can be said that are there said of the clergy. But there are many individuals, and there may easily be, in a particular place, even a body of persons of whom we could correctly affirm what is affirmed of the clergy in the passage before us, with the sole exception of the two words *sacred character*, and even the circumstance indicated by these words goes rather to commend the *persons* than to qualify the *influence*. As for the position, the superior education, the identity of interests, the conviction of the people that the influence in question is generally exercised for their benefit, these things might be found in a medical doctor or other professional man, in a merchant, in a landlord, nay, in all the landlords of a district or of a county, though not of all districts nor of all counties. With regard to the influence which priests have exercised or do exercise against insurrection and

revolt, it is, in no small part, of a kind which the law as expounded at Longford would peremptorily exclude from parliamentary elections, and for the rest it might emanate from men of other classes.

• But *spiritual* influence is eliminated, and sweepingly eliminated, from elections. I should like to know how much spiritual influence is conceivable, if all allusion to rewards or punishments in this life or the next be set aside, if there is not to be a word said about sin. I may be told that I ought not to taunt the judge or the law with inconsistency, since it is very plain that the judge and the law as expounded by him do intend to do away with spiritual influence. This indeed seems to be the case; and yet it appears hardly creditable. Is a priest alone forbidden to appeal to conscience, and, if he appeals to conscience, is he not in reality using spiritual influence? If he appeals to conscience, is he not truly, though but implicitly, threatening the punishment to be feared by those who disregard its dictates? May the priest not speak of God, and of what He expects and even demands? And what God demands may not be refused with impunity.

But let us come completely to the point. The law as understood by Judge Fitzgerald, will not allow sin to be mentioned by the priest. He is not at liberty to tell his people that a particular way of voting is sinful. Now, I ask whether it is possible or not that a particular way of voting should be sinful? whether it be possible or not that a particular way of voting should seem to a prudent man to be obviously in itself morally wrong? Can Members of Parliament do serious mischief or not? Does the welfare of the country depend or not on legislation? May not legislation be iniquitous? Are there not men whose professed principles will lead them to legislate iniquitously? I am not alluding to anyone in particular. I am certainly not accusing any Longford candidate, nor indeed any candidate for any special place. I am putting an abstract question. If an individual is pretty sure to turn out a pernicious legislator, to help in damaging the country, to help in damaging religion, will it be quite right to afford him the opportunity? I know that the obligation of each voter may appear to be, to use the expression, *diluted* by reason of the small part *his* vote has in effecting a return, and again by reason of the comparatively small amount of mischief one member can do in an assembly of over six hundred; and this was *one* of my

reasons for saying that we should be slow to condemn as grievously sinful a vote given for this or that candidate. Still, the very use of the doctrine of the unimportance of single votes for single members is questionable and not without its dangers.

Besides, whatever weight it may be entitled to, *the law* has no business to avail itself of any such doctrine, since the law goes on the principle of attaching great moment to every election and every vote. The law scrutinizes with jealousy every element of parliamentary election. It would ill become the law to turn round and say—a few votes here and there, a few members here and there, do not much matter. The law does not say such things and could not say them. Will the law, on the other hand, say that every election and every vote is a matter of importance, but cannot have to do with conscience? The law never has said and never will say anything of the kind, at least till things become a great deal worse in these countries than they are. And whatever the law might say on the subject, it has no *right* to declare that perverse voting may not be sinful. This is not precisely *its* province, but this *is* the province of the ministers of religion.

What I contend for, then, is, that there *may be* a conscientious obligation, an obligation under sin, and even under grievous sin, to vote for or against a particular person in certain circumstances, and that the law neither does nor can negative this position. I then proceed to contend that where such obligation exists, or is believed and considered to exist, there is no harm in stating it privately or publicly. It seems strange that a priest should not be at liberty to tell the people of an obligation of conscience which he believes to exist, and consequently to tell them of a sin which he believes will be committed by the breach of that obligation. It seems, strange, I say, that the law should undertake to forbid this, for I am just now speaking of the law of the land, not of the law of God, which undoubtedly does not forbid it, but rather, on the contrary, prescribes it, so far as it may be consistent with prudence. The law of the land is subordinate to the law of God and cannot validly gainsay that law; but the law of the land, even where it does not *bind*, may, in certain classes of cases, create a state of circumstances which renders imprudent what would *otherwise* be the right course, and causes it not to be the right course any longer.

Curiously enough, a layman may, I presume, talk as much as

he likes about the *sin* of voting one way or the other, but a priest cannot, on the ground, we must suppose, that the people will believe the latter and will not so much mind the former. After all, a priest cannot make a thing a sin that is not so already. As to threats of excommunication or refusal of sacraments, the case is *somewhat* different: for these things are acts that can be done *by the clergy*. I do not recognise the right of the law to meddle in such matters, but I am not so much surprised that it should.

Before making any further remarks on the Longford judgment, of which I have still a few words to say, I wish to explain part of what I have already said. I have given some countenance to the notion that a voter's responsibility is diminished by the circumstance of his being one among many, and likely enough not to turn the scale, and also by the circumstance that a member of parliament is likewise one among many in the House of Commons. Certainly it seems a less mischievous act to *vote for* an unfit candidate than simply to *appoint* him, if the party had the power; and again, there is a wide difference between even appointing a member of parliament and appointing a supreme ruler, or even a subordinate ruler, who would be possessed of considerable personal jurisdiction which he was likely to abuse. These distinctions, too, are of more weight in ordinary circumstances than in the case of a life and death struggle between a decidedly good party and a decidedly bad party, as, for instance, in Belgium. It may not be out of place here to observe that a member of parliament, besides his share in the action of the House of Commons, has a certain local influence, which may be used for good or for evil. I do not, by any means, desire to make light of the duty of voters. It would be in the interest of my argument to exaggerate it; but I do not seek advantages of that sort. One thing certain is, that the law's prohibition to speak of sin, or hell, or heaven is not based on the *unimportance* of votes, that, on the contrary, the greater their importance might be the more would the law set itself against what it calls undue influence. Another thing certain is, that in the eyes of all tolerable Christians and of many who are not Christians, the position of legislators is one that avails much for moral good or evil; that bad legislators are a great moral mischief, and that the question of their selection is a moral question. And yet, sin, it seems, is not to be spoken of in this connection; in other words, conscience is not to be spoken of; for where con-

science reaches sin reaches. Heaven and hell are to be kept out of view. And I would have it carefully noted that there is not question of excess or abuse. Even if there were, I would demur to interference with what is the proper province of the Church. But this is not so. With or without moderation *guilt* is not to be touched on. I ask, is all this thoroughly Christian?

I said I was not quite done with the Longford judgment. I have no wish to disparage the distinguished man who pronounced it. But, as a high public functionary, he is fairly liable to criticism. As we sometimes say in Ireland, he *has a right* to be commented on. Well, then, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, speaking of the Catholic priest's legitimate influence, says: he "may . . . point out *the true line of moral duty*, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another." Now, I ask, what is *the line of moral duty*, but the line of moral rectitude as opposed to moral turpitude? and what is moral turpitude but sin? Surely moral duty is something more than party politics, something more than mere expediency, so far as party politics and expediency are rightly or wrongly supposed to be indifferent in relation to conscience. Moral duty means moral obligation. It has but one true and genuine sense, though its objects are exceedingly various. The duty, for instance, of respecting property is as truly a moral duty, and in the same sense, as that of respecting life, though theft is a less crime than murder. Every real duty has a relation to God; and no real duty is unaccompanied by a divine sanction of reward and punishment. Those who deny and ignore God and a future retribution may, indeed, admit *some sort* of moral duty, but not in the same sense as Christians. By the way, it may become a curious legal question, whether those men in England—otherwise, in some instances, respectable and distinguished—who deny or are not prepared to affirm the existence of a personal God, are qualified to give testimony *on oath* in the courts.

It might be attempted to explain this part of the judge's statement, as having reference to an abstract teaching on the duty of voters. But, even if such an explanation were sufficiently consistent with the context, which does not seem to be the case, any developed instruction on the subject dealing with moral duty in its only legitimate meaning, and, at the same time, setting forth that meaning in an intelligible form, would, or easily might, come practically to have a very definite bearing on the particular candi-

dates for the seat. Surely the judge could not mean that a priest was merely to tell his hearers it was their moral duty to vote for the man they thought the fittest. He would not be precluded from alluding to the matter of legislation. Again, he would not be precluded from saying what was to be understood by moral duty.

Suppose then, for example, the priest were to expatiate on the evils of godless education, and the moral duty of taking this question into account. Suppose he were to tell him it was their moral duty to use their franchise to do away, as far as in them lay, with so ruinous a system, what would all this mean, where one of the candidates was a notorious upholder of the education thus reprobated? Suppose, again, the priest were to tell his hearers what sort of man was fit and what sort of man was unfit to be a member of parliament, and to inculcate on them the moral duty of choosing a man of the one sort and rejecting a man of the other sort, he certainly would not go a tittle beyond pointing out the line of moral duty which the judge allows him to point out; and yet the application would be, or might be in some instances, transparent. As to *moral duty* itself, surely the judge would not tie down the priest to these two words if he (the priest) believed that many of the people might miss their meaning. There is no special charm in the terms. It is their sense that must be minded. He might speak of their being answerable to God, of their being bound in conscience. He might even bring in that condemned word *sin*. He might say everything that is really and genuinely conducive to the understanding of the phrase *moral duty*. For, if a thing may be spoken of, and spoken of as, from its nature a motive of action, that nature may be and ought to be fully declared. If, for instance, the judge were to say—as no doubt he would say, and say truly—that the moral duty of obedience to legitimate authority ought to be insisted on by the clergy, he would be understood to mean that the clergy should make the faithful comprehend the moral evil—the sinfulness—of disobedience, and the consequences of that disobedience. Either then, let the *line of moral duty* be struck out, or let *sin* and its consequences not be eliminated. I have already stated clearly enough my own views as to the caution which should be observed in asserting that it is a sin to vote for or against a particular candidate. But we are talking of principles broadly laid down to meet all cases, and viewed thus the judge's language

is not consistent—or at least does not seem so. One brief remark more about the terms of the judgment. The word *superstition* is introduced, I think, unnecessarily. I do not charge the judge with any evil intention in using it; and I can conceive a line of thought which might innocently suggest it, as, for instance, that an *unwarranted* appeal to conscientious fears might be turning them to a *sort* of superstitious purpose; but, as it stands, the word does not look well.*

TO TWO.

AS brightly as the sunbeams fell
 Upon that autumn day,
 The sunlight of God's love and peace
 Fall on your lengthened way.

May every day and every hour
 Fresh blessings for you hold,
 Your summer's light and beauty lead
 To autumn's promised gold.

And may the cup you drain be sweet
 When years and years have passed,
 And as at Cana long ago
 The best draught be the last.

And may the Mother at whose prayer
 Christ water changed to wine
 Win each of you some of that grace
 That made her home divine.

God keep you both, and if my wish
 Will e'en half granted be
 Your path shall 'mid the roses lie,
 The thorns shall be for me.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

*The collected volume of theological essays by Father O'Reilly, S.J.—“The Relations of the Church to Society”—has had a large circulation, especially in the United States and in England. The volume may still be procured on favourable terms through the Editor of this Magazine, in which the papers originally appeared.

CEAD MILE FAILTE.

A SONNET OF WELCOME.

WHEN the brave Company was first enrolled,
 Ignatius sent to Erin Salmeron :
 The little Isle that from the North Sea shone
 Such foremost place in his great heart did hold.
 Nor surely has his love since then grown cold ;
 In the dark days through which our land has gone,
 Ignatius' sons still toiled undaunted on,
 Repaid by her with love and trust untold.

Ne'er shall that chain of trusting love be riven.
 Another Spaniard to our coast repairs :
 Not Salmeron—Ignatius' self from heaven
 Comes now in him who his high office shares ;
 To whom from all our Irish hearts are given
 A hundred thousand welcomes, and our prayers.

Christmas Day, 1892.

The foregoing sonnet may serve as the slightest possible memorial of an interesting event—the visit to Ireland of the twenty-fourth General of the Society of Jesus. Father Lewis Martin spent in our beautiful old capital the Christmas Day of 1892. He is a Spaniard, though his surname (unlike any other that we know) is equally at home, without the least change in spelling, in France, Germany, England, and some other countries. He was elected on the spot where St. Ignatius was born four hundred years before. After Lainez and St. Francis Borgia, the only other General of the race and nation of St. Ignatius was Thyrsus Gonzalez, elected in 1687. Most of them were natives of the great Italian cities, Rome, Naples, and Florence, as will be seen in the following list which mentions the year in which each of them was elected General.

St. Ignatius of Loyola, Spaniard	1541
James Lainez, Spaniard	1558
St. Francis Borgia, Spaniard	1565
Everard Mercurion, Belgian	1573
Claudius Aquaviva, Neapolitan	1581
Mutius Vitelleschi, Roman	1615

Vincent Caraffa, Neapolitan.....	1646
Francis Piccolomini, Florentine.....	1649
Alexander Gotifredo, Roman.....	1652
Goswin Nickel, German.....	1652
John-Paul Oliva, Genoese.....	1661
Charles de Noyelle, Belgian.....	1682
Thyrus Gonzalez, Spaniard.....	1687
Michael Angelo Tamburini, Modenese	1706
Francis Retz, Austrian.....	1730
Ignatius Visconti, Milanese.....	1751
Lewis Centurioni, Genoese.....	1755
Laurence Ricci, Florentine	1758-1775
Thaddaeus Brzozowski, Pole.. ..	1805
Lewis Fortis, Veronese.....	1820
John Roothaan, Dutch.....	1839
Peter Beckx, Belgian.....	1853
Antony Anderledy, Swiss.....	1887

Though the Society was founded in 1534, the above list gives 1541 as the year when its Founder was first duly installed. It is remarkable that in that very same year St. Ignatius sent to far-away Ireland in its troubles the youngest and one of the most gifted of the original band of Jesuits, Alphonsus Salmeron, along with Paschasius Brouet. There was no other such visitor to our shores till the Italian Revolution in 1848, gave Father Roothaan an opportunity of coming to see his Irish sons. And now, as if mindful of the immortal friendship between Innisfail and the land of the Cid, another countryman of Salmeron's, before entering fully upon his duties as the latest successor of St. Ignatius, hastens to give his blessing to us in our own home, though he is able to spend only a single day amongst us—Christmas Day, 1892. Never has he heard and never will he hear the joyful *Adeste Fideles* sung in the midst of a more devout congregation than that which thronged St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, when at the altar of St. Aloysius the Father Superior of the Church, at St. Joseph's altar the Provincial of Ireland, and at the high altar the General of the Society of Jesus began the celebration of their three Christmas Masses at the moment of six o'clock on last Christmas morning. Never, above all, will he minister at the altar rails to a larger or more edifying crowd of fervent communicants till he comes back to Erin to receive another *cead mile failte*.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. By far the most precious addition that the New Year has made to English Literature consists of two volumes, prose and poetry, "Poems," and "The Rhythm of Life and other Essays," by Alice Meynell (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane). The austerity of perfect taste which characterises them seems to be symbolised in the æsthetic and almost ascetic simplicity of the binding and get-up. Those who are fortunate enough to possess the original "Preludes," with the many delightful illustrations by Mrs. Meynell's sister, Lady Butler, of "Roll Call" fame, will prefer to read her poems in those more luxurious pages. In their new form they are appreciated in some earlier pages of our present Number, under the significant title of "A Poet's Silence." Mrs. Meynell's prose volume consists of exactly a score of essays of great originality and freshness of thought, and incomparable grace and distinction of style. They have already received a very remarkable tribute of praise from Mr. Coventry Patmore in *The Fortnightly Review*. We turn from them for the present with this bare announcement, merely adding the obvious remark that Mrs. Meynell's prose is true literature of a very exquisite kind.

2. The most important work recently issued on our own side of the Channel is the splendid volume entitled "Documents relating to Ireland, 1795-1804," edited by John T. Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A. Dublin: printed for the editor by Joseph Dollard, Wellington Quay, 1893. The documents are chiefly an official account of the distribution of Secret Service money, the amounts given to various persons—correspondence of several government officials and other papers illustrating Irish political affairs about the time of the Union—and many documents showing the real views put forward by the leaders of the United Irishmen. Letters of Pelham, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Reports of Lord Carhampton, Commander of the Forces; a statement of the origin and progress of the Irish Union by Thomas Addis Emmett and W. J. MacNeven—these are samples of the rich historical materials now for the first time published. Dr. Gilbert shows his usual skill and conscientious care in the arrangement and editing of the documents. His preface calls attention to the more important points: and a careful and copious index enables us to find our way through the labyrinth of interesting persons and facts. Among the illustrations is a fine portrait of Lord Edward Fitzgerald which the Duke of Leinster allowed to be copied from the original at Carton. The type and paper

of this stately quarto are very different indeed from what we are accustomed to in cheap Irish books. The edition is limited to two hundred copies. As a reviewer has remarked, no future history of Ireland can have any pretensions to completeness that is not founded on the fresh and striking information furnished in this and other works of Dr. Gilbert, throwing light on some of the most interesting epochs in our country's story.

3. The most sumptuous New Year's Gift that the present publishing season has laid upon our table is the imperial quarto, containing "Songs of [the Four Nations]" (London: J. B. Cramer & Co., 201 Regent St.) This magnificent volume contains old and new songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, edited by Harold Boulton, the music being arranged by Arthur Somervell. The modern Irish songs are written by Alfred Graves, Francis Fahy, and Dr. Douglas Hyde. Along with English words are given in a great many cases the originals or translations in Irish, Welsh, Manx, &c. We know of no parallel to this collection in this respect. The editors have secured the co-operation of many enthusiastic experts from each of the four nations represented in this splendid tome.

4. One of the consolations of a reviewer is the opportunity that his trade gives him of recommending a good book. The convents into which these pages have the privilege of entering are hereby warned that of recent books we think the best addition to their spiritual library would be "The Secret of Sanctity, according to St Francis de Sales and Father Crasset, S.J., translated from the French by Ella Mc Mahon" (New York: Benziger). It is not one of those tiny books which are good in their little way but not fit for a library. It is a particularly well printed and well bound volume of 312 pages, containing excellent and full discussions of the chief points of the spiritual life by St. Francis de Sales, Father Roothaan, S.J., Father Faber, the Oratorian, Father Lallemand, but especially Father Crasset, S.J., who is named on the title page. The French compiler is a Sulpician who ought to be put more prominently forward. Miss Mc Mahon has done her task admirably; but she ought to have translated "Cassien" into "Cassian," and the *Directoire* that Father Roothaan cites into the *Directorium*. It is a bad omen that the first page misspells Father Caussade's name. But the omen is happily belied: the translation is very well done, all through.

5. We called attention in our book-notes of last December to the ability and originality of two philosophical works published by the Art and Book Company of Leamington—"A Discussion with an Infidel, being a Review of Dr. L. Buchner's 'Force and Matter,'" and a Latin brochure on the same subject by the same "Priest of the

Society of Jesus." We have since discovered that the author was Father Joseph Bayma, an Italian Jesuit of great talent and learning, who died lately in California. For many his name will be a sufficient guarantee for the ability and originality of his work.

6. "A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land," by the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks (New York: Catholic Publication Society) has reached a third edition in 1892, though the preface is dated "Milwaukee, 1887." It is a handsome, finely printed volume of 463 pages, and is very clearly and pleasantly written. Though the places that we ourselves are acquainted with are very properly passed over quickly, even this part of the work is done so well and in so candid and sensible a spirit that we have confidence in the writer when describing more fully scenes that are less familiar. Father Fairbanks has produced a useful and agreeable book.

7. Mr. B. Herder of Freiburg has sent us two excellent books. One is Dr. Schuster's "Illustrated Bible History" which has received the formal approbation of a great many cardinals, bishops, and priests. The other is a very important and original work—"The Life of Christ according to Gospel History" by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Maryland. This is in reality a commentary on the Gospel. The author has studied the ancient writers as well as the most modern; and we are convinced that the work will be found more useful and more generally satisfactory than even such excellent writers as Père Didon and Abbé Fouard. As the type, though always clear, is arranged very economically, and as the book consists of some 620 large pages, Father Maas has been able to crush into it an immense mass of solid information. There is a good index, and we are furnished with good maps and plans, of Judea, the temple, Jerusalem, our Saviour's various journeys etc. Let our clerical readers look at this volume at their next visit to their bookseller's, and it will very probably be added to their library, where it will be sure to be consulted with great satisfaction when any page of the Gospel is the subject of meditation or sermon.

8. The preceding paragraph was addressed chiefly to priests, though laymen also would find pleasure and profit in studying Father Maas's *Life of Christ*. But here we may mention two publications that are for priests alone—Pustet's very beautiful edition of the *Horae Diurnae*, which is called "editio tertia post typicam," and a very convenient little sixpenny *Parochi Vade Mecum* containing the more necessary and more frequently used portions of the *Rituale Romanum*. This last is published by the Art and Book Company of Leamington.

9. "In Darkest Connemara" (Dublin: Hodges & Figgis) is a slight sketch, very tastefully brought out, containing "impressions of an autumn tour in the West of Ireland" by Plunkett Kenney. The "impressions" are of a most genial kind, and are set forth in a lively, unaffected style. The tourist was evidently able to enter into the feelings of the good people he met with, and there is none of the *de-haut-en-bas* tone adopted by some writers towards persons, the latchets of whose shoes they would not be worthy to loose—if they *had* shoes. Gout is said to skip a generation, so that it is the grandchildren of a gouty subject who are in danger. A lively style seems in the present instance to be hereditary in the same intermittent fashion; for we believe Mr. Plunkett Kenney is grandson of Peter McEvoy Gartlan who contributed the liveliest and most readable paper that ever relieved the grave pages of *The Dublin Review*—namely, the account, afterwards reprinted separately, of the famous Irish State Trials of 1844, in which Mr. Gartlan was professionally engaged. Nowhere else can such graphic portraits be found of the great legal lights of those bygone days.

10. To the same publisher and the same author who have given us the Life of Christ that we have just recommended earnestly to our readers, we owe also a smaller but not less learned work, "A Day in the Temple." From a vast number of ancient and modern writings, Catholic and Protestant, which are referred to in detail, Father Maas, S.J., has compiled a minute account of the sacrificial services and Temple-rites which prevailed in Jerusalem at the time of our Redeemer's coming. The eight chapters are headed "Going up to Jerusalem," "About the Cockcrowing," "The sky lit up as far as Hebron," "About the Third Hour," "Among the Rabbis," "The Sanhedrin," "About the Sixth Hour," and "The Evening Sacrifice." The learned Orientalist treats these subjects in a manner which throws much interesting light on many details of the Gospel narrative.

11. The Art and Book Company of Leamington are showing enterprise and activity. We have already mentioned some of their new publications. They have issued in a large and handsome volume a second edition of Mrs. Edward Hazeland's excellent translation of Abbé Bougaud's fascinating "Life of St Monica."

12. "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens, with illustrations by John Leech, all complete for one penny! This feat is performed by Howe & Co., Paternoster Row, London. Of course the type and paper are not luxurious; but it is the most marvellous of pennyworths for all that.

13. The *Athenæum*, speaking of the newest of story-books bearing

the name of Rosa Mulholland on its title-page, of which we last month gave our opinion, says :—

A good mystery is always attractive, and *The Mystery of Hall-in-the-Wood* is one of the best we have met with for a long time. There is so much to delight one—a haunted house, a walking skull, smugglers, a grim beldame, secret passages, and many other marvellous things; also a pack of determined children who unmask the villians and set all things right. The utter improbability of the plot does not detract at all from the charm of the book.

14. It is by an oversight that we have waited so long to express our appreciation of "The Holy Hill, a Toiler's Song," by John George Gretton, S.J. (Roeampton: Manresa Press). It is a sacred poem finely conceived and skilfully wrought out in a great variety of changing metres. Perhaps the blank verse and the longer and more dignified metres are the most successful. Father Gretton does not seem so happy in the short lines and frequent rhymes of Mr. Coventry Patmore's wonderful odes in *The Unknown Eros*.

B. I. P.

MY dear one, since God called thee home, how drear,
How like a moonless night, seems life to me!

And troubles that were light when shared with thee
Press lead-like on me, now thou art not near.

Sometimes in happy dreams thy voice I hear

With all its magic, old-time potency

To sooth me in my deepest misery—

Oh, come to me, I sadly want thee, dear!

But no, I would not bring thee back again;

E'en though another Martha's tears had power

To touch once more the pitying heart of God.

Well hast thou borne a weary load of pain—

I leave thee to thy rest, and from this hour

Unmurmuring I will bend me 'neath the rod.

M. C.

MARCH, 1893.

HER TWO TRIALS.

IT was midway between Great and Little Christmas, snow on the ground and bright stars shining out of a clear sky. One of the countless clocks of Edinboro' Town had just struck nine, when a timid, faltering knock was heard at the door of Father Grosvenor's presbytery. Many a knock came to that door. Night after night it was the privileged refuge of the poor, to get comfort, or to take the pledge, or to ask advice or one thing or another. And it must be confessed that the chief delight of the saintly and—though still young—venerable-looking priest was to hear that knocker going, much trouble as it brought on him from within as from without. His servants were continually leaving him on its account, and even his old Aberdeenshire housekeeper, who had been with him since he began life, every three months regularly, and occasionally besides, gave him notice in her own vernacular, that she was "gawn" to quit.

However, like Andrew Fairservice in *Rob Roy*, who had been "fitting every term for four and twenty years," she never could make up her mind to go.

"Well, Bridget," said Father Grosvenor, "some one wants me, I think?"

"Yes," she answered, "they aye come when I'm sittin' down to my tea; between the kitchen and the ha', it's na muckle rest they gie me. It's Breedget here, and Breedget there, an' I only just fit for the kingdom o' glory."

"I know you are overworked, Bridget," mildly replied the Father, whom experience had taught to quell the rising storm.

"Weel, it's na just that I mind. My trouble is no that great to be complained o'; it's naething to make a sang about. But

why dinna ye spare yersel' ? You gie a' these folk their ain way, and are not that pleased wi' me when I tell them to gang away hame wi' themselves for a lot o' haverils."

"Well, Bridget, thank you; you do spare me many a time. But who wants me now?"

"I dinna ken exactly," she said; "a' she'd tell me was that she wanted you. Yet I'd no be surprised if the bairn had seen better days."

When he went into the hall, he found awaiting him a young girl. Perhaps she had seen some twenty years or more. But as she wore a heavy shawl that completely hid her features, he could not tell. Only, no disguise could hide that she was not such as usually sought him.

"Well, child," he said, "you wish to see me, I think. What may I do for you?"

"I will take it as a favor," she answered, "if you give me the pledge."

Completely put out by the direct and slightly haughty reply he could not see his way to continue the conversation, which was precisely what he wanted. Many a soul he had won that way.

"Child," he said, "you do not seem like one who needs it. But of course, as you wish. You are one of my little flock, I think, though I don't remember you. Pray, child, where do you live—with what friends, I mean?"

"No, sir," she answered still more coldly, "I am not one of your flock, and for friends, I have none except one who is almost a sister to me, by whose advice I am here for the only favor you can do me. I have told it already."

Baffled once again, he gently opened the door of an oratory facing his parlour, with a pretty little tabernacle before which a lamp was brightly burning.

"Child," he said, "I do not like your kneeling here. Just take that little priedieu, and I will give you the pledge. The Blessed Sacrament is on the altar, there."

A slight shudder ran through the poor girl.

"No," she answered, "no, do not speak to me. You could not guess who or what I am." The ring of unmistakable, hopeless despair was in her voice as she moved towards the door, saying: "I suppose I may as well go."

But he gently beckoned her to kneel, and, with a voice full of

emotion, spoke the words which she solemnly repeated.

"Now, Father," said she, rising, "I have been rude to you. Please forgive me, for I am not used to be."

"No," he answered, "you have not been rude, whatever I may have been. But we shall part friends and I shall forgive myself, if you just do one thing for me. You won't refuse me, please," he said, as he drew from his purse a large silver piece.

The sight of it brought the impetuous blood to her cheek.

"Father, I do not want money. I have plenty of my own," she said.

"It is not money," said the Father. "I would not dream of offering you money. It is only a silver medal, whose real owner is—I know not where."

"And if I accept it," she said, "you will forgive me?"

"Yes, that readily and easily enough; but I cannot so readily promise, at that altar and at holy Mass to forget you. We may meet again hereafter."

"Well," said she, taking the medal from his hand, "thank you, Father, and good-night. I wish I dare say—God bless you!"

Out she went into the starlit snow-covered street, muffled herself still more closely, and straightway made for her home.

"Little fear," she said to herself, as she passed rapidly on. "Little fear that he will meet me hereafter, and still less hope that I shall meet him. What I have done I have done, and what I have written I have written; though my eyes became a fountain, they must ache in vain over a blighted existence. What I have lost can never come back; all my sorrow must be idle as the wail of an orphan—

"Though pour like a river
My tears without number,
The buried can never
Awake from its slumber.'"

She reached home after a little time and went immediately to her room.

"Please," she said to the maid who opened the door, "please, Bertha, I have not been well. Would you let me have tea in my room, and I shall not have to trouble you more to-night."

"Certainly, miss; but you never trouble."

Her little repast soon served and sooner over, the poor girl, drawing an arm-chair in front of a bright fire, sat down before it, somewhat less sad, but more than usually pensive.

"Well," she thought, "I feel happier now that I have done it at last. One link to hell is broken, but what is that to those that are chained by so many? It was good of the Father to tell me that I looked out of place amongst the miserable, and to force upon me the first holy thing I have had for many a day. What is it, I wonder?"

She took the medal from her pocket and looked at it earnestly a minute or two.

"Yes," she said, "I know well what it is. 'Tis a First Communion medal," and with a slight tremble of the hand she laid it down. "God help me, that's enough of it. 'Twas a strange present for me, and not a kind one."

Yet there was some fascination about it she could not resist, and bending over but not touching it again, she fixed her eyes on it. At an altar-rail were four little girls with lighted candles in their hands; all were dressed in white, and wore long lace veils held close to the head by a wreath of flowers, and flowing to the ground so as to cover their feet. A priest in chasuble was standing before them, administering the First Communion. Two little acolytes were kneeling at the altar in surplice and soutane, and six candles—three on either side of a large crucifix—were burning by the tabernacle. Without any searching to remember, she was at once in a reverie of the past. Without the least effort of imagination, her memory went back to a certain time and place, and the picture of herself as she was ten years gone by stood before her mind: a young and very beautiful child in whose look there was something more than innocence, for it seemed to her as if her look was holy.

"Oh, how like me!" she said. "Did I ever think it would come to this?"

After a ten minutes' dream and another look at the medal, with a still more faltering hand she turned it on the obverse side, and in bright, clear cut letters read—

1871.

Emily Mary Hargreaves.

"Great God!" she cried, "it is my own medal! That, or my poor troubled brain is not working right. Am I waking or dreaming? Well, let me try," and she took up from the ground the medal that had fallen from her hands. "'Tis a dream," she said;

"'tis light as a feather—it has no substance. It would not ring on that glass," and she struck three times slowly but weakly. "'Tis a dream," she said again. "I knew it was. That's the Sanctus-bell at Mass in the old chapel of Anacloy; and I am here, am I not?"

In a moment, all the room seemed to go round and round. She swooned away and softly fell to the hearth-rug, upsetting the little table on which her tea-things were set.

When Bertha rushed into the room, she saw her lying perfectly motionless and pale.

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, was none.

"She is dead!" cried the maid. "God bless us! that makes the third I have seen. O God of mercy!" she repeated again and again, as she hastily undid the dress, and, with the true sense of womankind, devoted herself to the care of the poor girl.

"No, no, she's not dead! I feel her heart beat," she said, after five or six minutes. "God be blessed, and His holy Mother, to whom I often prayed for her, she is not dead!"

In a short time the panic was over, and before half an hour she was herself again.

"I am going to stay with you to-night, miss," said Bertha.

"Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness, but there is no need. It was nothing. Please help me to undress, and you will be quite safe in leaving me alone."

In less than a quarter of an hour the poor girl was in bed, and in still less than that, asleep; for she had scarce laid her head upon her pillow when she was in a deep and tranquil slumber.

It was far into the morning when she awoke with her mind perfectly clear as to the events of yesterday. They were distinctly before her, and what was strangest, she could ponder them over and over again without one trace of emotion. Not that she was uninterested by them, but that a cold determination to solve a mystery entirely absorbed her.

"Surely," she said, "the medal is mine. I know every line of it and remember it well. It hung over my bed in my room at home, on a little background I made for it of red plush velvet, between an image of the crucifix and a holy-water font. This day shan't pass nor another night come on, till I make out how

it came into the priest's hands, and what puzzles me more, how it came that he gave it to me. He knew me somehow, but," she added, smiling, "he'll not know me to-day, I promise. He may be at home by one o'clock."

She then put her hand under her pillow, and, taking out the innocent cause of her trouble, pressed it to her lips.

"There," she said, "there's for the day that can never return. And there's for one whose heart I have broken."

And all her mother came into her eyes
And gave her up to tears.

"And there for my dear Uncle Richard, who gave me my First Communion and hung thee round my neck in the old chapel on the hill." And, after a long, long pause, as if she feared to say it: "There's for the feet of my Lord, whose face I shall never see. Oh," she added, "I once heard that the lost hate God, whilst they long to see Him; but I know one who is lost and loves Him, though she never hopes to behold Him. But this won't do. I have no power to spare from this day's work, and 'tis getting late."

At twelve o'clock she left her house, beautifully dressed, but with an eye to whatever might give her a matronly air. A quick and very decisive knock soon brought Bridget to the door.

"May I ask," she said, "is Father Grosvenor at home?"

"Yes, madam."

"And disengaged?"

"Weel, he's rarely that," said Bridget, "but, an' you'll bide a wee in the parlor, I dinna doubt but he'll see you."

"Please, then," she said, giving her a card, "a lady wishes to see him on business and will not detain him long."

When Father Grosvenor entered, she rose, and, making a quiet bow, apologized for calling at so unreasonable a time, but she came on business which would be best done if done soonest.

"Father, I came about a young girl," she said, "who called on you last evening to take the pledge."

"How strange," said the Father; "my dream is out. I thought she came to see me again, and that I did not know her till she was gone."

With one quick glance of surprise she looked at him, but that glance sufficed to reassure her all was right.

"It is not at all likely," she said, "that she will come after me."

"Oh, I don't believe she will," he answered. "I pay but little heed to dreams. I only meant how strange the coincidence that her name should turn up so soon. I was greatly interested in her."

"Well," she said, "so I confess am I. I am the only one on earth, I think, that really cares for her or has any influence over her."

"Doubtless," said Father Grosvenor, "you are the friend she spoke to me about, almost in the same terms."

"Likely enough," she answered. "I have known her from her childhood. She is a proud, petulant, self-willed girl, passionate to a degree, and withal so cold and distant that nothing seems to affect her. In fact, for years I have not seen her show signs of emotion till last evening, looking at the lovely medal you so kindly gave her."

"Thank God!" said Father Grosvenor very earnestly, "thank God! I am so glad I gave it to the poor child; though," he added with a smile, "I scarcely should have. You won't tell her what I am going to say to you? It might spoil all."

"I promise you," she answered; "she shall hear it, if at all, from you alone."

"Well, then," he said, "I was wrong to have given it. It was not mine, but confided to me for another. I don't know now by what sudden impulse I acted, for impulse it surely was, as far removed as could be from purpose or even deliberation. I had had it three years—more—three years last July—and since then I had sought the poor child whose name it bears. I was put under promise to do so by a dying friend of hers, whom nothing could reconcile to die except my undertaking the task. 'Father, I will pray for you and her,' he said—they were near his last words—'and, mark me, you or God will find her yet.' But, pardon me," said Father Grosvenor, "you seem tired; when I get on the topic of these poor creatures, the old man comes on me, and I become garrulous."

"No, Father, no; you are interesting me beyond measure. Please tell me, for good may come of it. But," she said, "perhaps I am asking what you may not tell."

"Not at all; I am perfectly free. I will tell you all, and

leave it to your discretion what use you may make of it."

"Father, thank you," she said, as she turned her chair from the light, and, under pretence of adjusting her veil, slightly lowered it.

"Well, it is a very short story. Some four years ago a clergyman called on me—a tall, slight, priestly-looking man, with silver-gray hair in advance of his years, I imagine. He was slightly stooped. I think I never heard any one speak with a voice so gentle and so sweet. He wanted permission to say Mass in my church, which he did every morning for well-nigh a month. Many a time, late and early, I met him walking through the streets of my parish in every sort of place, and I thanked God every time I saw him. The sight of him was a sermon to my flock—so priestly, so venerable, so thoughtful, gazing with the privilege of a stranger at every old place. The people used to come out to their doors to look after him, and the little children, just to have a word with him, asked if there was no one he was looking for.

"A month went by and brought the first morning he did not come to say Mass. A whole week passed, but he did not come. One night, before I had retired to rest, I heard the bell violently ring. It was a sick-call to a house in Sydenham Villas, where I found the dear holy priest. He was ill, but not very ill—able to talk cheerfully for a long time, and seemingly glad to have some one to talk with. As I rose to leave, my eyes fell on a beautiful cross of dark ebony lying on his table, and I remarked how beautiful it was. 'Yes,' he replied, and suddenly I saw his face grow pale, and big tears stand in his eyes; 'it is beautiful. I am very fond of it. It was given to me by the dearest child I ever knew, and, Father,' he added, 'in a few days it shall and must be yours.' There it is on my writing-desk behind your chair," said Father Grosvenor to his visitor.

"Good God!" she said, "what a lovely story!" and she slightly turned her chair from where the writing-desk stood, and clutched its arms to keep herself steady.

"Am I tiring you?" said the Father.

"No," she answered, "indeed you are not. Only, I am such a poor bundle of nerves. Please don't mind me, I am so interested."

"Well, then, I will hurry on. Every day I called. for I knew his illness could not last long. My sixth visit was my last, and

never till I see a saint die again shall I see such a death. 'Now, Father,' he said to me, 'you have done all for me, or nearly all; but there is one thing yet. Look at that medal. There is a name upon it you may read. I lost her and came here on a slight clue to find her. Three things were my hope, had I succeeded—her First Communion medal, her devotion to her mother, and her love for me. Keep that and give it to her, and give her this also—'tis her mother's picture, with a few words written on it—and give her lastly my blessing on earth and promise her my prayers in Heaven. Mind, you'll find her.' In less than a quarter of an hour he was dead, with the ebony crucifix clasped in his hands. Her mother's picture," said Father Grosvenor, "is in the drawer of that table."

All was now becoming very vague to the poor girl, but with one supreme effort of the will she rallied and said:

"Father, will you show me the picture?"

"Certainly," he said, opening the drawer and presenting it to her.

It was a large cabinet photograph, with these words under-written in a feeble hand: "Emily dearest, come back. I have forgiven you."

"Well, she may, but God in Heaven never will!" exclaimed the poor creature, with impassioned ardour. "If ever girl sinned against the Holy Ghost, it is she."

"Oh, child," said Father Grosvenor, "do not say so. There is no such sin except final impenitence, and surely you won't say that to her. Don't you remember that God declares, should even a mother forget us, yet will not He?"

"Is there, then, power in Heaven or on earth to forgive her?" she asked, clasping her hands.

"Yes, child, if she were a thousand times worse," he said, alarmed at her fierce passion.

"Then, Father, hear my confession; I will tell the worst before I kneel down—I am *Emily Mary Hargreaves*."

"God is good and God is great," was his only answer. "Just wait a little here—I will not keep you long; and when I send, come to me in the church."

She then turned round, knelt at the writing-desk, looked at her own crucifix and kissed it again and again. The sealed fountain of her heart was loosed, and in an outburst of grief she bathed it in a flood of tears, saying:

"My God and my all, I have found Thee again!"

In three days she was gone from the world for ever.

But for one interesting episode in which another plays the chief part, the poor girl's story might close here. There were other alternatives open to her, but by choice all her own she put herself under the care of the Good Shepherd nuns at Highland Park. When all the little she had was given away, she found herself at last in what seemed to her a shelter and, in a way, a home. The thing that made her to herself a hell—her conscience—was at rest. Joy seemed to be onward for her, and grief behind. She could look within herself again, nor try "to stifle anguish by suppressing thought." The peaceful solitude was paradise to her, now that her heart had ceased to be ill at ease. But alas for the harm a passionate word may do! Her second trial was before her.

"Mother," she said one evening to the Mistress of Penitents, "I am going."

"God forbid, my child!"

"Yes, Mother, I am going. One of the girls, before them all, has wounded me to the quick. All my happiness is gone and all my joy—but don't fear—I shall be true to God wherever I go."

Every one in the house loved her, but all the kindest words of kind hearts could not prevail to shake her purpose, and after three or four days her little trunk was packed with everything she might need, and her wardrobe furnished with a generous hand. About twelve o'clock the car drove up to the door.

"Oh, Reverend Mother," said a young nun, rushing into her Superior's room, "God has put a thought into my heart."

"What is it now, dear?" said the Reverend Mother. "A vision, I suppose? You are so silly—six weeks received to-day, and not a bit wiser. But what is it, dear?"

"If you give me leave, I am sure I could keep Emily from going."

Sister Gertrude was a very young, very beautiful and very holy child, for "child" is exactly what describes her best. Innocent, ardent, arch almost, her little ways got her into many a trouble—above all, her incurable habit of taking three steps at a time coming down stairs. She had an extraordinary love for the poor Magdalens. Every new arrival was a new joy, and every new departure a fresh trouble. For the last few days she had been unusually

serious. "I know I could do it," she said to herself, "and there wouldn't be the least harm in it; only, I shall be in another scrape and maybe they will not give me my votes for profession. God help me, I don't know what to do."

That was her frame of mind when the roll of the car on the avenue settled it all. A new and bright idea struck her; and in she rushed, as we have said, to get the Reverend Mother's leave.

"Reverend Mother," she went on, "I am sure I could."

"Well," said the Reverend Mother, "you are a queer child. But in the name of wonder, what is your plan?"

"Oh, Mother," said Gertrude, "don't ask me—trust me this once. Give me leave to do and say what I like. It is not the least harm, I suspect that my plan will yet be adopted as part of our holy Constitutions."

"Go, in the name of God," said the Reverend Mother, laughing. "Sometimes fools succeed where the wise fail."

Sister Gertrude scarcely waited to express her thanks, but made straight for the room where Emily was putting the last finish on her toilet before the only mirror the whole establishment possessed. She knelt a moment outside and then gently opened the door.

"Emily," she said, "they tell me you are going, and I came to say a word to you."

"Oh, Sister," she answered, "how good you are all to me! What a world of trouble I am giving! I know I am wrong—my pride has vanquished me, but it is useless to say anything. All the same, God will bless you. Don't trouble for me, however. I will earn my bread with these hands, and, though father and mother I have none, God and His Virgin Mother will find me a home somewhere."

"Emily," said Sister Gertrude, and her beautiful face became waxen pale and her voice trembled, for she really feared to utter the words, "Emily, I only came to tell you that I am thinking of going too."

"Good God!" said Emily, "you, dear Sister, what put that into your head?"

"Well, Emily, if you ask me, I will tell you. It was you. The thought never occurred to me till I heard you were going. Bless me," she continued, going over to the glass, "bless me, what a fright I am, thinking of going home to papa and mamma!"

And I shouldn't mind them, only George and Kathleen will break their hearts laughing at me. But no matter—I often settled them before."

It was now poor Emily's turn to get pale.

"Sister Gertrude, did you say I put that into your head?"

"Certainly—no one else; but what are you so frightened about? I am only a novice. I have no vows, and I have what you have not—would to God you had!—a dear father and mother and a happy home as holy as a convent."

"My God!" said Emily, "was I born for misfortune? Trouble never lights on earth but it lights on me! This is the greatest of all the crimes I have committed!"

"Crime?" said Gertrude. "What crime?"

"To take you from your God and your Spouse—to destroy your holy vocation. Only a few weeks ago I shed tears of joy when they took all your finery away, cut off your beautiful hair and brought you in before the altar in your novice's habit. I shall never forget with what emotion I heard you say that God was your portion for ever, and now I have ruined it all! Oh, Sister," she said, and the colour came back to her face, "I feel as if the hand of God had touched mine eyes. How good He is to me in this moment of peril! My pride is fallen, and I bless and thank Him for sending you to me as an angel of mercy."

Once more the fountain was loosed and she rained down tears in one unbroken flood,

Wetting the Feet the sea-depths wetted not.

Sister Gertrude stood by, completely overawed.

"Sister," said Emily, raising her head, "Sister, look here," as she took out the pin that bound her hair and let it fall in glossy curls on her shoulders. "Sister, look," and with a steady unfaltering hand she loosed the scissors from Gertrude's cincture and deliberately cut from her fair head lock after lock, letting them fall in waving wreaths to the table.

"Sister," she said, "I'm not going. Won't you stay?"

"Stay?" she answered. "O, yes, I'll stay. If I had a thousand hearts, I would give them to my God instead of taking the little one I have away. But," she added, with real earnestness, "I'll never be forgiven for what I have done."

"Do not fear," said Emily; "you have done no wrong. I know one to whom God has forgiven much, though she loved Him less than you."

"Oh," said the poor Sister, for whom the tragic denouement of her little plot was too much, "'tis not that I mean," and taking Emily's hand and looking at her with a sweet imploring look, she added: "'Tis you, dear, will never forgive me."

"Me, forgive you what?" she answered. "Is it being an angel to me? God help me, too much the wrong I have had to forgive, to find a difficulty now in forgiving such a blessing."

"But," said Gertrude, "you don't know it yet." She could say no more.

"Tell it to me," said Emily. "I'll forgive you anything."

"I pretended," she sobbed out; "I never meant it. "'Twas the love of you made me do it."

"Ah, Sister," said the poor girl, smiling, "is that all? Would to God I had never to forgive but plots of love like yours! May Heaven reward you with its choicest gifts. But, gracious mercy," she added, laughing as she looked in the glass, "what a fright I am!"

"Nearly as great as myself," said Sister Gertrude, as she parted from her affectionately and fled, leaving her to finish her toilet.

"I told you, Reverend Mother, I'd do it," said she, as she rushed into the Reverend Mother's room.

"And how did you do it, dear?" said the Reverend Mother.

"I told her I was thinking of going too, and that she put it into my head."

"Oh, dear child," said the Reverend Mother, trying to look shocked, "will you ever have sense? Why did you? If I had but known it! I'm afraid you will never be a nun."

"Mother," said Gertrude, "of course you know I did not say I was going or mean it, only I was thinking of it."

"I know, dear—I thank God you did not mean what you said; but you said, or went dangerously near saying, what you did not mean. Yet I cannot be very angry with you. Go, try to be a good child, and who knows but you may be yet professed?"

"Reverend Mother," said Gertrude, "won't the novices get hot cake this evening in honor of what I have done? And what about the Constitutions?"

"Away, dear! you are perfectly incorrigible," said the Reverend Mother, not further able to keep up a serious look. And that evening, there was hot cake for tea.

J. NAUGHTON, S.J.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BEYOND the heath in twilight gloom
 I found a shamrock growing fair,
 And when I reached my little room
 I planted it with tender care.

A volume in my tired hand,
 I passed the ivory gates of sleep
 Into the dreamy borderland
 Hushed in a silence dread and deep.

O drear and weird the pallid sky !
 The wind that stirred the aspen tree
 Breathed from afar the chant and sigh
 Of exiles pining o'er the sea.

They sang the Connemara moors,
 The cabins gleaming in the sun,
 With women resting at the doors,
 When toil of autumn day was done.

The music of th' Atlantic tide,
 The mist upon the mountain's crest,
 The graveyard on the lone lough side,
 The dear ones laid in it to rest.

And, though I heard no sounding tread,
 I saw a multitude go by,
 Each face as pallid as the dead,
 Pallid as mine when they were nigh.

Slow, troop by troop, the shadows passed,
 Like Dante's figures dim in doom,
 And all their longing looks were cast
 Homeward to Erin through the gloom.

A shudder thrilled me as the ghosts
 Held up to Heaven appealing hands :
 They were but few of all the hosts
 Whose graves are in the distant lands.

Weed-grown and nameless evermore,
Far from the daisied Irish sod,
Uncared for on the far-off shore,
But known unto a pitying God.

Then, like the morning mists, the throng
Passed from my sight and died away,
As into stillness sank their song,
Like dream-notes at the break of day.

I woke in grief; my heart was cold
With all the sorrow I had seen,
But morn was dawning, rose and gold,
Above the shamrock's emerald green.

JAMES BOWKER.

THE RONDEAU OF THE ROBIN.

THE robin sings amid the trees
When first the leaves in Spring appear,
When wind-flowers flutter in the breeze,
And daisies dance on grassy leas,
When lark and merle chant loud and clear,
When the cuckoo flies over seas,
And rose and lily lure the bees,
When early wheat is in the ear,
The robin sings.

He sings when boughs are red and sere,
And meadow-lands are brown and drear,
His simple, merry harmonies;
Aye, when the pools and rivers freeze
In the mid-winter of the year,
The robin sings.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

TENNYSONIANA.

THE great race of poets seems to have died with Lord Tennyson. The starry procession which burns clearly in English skies, and which this century worthily recruited, with—to name poets of only the first rank—Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, seems to dwindle. The minor poet is steadily on the increase, as though the capacity of the nation for poetry had broken into fragments. That noble devotion to his art which was conspicuous in Tennyson, and which prevented his ever writing a line of prose, has left no imitator. The two men who come closest to him in this lofty devotion are of his friendship and his generation—Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore—but they too are of the great age. A few years ago we had Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti. Now how thinned are the ranks! Mr. William Morris rests on his laurels with “The Earthly Paradise,” “The Defence of Guinevere,” and one or two other mediævally tinted books of beautiful poetry. Swinburne is as little the Swinburne of

“Let us go hence, my songs she will not hear,
 Let us go hence together without fear;
 Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
 And over all old things and all things dear.
 She loves not you and me as all we love her.
 And though we sang as angels in her ear
 She would not hear—”

as the Sir John Millais who will paint you an alderman's portrait for a cool thousand is the Millais of “The Carpenter's Shop,” or “The Huguenot,” and who, according to Rossetti, looked like an angel. None of the young fellows are doing us serious poetical work. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Ripling are writers of prose who divert themselves with an occasional book of verse. There are fifty eight minor poets in England according to Mr. Traill—but the last of the great poets is gone to his fellowship with the immortals in Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson lived wisely for his dignity. When Browning died, every diner-out in London had his or her budget of reminiscences. I remember, for instance, a lady who sat by him once, telling me that he asked her point blank what she thought of his treatment

of a religious question, in, I think, "Caliban upon Setebos." She hesitated and blundered, finally said she thought he went about the subject with a too great roughness and familiarity. "Pardon me," said the poet, very eager in his defence: "please feel my head, and you will see that a most prominent thing in it is the bump of reverence." And he lowered his head that she might discover the bump, too eager in repelling the odious charge to see how eccentric the action was.

Tennyson's whole life nearly was lived in great quiet. The Lincolnshire village of Somersby where he was born was quite out of sound of the world. From the ridge to which the road to Horncastle climbs, looking eastward one sees the old church of Boston, the scene of Miss Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and catches a glimpse of grey waters—that is the Wash. Farther off, the great stateliness of the towers of Lincoln Cathedral is visible over the landscape for forty miles. Looking under them, one sees, in the sweetest pastoral landscape of greenness and peace, the grey tower of Somersby Church and the red-tiled roof of the manor, emerging from groups of beech and elm.

It is still the quietest of hamlets. In the early part of the century the number of its inhabitants was seventy. All the great storms, of time and tide, of wind and weather, passed it by. The Reformation spared its old Norman cross, with the image of Our Lord on one side, of His Mother on the other. The church was roofed with thatch, where two days after his birth, on the 6th of August 1809, the baby poet was carried to his christening. The way was by avenues of elm and poplar, and through the little wicket, and by the grass-grown graves.

Tennyson's father, the Rector of Somersby, was a man worthy to be the father of a great son. Miss Thackeray, in her recently-published volume of *Reminiscences*, describes him as "a tall, striking, impressive man, full of accomplishments and parts, a strong nature, high-souled, high-tempered." His mother was devout, sweet-hearted and simple. The village ruffians used to beat dogs in her presence so that she might bribe them to leave off, or might buy the wretched creatures. The children were exceedingly happy, and the young poet developed early. At five, as the romping wind blew him down the garden path, he heard a voice in it speaking to his ear. At ten he had written a poem after the manner of Thomson's "Seasons," as all Miss Thackeray's readers

know: and I will not bore you with the story of his brother Charles' judgment upon it.

So secluded was Somersby village that the little Tennysons seem never to have heard of Waterloo. Nor did the French scare that kept all sea-board counties in England agog, before Waterloo, trouble their vivid imaginations; though the sea-wind blew in from the Wash, and in other villages they had the bonfires ready to light and the bells to ring the alarm whenever Boney landed by night or day. But the world about Somersby was imprinting itself daily on the young poet's mind. We have much of it in his poems—

"The woods that belt the gray hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door."

The poplars have disappeared, but the brook that steals silverly through so many of his poems still goes by at the garden-foot. Somersby stream turns three mills; there was yet another in the poet's boyhood, and it is uncertain whether it was that, or Stockworth mill, two miles away, was the mill of "The Miller's Daughter." Not far off was the dreary deserted red-brick house, the poet's sisters had named "The Moated Grange." Bag-Enderby village, with its wonderful elm, on a branch of which the rustics sit in village parliament, he did not commemorate in his poetry. No doubt it was the place which suggested to Miss Ingelow in "The High Tide" the name of the tune "The Brides of Enderby," with which the ringers were to ring the world that the floods were out.

"Play up, play up, O Boston bells,
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

By which interpolation into her poems she set a whole society of musical antiquaries hunting for the tune—and to this day I know some of them have never forgiven her.

In 1828 Tennyson and his brother Charles went up to Cambridge, where the elder brother, Frederick, had already preceded them. Frederick, by the way, was the author of a pleasant volume of poems, extremely Tennysonian. Copies are hard to get, and the one I have seen is a gift from the author to a tractarian of Oxford, who stopped short of Newman and Faber. Trinity, Cambridge, was the poet's College. It was the College

also of Byron, whom Tennyson devoutly admired in childhood. Miss Thackeray tells us how, when the news of Byron's death came, Tennyson, then a lad of fifteen, felt as if the round globe were breaking in pieces. "Byron was dead," he said afterwards. "I thought everything was over and finished for everyone. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone." Cambridge is the University of poets, though it has far less of golden glamour than Oxford. And Trinity is the College of poets pre-eminently, though scarcely one of the University's seventeen Colleges but was the nest of some nightingale in the choir of poets. Among the sons of Trinity were also Herbert, Cowley, and Andrew Marvell. It is the biggest of Cambridge, and of English colleges. Its great court, which has an area of eighty thousand feet, is flanked by two smaller courts. It is an enormously rich foundation, and has a chilly, great library, by Sir Christopher Wren—as chilly as St. Paul's—a chapel decorated nobly by the wall-paintings of a modern artist, with great traditions; it has a truly beautiful dining-hall, where they lift a curtain to let you peep at a great Reynolds picture. But it is not a lovely College, and you will carry away far colder memories of it than you will of warm-tinted, venerable St. John's, or that wonderfully ancient little College, Jesus. Trinity has a great walk of limes, with a bridge crossing the river to the lovely water-meadows which Cambridge uneuphoniously calls "The Backs." This was the lime-walk haunted for Tennyson by the beloved shade of Arthur Hallam. He, too, was a student of Trinity. Tennyson did not reside within the walls, but had rooms over against Corpus Christi. To these rooms, 55 Corpus Buildings, came Arthur Hallam, John Mitchell Kemble, Tennyson's "Luther and soldier-priest," Richard Chenevix Trench, James Spedding, Richard Monckton Milnes, Henry, afterwards Dean Alford of "the Queen's English," and Brookfield, Thackeray's friend, whose wife some years ago articleed the great dead man's letters. To Brookfield Tennyson wrote—

"Old Brooks who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well!"

All the world knows that Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize for English verse, in 1829, with his poem "Timbuctoo." It is less well-known that it was at his father's earnest desire he competed; he modified and put some finishing touches to a poem he had written some years earlier on the Battle of Armageddon, and sent it in.

In 1831 his father died, and he left College. In 1833 Arthur Hallam died. It seems really to have been the one great grief of Tennyson's life, at least till his son Lionel died a few years ago. O happiest of the immortals whose crowning life-tragedy was the death of a male friend! In 1837 the Tennysons left Somersby for Beech Hill, on the border of Epping Forest. A couple of miles away was Waltham Abbey, the Christmas chimes of which suggested "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," as it was in looking on Tintern Abbey the poet imagined "Tears, idle tears." Later they removed to Tunbridge Wells, and again to Boxley, near Maidstone. The poet was often in London during those years, before 1850. We hear of him sitting up till two and three in the morning, "at which good hours we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking;" or one hears of him from the Carlyles. Even the dyspeptic sage has nothing but good of Alfred Tennyson: "Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number, I think), who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, brother! He often skips me in these brief visits to town; skips everybody, indeed, being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are." "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty dark-hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. . . . I do not meet in those late decades such company over a pipe." So far Carlyle in a genuinely Christian mood. In another mood was he the night at Bath House when he introduced Sir John Simeon to Tennyson. Simeon's death was the cause of the poem "In the garden at Swainston." However, to return—Carlyle pointed out the poet with, "There he sits upon a dung-heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs," by which unsavoury metaphor he alluded to the Greek poems, "Cenone," "The Lotus Eaters,"

etc. "I was told of this," related Tennyson himself, "and afterwards repeated it to Carlyle: 'I'm told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. 'Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered."

Carlyle has given a vivid picture of the voice, which helped to make Tennyson's readings of his poems so memorable. "His voice," he says, "is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may be between." In a characteristic bit of careless inaccuracy he puts down: "Alfred is the son of a Lincolnshire gentleman-farmer, I think," with a fine unconsciousness of the Tennysons' proud ancestry from Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault.

By this time the poet's fame was well assured, despite *The Quarterly Review*, which, in the famous article of April, 1833, strove to kill Tennyson, as it had killed Keats. I have a copy of the article before me now, brown and tattered. It is not a favourable specimen of style. Even its ferocity does not make it lively, and no one could now wade through its ineptitude, were it not for the quotations which show how immensely Tennyson polished and improved those poems he kept from his juvenilia. No one would recognize this to be a bit of "The Lotus-Eaters":

"Long enough the wine-dark wave our weary bark 'did carry.
This is lovelier and sweeter,
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,
In the hollow rosy vale to tarry,
Like a dreamy Lotus-eater—a delicious Lotus-eater!
We will eat the Lotus sweet
As the yellow honeycomb;
In the valley some, and some
On the ancient heights divine,
And no more roam,
On the loud hoar foam,
To the melancholy home
At the limits of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline."

And it is only a sample of the verses that afterwards, by his genius for painstaking, Tennyson polished to such perfection.

In 1850 he married, being then in his forty-first year. It was a love-match long retarded by poverty, for Tennyson had known the bitterness of poverty and of hope deferred. Among the fogs and smuts of Lincoln's Inn that most sunny-hued poem

"The Princess" was born. The song of the knights at the marriage of Arthur,

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May ;

was made one evening as he walked on Clapham Common, in the thick of London Bourgeois-Land. During his years in London he lived at the Temple, and at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Lady Tennyson was a Miss Selwood, and niece of that truly heroic soul, Sir John Franklin. After his marriage with her in the ivy-grown church of Shiplake, by the Thames, they lived at Chapel House, Twickenham. Three years after his marriage he discovered Farringford in the Isle of Wight, and, delighted with its green solitude, became its owner, and lived there ever since, till the end, at the back of the downs. Farringford is legendary soil. Tennyson's summer-house stands in "the Maiden's Croft," a field of the old priory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin ; in the same priory grounds local tradition has placed the opening to a subterranean passage between the Island and France, wherein is deposited great hoard of treasure guarded by griffins. The windows of Farringford look over fields of wild hyacinths and daffodils to the sea. There is all manner of natural beauty ; great free downs, stretching to the sea-cliffs ; lanes hidden in verdure ; masses of floral beauty ; and everywhere the voices of the sea and the wind and the trees. "Maud" is full of Farringford. Away in the distance are the high chimneys of Weston, which suggested

"Birds in the high hall-garden—"

and in a winter's night in Farringford Lane, one readily recalls—

... "And all by myself in my own dark garden ground,
Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,
Walked in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave."

"Maud" by the way was written at the suggestion of Sir John Simeon, who thought the little lyric

"O that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

published in *the Tribute* seventeen years before should have some explanation. "Maud" dominated its own and immediately succeeding generations of the young more than any other poem has ever done. I am not sure that it was not responsible for a great deal of the melancholy among cultivated young men, which has almost passed as a fashion.

Life at Farringford was full of peace and quiet loveliness. Miss Thackeray has described the day's routine—how he worked early, breakfasting alone. Before lunch he usually went for a walk with his devoted eldest son, Hallam, or a friend, with a couple of dogs at his heels, and dressed in the cloak and broad-brimmed hat of his portraits. A frequent companion of his on these walks was a Catholic priest, Father Haythornthwaite, who officiates at a little church in Freshwater. It was a pretty custom in the Tennyson household, that after dinner the guests removed to a second room where on a white table was set forth wine and fruit, and a bright fire burned. There was spent a delightful hour, with the Laureate in his gentlest and most intimate mood, when he would discourse of old times and familiar things, and perhaps enchant the company with his wonderful reading of poetry.

Many competitors for the Laureateship are in the field. Except one great name, which, unhappily, is not stainless, there is none worthy to come after him except two whom we have already named with him. Sir Edwin Arnold, Lewis Morris, Alfred Austin, are those mentioned, all literary weaklings, and in a sense better fitted for the obsolete office than the last two great men who dignified it. They are all out with poems to the dead master's memory. Two of them would have been distasteful enough to him. London gossip said that he cordially resented Mr. Lewis Morris's Tennyson-and-water verse. His epigram on Alfred Austin—

"Tennyson is no poet. How do you know it?
So vouches Alfred Austin, dwarf and poet"—

is less well-known than his other bitter epigram on Bulwer Lytton. The lion's skin will adjust itself ill on the puny shoulders of his successor.

K. T.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

O H, give me back the vision and the splendour!
 My heart is aching for the golden prime,
 The past with all its memories sweet and tender,
 The flower-crowned heights of youth's bright summer-time.

The faces lit with love that o'er me bending
 Soothèd my childish sorrows long ago,
 A mother to my lightest needs attending—
 Ah! these no longer in the world I know.

A dim mirage is earthly fame that brightened
 And shone before me like a stormy day
 That up the west in crimson vistas lightened
 But soon in mist and darkness died away.

The burden and the heat are on me pressing,
 The hate and envy and the scorn of man;
 A thankless world bestowed nor boon nor blessing
 With empty hands I end as I began.

Yet though with empty hands before thy altar
 I kneel, O Lord, in all my shame and sin,
 The door is shut,—my heart begins to falter;
 The banquet's set; wilt thou not let me in?

The beauty of the night in star-lit places
 Reflected from the deep blue far above
 Is shining on me; in its shimmering traces
 I feel thy presence, and I know thy love.

Methinks I hear an echo answering faintly,
 As if from some far shrine of hidden prayer,
 The assuring accents of some spirit saintly
 In music floating down the quiet air.

The banquet hall is shut; but not for ever!
The tardy comer never knocked in vain,
Believe, love, pray, be steadfast and endeavour,
Go forth in peace, my child; sin not again.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY

THE EARLY DUBLIN REVIEWERS.

PART II.

In putting into print for the first time the names of many helpers in one of the most important enterprises connected with English Catholic literature, we last month expressed a hope that some of our readers would be able to furnish a few particulars about the less known of these Catholic writers. One naturally enquires first about the first editor of *The Dublin Review*, Mr. Michael Joseph Quin. Mr. Joseph Glynn, who knows the year and the day on which any Irishman of note was born and died—though how such particulars are picked up on the Downs of Mullingar is a little puzzling—informs me that Mr. Quin died at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1843, aged 47. The Nestor of Irish Journalists, Mr. Maurice Lenihan of *The Limerick Reporter*, who knew Mr. Quin personally sixty years ago, has kindly sent me some details of his life. He was born in Thurles in County Tipperary, in the year 1796, as we deduce from Mr. Glynn's dates. His father was a respectable brewer, whose premises were afterwards occupied by Mr. Charles O'Keeffe. Mr. Lenihan thinks he was educated at Oscott College, though he cannot find his name among the contributors to *The Oscottian*; but that periodical was probably not started till Quin's school-days were over. He was afterwards heard of as foreign correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle* in Spain; and this led to the composition of a work on Spain, which was followed by a work in two volumes entitled "A Steam Voyage Down the Danube, with Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, &c.," which reached a third edition before 1837.

The following letter, which we found among O'Connell's papers entrusted to us for publication by the late Morgan O'Connell, shows that—like Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. John Morley, and many other literary men and politicians, who are not thought of as lawyers—Mr. Quin was called to the bar.

2 South Square, Gray's Inn,

8th March, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR— I received this morning a letter from Dr. McSweeney, the President of the Irish College in Paris, in which he informs me that he has had some correspondence with you upon the subject of

the claims which were presented by the Rev. Paul Long to the Commissioners who were appointed to carry into execution the several conventions with France for the settlement of the claims of British subjects on the Government of that country.

Dr. McSweeney has requested my legal assistance in the further prosecution of the claims which were made by Mr. Long. I should therefore much wish to be allowed to confer with you upon the course which I am about to take, as it is more than probable that we may stand in need of your powerful protection in the House of Commons. For this purpose I shall be ready to wait upon you at any hour on any day that may be most convenient to you.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

MICHAEL J. QUIN.

Mr. Quin was therefore a lawyer and more than a parliamentary agent, which our correspondent, Mr. Lenihan, imagined him to be when he was engaged in promoting a project of steam communication between Waterford and a Welsh port, to which Milford was finally preferred.

We mentioned before that Mr. Quin edited only the first two quarterly parts of *The Dublin Review*, the first being issued in May, 1836. The fact seems to be that he could not afford to give his services gratuitously; and we do not believe that there is any other basis for Mr. Edward Lucas's statement in *The Life of Frederick Lucas* that the opposition *Tablet* which the printers Messrs. Cox in 1842 set up against *The True Tablet* was edited by "the man who had done his best to ruin *The Dublin Review* five years before." Five years before, indeed, he wrote this letter to O'Connell.

25 Southampton Row,

Russell Square, January 2, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—In obedience to your opinion, which to me is law, I have surrendered at once all claim upon the *Review* funds for any compensation whatever, and I present you with a corrected copy of my accounts as they stand at this moment. I charge myself not only with the sums paid into the bank, but also with those which our London and Dublin publishers paid to me, and those which are still in the hands of the former. I state on the opposite side the sums which I have paid, the balance now in bank, and in Spooner's hands. and from the whole you will see that I am actually *out of pocket* £35

8s. 4d. The vouchers shall be laid before you on your arrival in London. I shall send by this day's post a copy of these accounts also to Dr. Wiseman.

The question which now remains to be settled is this—In what mode is the *Review* to be henceforth continued? Its existence is a matter of great importance to religion, to Ireland, to the popular cause.

I think I can now say that I have given up my proposed expedition to Cuba. So many of my best friends have recently objected to my removal from this country—so many circumstances have occurred to alter my first impressions with respect to my Cuba expectations—that I begin to think that the same sense of duty to my family, which originally impelled me to accept the office I have mentioned, must soon induce me to decline it altogether. Assuming, then, that I stay in England, I ask in what mode the *Review* is to be conducted?

It is impossible that I should edit and write without being paid. A fund should be supplied, adequate to pay the editor a reasonable salary, and to remunerate contributors for their articles. Whence is this fund to proceed? This is a question necessary to be answered as soon as possible, in order that preparations should be made forthwith for the fourth number. I have no objection still to continue editor, if you wish it—but I cannot give any more of my time to the Journal without remuneration. In *writing* and in cash I have already advanced to the *Review* upwards of £300. Is it reasonable that I alone should be called upon to make such a sacrifice as this?

I anxiously look for your opinion and advice upon these points, and remain, my dear sir,

Always faithfully yours,

MICHAEL J. QUIN.

You are aware that my accounts refer to the first and second numbers of the *Review*, and that I have had nothing whatever to do with the third number. Spooner's accounts will show the other receipts as well as the disbursements for advertising, &c., &c.

Mr. Quin was not reinstated in the editorial chair, and in the list which we published last month (*ante*, page 83), he is credited only with four articles in Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 16. We do not know if he finally accepted the Government appointment in the West Indies, to which he refers in his letter. Some years later he was engaged in Irish legal business before the Houses of Parliament.

It may have been noticed in the same letter that the first publisher of *The Dublin Review* was William Spooner—a name to which subsequently parliamentary associations of a very different

character were attached. In 1838 Booker and Dolman appear upon the title-page as publishers; but after a year this becomes "Charles Dolman, nephew and successor to J. Booker." In 1845 Mr. Dolman was replaced by Mr. Thomas Richardson, then famous for his Derby Reprints, by which a Protestant publisher did good service to Catholic literature. In 1862 the Richardsons were succeeded by Burns and Lambert, lengthened in 1865 into Burns, Lambert, and Oates. Soon after the firm assumed its present title of Burns and Oates.

When our space ran short last month, we had given the names of the writers in *The Dublin Review*, with a few gaps, down to the 34th volume. We resume now with volume 35, which appeared in the year 1853.

Volume 35

No. 69

- I. Mr E Ryley (Hampstead)
- II. Mr Abraham (Dublin)
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With No. 104 comes to an end the first official record of contributors which Mr. Cashel Hoey inherited from Mr. Bagshawe. As he preserved it carefully and valued it highly, it seems strange that he did not keep a similar record during the many years that he occupied a position similar to Mr Bagshawe's in the conduct of the *Review*. Mrs. Cashel Hoey has been kind enough to show me some memorandum books, in which Dr. Ward's most efficient lieutenant took notes concerning the authorship of certain numbers, but apparently with a view to the carrying out of the principle, "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

Perhaps we shall be able to fill up some of the blanks in the foregoing list. It will be in our power to identify many articles subsequent to the point that we have reached. But we may end for the present with a passage which seems to condemn the curiosity that our investigations are intended to gratify. These are the first words of a curious and famous book published in Ireland more than two hundred years ago—*The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall*. "A hundred to one, you'll be enquiring who is the author; but what need you care for that? Can you not feed on a dish of partridges unless you know who killed them? There were many profitable books written by Anonymi. Let it satisfy you that I have reason to conceal my name. The substance of the work is the thing to be examined by you; to know the author matters nothing."

But, in spite of the adverse opinion of this vigorous old controversialist, we intend to unveil a few more anonymities connected with *The Dublin Review* and sundry other periodicals.

M. R.

JESU MI.

I PACED the sands with (for companion) pain;
 The waves beat on the shore a sad refrain.
 Sun-rays seemed arrows piercing the sea's breast,
 A sea-bird poised and wailed on a wave's crest.
 And there—and there *He* came to comfort me,
 Who once walked on the shore of Galilee.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

CHICAGO'S WHITE CITY BY THE SEA.

AMPHION raised the walls of the city of Thebes by the music of his lyre. Chicago, the modern Amphion, has raised in less than a year not only the walls of a city but a city itself. On the borders of Lake Michigan, within half-an-hour's ride of the centre of one of the busiest metropolises of the world, rises white and stately the World's Fair City. To the west of it stretches a wide expanse of prairie, offspring of the rolling plains of Kansas, the teeming wheat fields of Nebraska, the mines of Colorado and Arizona, all the mighty West and Northwest which lie behind ; on the east beat the turbulent waves of Lake Michigan, stretching as far as the eye can see, a miniature Atlantic, until sky and water meet and melt in the infinity of the horizon.

The situation is a fitting one. It is emblematic of Chicago, of its far-reaching future and its limitless possibilities. The empire of land and sea, with nothing less will Chicago ever be satisfied. Perhaps, like Alexander, when she has acquired both of these she will only cry out for more worlds to conquer.

It has been very well said that Chicago itself will be the greatest exhibition at the World's Fair. "The Mammoth Mushroom of the Modern World," a lover of alliteration calls her ; "the embodiment of go-ahead, a city whose glory is her youth, who is her own ancestor."

Chicago pleads guilty to all these charges. Fifty years ago she had but just emerged from the embryo of a frontier settlement whose inhabitants were in hourly dread of being massacred by the Indians, into the perfected butterfly state of a country town with a live Mayor and a code of laws of her own. True, the one or two streets, i.e., planked roads, then in existence, bore in many places the significant legend, "No bottom here," or perhaps in their muddiest part the mild post direction of some wag of those early days "Shortest Road to China ;" water was still delivered at the back doors of houses by means of Peter Wolfe's water cart when the Hydraulic Company was out of repair ; nevertheless, the days of caterpillarism, every one felt it, were for the village of Chicago over forever.

Fifty years ago a country village; to-day a metropolis with a million and a half of inhabitants and adding to them (O, shade of Mr. Carlyle!) at the rate of 40,000 a year! A mammoth butterfly this caterpillar has become! We do, indeed, as a well-known Englishman says through one of his characters, a Chicago woman, "live in the light of the coming day. Ours is the might and the energy and the restless fever of youth. We do something more in Chicago than hunt the dollar. We are building up a city out of the most varied conglomerate of humanity that ever was supplied to city builder since the days of Cadmus. There are more Germans in Chicago than Americans. But Chicago is an American city. Poles, Magyars, Bohemians, Irish, Swedes, Russians, Jews, out of this strange amalgam we have reared the Queen City of the West, and in another generation the whole population will be American. All these polyglot myriads, already impregnated with the feverish energy of Chicago, will be habituated to the atmosphere of our political institutions. Their children will speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, and grow up with the conviction that the world revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours subject to the Constitution of the United States. Our campaign never ceases, and its victories are more lasting than those of Cæsar. Here in this great crucible we are experimenting in the new alchemy of humanity."

This is the city that invites the world to her gates in the spring of 1893.

"Chicago cannot improvise a Pompeii or a Coliseum. She is nowhere at antiquities. But give her a thing to be done which dollars and cents can do, and you may back Chicago against the world."

More than this, Mr. Stead. Dollars and cents are great things—far be it from a Chicagoan to decry the almighty dollar—but dollars and cents are but so much paper and ore until they have brains and taste and dauntless perseverance to back them. Dollars and cents buy the iron and the staff, but dollars and cents alone could not bring order out of chaos, could not mould the beautiful arches and majestic proportions of the White City by the Sea. All honour to dollars and cents for the work they have done for the "arguments" brought to bear on weak-kneed legislators (low 'be it spoken!) for the lightning-like rapidity with which gangs of workmen replace each other, but honour still more to the

brains, the taste, the Chicago grit, which have called forth a Venice on the shores of Lake Michigan.

The story of the dedication of the World's Fair has been often told. It was a week of jubilee from the opening Ball at which an American Cardinal and the Papal Legate were most prominent and most honoured guests, to the closing Oration of the Congresses delivered by that most American of all prelates, Archbishop Ireland.

The last day of the celebration, the day on which the buildings were to be dedicated, October 21st, 1892, is one of the memorable dates of Chicago. From earliest dawn the people had been astir; excitement and enthusiasm were in the air. Before eight o'clock the street cars were crowded; would-be passengers decorated every street corner, and, as car after car passed out of sight, were fain to get down town as best they could.

The streets were thronged. But it was not till one reached Michigan Avenue and caught sight of the triumphal arch and the Auditorium one blaze of colour that one really felt the enthusiasm of the day. For miles the carriages stretched and the bright morning sun lit up the helmets of the cavalymen as the bugle sounded the order to mount, and line after line formed on the lake front.

Half-an-hour's jostling and good-humoured crowding and the city was left behind—the white domes of the World's Fair palaces rose on every side. 150,000 people under one roof, and yet a two minutes' walk brought one to silence and solitude amid those grassy lawns and picturesque winding paths. But silence and solitude were "out of order" on October 21st. The veriest cynic of them all must have felt that enthusiasm is wonderfully infectious. There in the centre like a mighty white monster from the deep stretched the Manufactures Building: across the many bridges that spanned the lagoon the crowds surged and swept; under the column of Mercury, like a smooth-flowing stream, marched the soldiers; the sunlight gleaming on their shining sabres and nodding plumes, and in the medley of tunes rose high and triumphant, a veritable American Eagle, the strains of the Star Spangled Banner.

"Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

The scene inside the Manufactures Building has been too often described to need comment here. The vast chorus at one end, so soon discovered to be not vast enough; the distinguished visitors on the stage, the sea of upturned faces, the moment most thrilling of all when by sudden impulse every handkerchief in the hall was waved, and a miniature snow-storm seemed to have fallen from on high. All this needs no description.

Two facts of that Dedication were, however, significant. The Dedication Ode was written by a woman and was read by a woman, and the Dedication Ceremonies were closed by the prayer of a Catholic Cardinal in all the scarlet regalia of his office.

These two facts may be taken as an omen of the future. In the vanguard of the world she walks, Chicago, the young giant City of the West. She is modern, she is progressive, she is of the future; and in none of these does she show herself more so than in her attitude towards woman and towards Catholicity.

MARY JOSEPHINE UNAHAN.

Chicago.

NEAR SLIEVENAMON.

A NARROW valley curving round the hill,
 In a half circle painted every shade,
 Through glens, in which shy things their homes have made,
 And on by huge, brown boulders where a rill
 Keeps ceaseless tune, all else being hushed and still.
 Neath splintered rocks the sheep lie unafraid,
 And high, where bindweed garlands hang decayed,
 'Mid furze, the hunted fox sleeps safe from ill.

Winter is come, and with relentless flail
 Threshes the ripe sloe from the purple thorn,
 Leaves lesser verge of green on grass each morn,
 And the lone snipe drives through the blinding gale:
 Yet might one, on fine days, still hear the bees
 Draining the ivy on the leafless trees.

ALICE ESMONDE.

THE IRISH ACCENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ONE of our contributors recently gave a skilful appreciation of Alice Meynell's high poetic genius under the title of "A Poet's Silence." Mr. Denny Lane, of Cork, would not allow us to call him a poet, though he wrote two of the tenderest lyrics in the famous *Spirit of the Nation*. Unlike Mrs. Meynell—who has found a vent for her thoughts in much exquisite prose—Mr. Lane has observed silence both in prose and verse. "The only throb he gives is when" he is forced to say some words to some gathering of his fellow-citizens; and these *obiter dicta* are sure to have a distinctly literary flavour. For instance, towards the end of the opening month of this year the National Literary Society of Ireland paid a visit to Cork, and Mr. Denny Lane was the spokesman chosen to bid them welcome. No one but himself would deem any explanation needed for so appropriate a choice, but he modestly began with an apology.

* * * * *

The incessant demands on my hours, which arise from my connection with many of the material interests of our time, have severed my connection with literary work; but although I have ceased to be a producer, and have moved into the larger crowd of those who enjoy the fruits of literary labour—those who are, in a higher sense the *fruges consumere nati*—I have never ceased to feel that ardent sympathy with literature and art which has been a solace to me in many a trial, and has yielded a pure and unmixed happiness in more fortunate times—a sympathy which has tempered the blast of winter, and animated that balmy breeze of spring which fans and cheers us in happier hours. The only reason why I should have been drawn from the obscurity of business life to take part on an occasion like this is: that my old friends remember how in my younger days I was to some extent associated with that remarkable company of men to whom was due the renaissance of Irish literature between 1840 and 1850. I stood on the outer margin of that group of devoted Irishmen of whom my dear friend, Thomas Davis, was the centre and the inspirer. From him as from some great organ of life radiated all those currents that then coursed through the frame of Ireland, and back to him again

converged from the remotest extremities of the land, and from the furthest outposts of our race those counter currents which helped to revive our country into warmth and into life. Then, indeed, *thainig an anam an Éirín*—"a soul came into Ireland." By the touch of his magic wand the sleepers were awakened and started again into energetic and well-graced action. Alas! they have nearly all passed away—

"Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some rest in Ireland, too."

A couple of years since Sir Charles Gavan Duffy invited me to join him in Italy, where Judge O'Hagan was then staying with him. "Come," he said, "for there will then be gathered together under the shadow of the vine-clad trellis the only three survivors of those whose verses appeared in *The Nation*." I was unable to answer his summons, and since then "the abhorred fury with the shears" has cut the thread of Slieve Gullion's life, and now Sir Charles and myself are all that are left of that company who had gathered together in Dublin nigh fifty years ago.

The object of this new literary society is to continue the good work of Thomas Davis in the non-political portion of his labours. That this work was good no better proof can be given than the high estimate which was placed on it by Jeffrey—that Scotch critic, who was so prodigal in his sarcasm, and so chary of his praise. Now the keystone of the edifice which was raised in these bygone days was tolerance of the broadest kind. These deep-cut channels, worn by the prejudices, by the passions, by the injustice of centuries, had cut up our island into an archipelago in which the denizens of each little islet mistrusted and misunderstood those that were separated from them by what was no deeper than a shallow moat. Without those these intervening stretches of sea which caused physical separation of the Isles of Greece, the diverse currents of races and creeds and laws, of oppression from without, and of jealousies from within, divided us as much as if some of us had been born in Sicily and others in Cyprus. Even between those remote islands there was the golden bond of their most precious language, a link that did not attach us, and the very tongues that we spoke formed an additional wedge to cleave us asunder. At length the English speech gained the victory, and if we were to wear the chain of any foreign dialect I am glad that it was so, for the English tongue was

the jewelled key that opened to us a treasure-house, rich in the spoils of many ages, from Chaucer and Shakespeare down to our own day. From that golden treasury we borrowed much; but, if we did, we returned it with usurious interest, and those who come to visit the storehouse of that shrine, old, yet new, will reckon amongst its chiefest ornaments many that have been placed in its coffers by the hands of Irishmen.

Almost the only subject upon which Thomas Davis and I differed was cognate to this. He thought that our old Gaelic tongue could be restored to every-day use. I did not believe this to be possible, nor did I think it desirable. So many scions of the old stock had been grafted in America and in the colonies, carrying with them characteristics, including the English language, that could not be eradicated, that I felt certain that, if his fond hope had been realised, it must have led to severance rather than to union, and, if English were not equally well known as Irish, the gates of learning would be closed against those who wished to enter the great garden of English modern literature, that never had a rival since the Greek decadence. Modern science would be a sealed fountain into which none of us could dip our scallop shells, and modern art would lose half its value to those who knew not the motives by which it was inspired. Let the Celtic tongue be cultivated with assiduity as a historical monument of a great race, but the attempt to renew it in its entirety will, I think, be as disastrous as some of the restorations which have defaced many a holy cathedral and degraded many a noble castle.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his preface to the *Book of Irish Ballads*, has remarked that "many of them, and especially the best of them, were as essentially Irish as if they had been written in Gaelic." It is not easy to define whence this character came, but there it is. Although the metal be the same, the medal is as different as if it were struck from some different die. We are, perhaps, "a romantic people living by a melancholy ocean," and hence may arise a tone of the super-sensuous—some echo of the melodies of dreamland which sings itself like a soft burden of distant voices in not only the finest tunes, but the best poetry of our country—a faint rhythm, and yet sweet, something vague, yet impulsive; something distant and yet near to our hearts, which marches side by side with the uttered words, a spiritual undertone, scarcely heard, yet deeply felt, that makes our nerves vibrate like

some deep stop of a muted organ. With most of our orators, too, there is some undulation beneath the surface. What it is, we know not, that gives a sense of a force that is not seen, and with which the spoken words are rocked upon a rounder wave than that which stirs the abrupt and logical utterances of other speakers. But man, thank God, is not all head; he is not of reason all compact. He is endowed with a heart as well, and to that the true orator also speaks and appeals not in vain. An American barrister, who had not a drop of Irish blood in his veins, once told me that many English lecturers are not "understood of the people" in America, while every Irish speaker is thoroughly comprehended. Indeed, I have noticed amongst certain University men a piggish self-sufficiency in their delivery, which sounded as if they were speaking to themselves and not to their audience—a trait which was as tiresome as the "hums," "haws," and "damnable iterations" which was, and may be is, the fashion of the House of Commons. If I may speak of my own narrow experience, I have occasionally heard an Irishman address audiences, composed almost exclusively of Englishmen and Scotchmen, and I found that his words were followed with an almost breathless attention, and cheered with a warmth that our friends from beyond the channel never evoked. Perhaps it was the soft brogue, and "syllables that speak of the sweet South" that wound round their hearts more easily than the spiny emblem of Scotland or the rugged oak of England could do.

It is a pity that our young men do not more often revert to those masterpieces of noble thought, expressed in crystalline language, which they have inherited from Burke, Sheridan, Grattan and their compeers. I own that some of those, who are now deemed to be great speakers (and even some who are deemed to be great poets), weary me, and I suppose that I should be burned at the stake for rank heresy, if I cast any doubt on the rhetorical genius of Mr. Gladstone. I, therefore, am afraid to say that Grattan could do as much with one column as Mr. Gladstone could when charging at the head of six. Perhaps, I may do the latter orator an injustice. Perhaps Grattan wished to say what he thought and to impress his sentiments on those who heard them, so he condensed and intensified them in clear-cut periods that they may remain fixed in the hearer's mind. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone wishes occasionally to veil what he thinks with a cloud of — words and a mist of qualifications which leave but a nebulous

image with no distinct contour. Mind I do not mean that he always does so. Sometimes, especially when he is roused, he "tricks his beams anew, and flames in the forehead of the morning sky"—clear, brilliant, and scintillating with genius.

Of all modern Englishmen, perhaps John Bright comes nearer to the model for young men to study. So thoughtful and grave, and yet not without humour to vivify his words, with a depth of feeling rarely displayed, and with a diction in which the powers of the old English almost equalled the still older Greek, he commanded, he impressed, he convinced those who hung upon words delivered with a rarity of rhythm that rivalled "every mode of the lyre."

Perhaps I may seem to be wandering from the matter which has brought us together to-night, but such is not the case. I wish to point out that, even when using the English language, the Irish author has a distinct *cachet*, and it is this stamp I would wish to preserve to our native coinage. Beranger has sung—

"Qu' on soit Prussien en Prusse,
En Angleterre qu' on soit Anglais,
Qu' on soit Rusien en Russe,
Mais en France soyons Français."

But there are creatures who fear to be recognised as Irish, they assume an electro-plated accent which is "neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring," and their struggles in these foreign bonds always remind me of Laocoon and his sons writhing in the toils of Python, for, as some one cruelly said of an animated Irish speaker, they "have all the contortions, without any of the prophetic inspiration, of the Sibyl." For my own part I have always found that in well-bred English society to be an Irishman of any tolerable education was not a fault but a merit, and I have never attempted to conceal beneath a bad imitation of officer talk, the native grace of accent, which, like reading, writing and arithmetic, comes to us all by nature.

A word of our writers of fiction. As truly as Scott painted the portrait of the Scotchman, so did Griffin, Banim, Carleton and others carve in enduring material the features of their compatriots. The race is not extinct, and I may be permitted to single out one of our present writers, the Hon. Emily Lawless. I think I may point to her last work, "Grania," as a classic, perhaps, more intensely Irish than any I ever read, as a study of the lonely people of Arran absolutely true, and in tenderness and pathos not exceeded by any work of our day.

The object we all have at heart is to encourage good literature, and above all things to make it Irish. Thank God, our literature has ever been pure, and that purity of which our women and their mankind are justly proud has infiltrated into our literature. None of the prurience that disgraces the press of France, and for a long time disfigured English publications also, ever came from Ireland since the time of Swift, and even his sins were more against good taste than against morality. Whether he is to be counted an Irishman or not, some allowances must be made for his environment. He rose at a time when manners were poisoned by the wits of the Restoration, stimulated into rebellion by the opposite extravagances of the Puritans. At all events, since his day the stream of our literature has run clear and unpolluted, fit to reflect the azure sky and the silver clouds which it mirrored in its wave. Such it was, and so may it continue—not of the earth, but from above, rippling with its pleasant music over many a mountain pebble, and anon spreading into a heather-girt loch, onwards and onwards, still gaining volume and strength, but losing nought of the chastity of the fountain whence it sprung. As all beauty is built up in the eye, so all literature is grounded on the breasts of those to whom it is addressed. Abjure the festering marish mosses that poison so much of the literary food of the day, and seek a higher and a healthier pasture “among the fair hills of holy Ireland.”

SECOND NATURE.

CHILD :

O H! mother, see yon sailor high in air
On the strained rope that seems a spider's thread—
The floating pennant waves above his head,
As if to laud his dauntless courage there.

How does he stand upon the giddy ropes?
But what! I hear his voice upon the breeze
Break out in song above the deep blue seas
As though in joy of heart at landward hopes.

How can he sing above the great ship's arms?
Is his another nature from mine own?
To carol where the wild winds sadly moan
And whirling sea-birds scream their shrill alarms.

MOTHER :

Dost thou not know, my child, *her* magic hand
That each one with a second nature dowers?
How Habit, fair queen-regent of man's powers,
Has made him there at home, as thee on land.

That sailor-boy was none more brave than thou
Till every sense made friends of all without,
And eye and ear and touch and mind could flout
The terrors custom makes no terrors now.

With what sweet, easy, rapid, fairy touch
Thy sister Ethel moves her hand along
Her harp, and wakes such syren notes of song
As makes thy childish wonder all too much!

Yet thou didst at her small beginnings smile
And mock in play. Dost not remember this?
Wouldst laugh until she wept, then with a kiss
Soon make it up, and let her hope awhile.

Last night, as thou didst read to me, what joy!
Thy voice with such sweet cadence rose and fell
In golden mean, for I remembered well
When with such things my darling could not toy.

Sweet child, it is by Habit virtues grow,
Our vagrant powers are channeled unto right,
And hand and heart and mind assume the might
That gives us mastery over all below.

Nay, even in those virtues from above,
That come in grace's train, with grace infused,
'Tis but the habit with which these are used
Adds to their bloom the fruit of perfect love.

For she alone gives intellect such glow
That clear we see the good is but the true,
And warms the heart, till with affection new
We love the good at first we did but know.

So, reason wedded to a queenly will,
Ease, grace and power mark all the courtly train
Of virtuous deeds that deck their royal reign,
And with sublimer hopes their nuptials fill.

J. N.

THE THREE THERMOMETERS.

EVERYBODY knows what a thermometer is. That never-ceasing subject of conversation—the weather—which, quite as a matter of course, crops up when there is an awkward pause in the small talk of the day, how could we properly discuss it without the aid of the thermometer to tell us of the change of temperature which it records so carefully from time to time? So the little tube with its terminal bulb and its liquid contents, white mercury or red spirit, is carefully scanned, and its graduated scale duly noted at the point where the contained column comes to an end. But now arise the difficulty and the confusion when that point is observed: what number is recorded there? Suppose three observers have three several thermometers, one a Fahrenheit, another a Réaumur, and the third a Celsius (Centigrade). The first says, let us suppose, that the temperature recorded on his instrument is one hundred and twelve degrees (112°). “No,” says the second “it is forty (40°).” “Quite incorrect,” observes the third; “my Celsius tells me it is fifty (50°).” Why this difference between the three thermometers which, curiously enough, are all correct, and record the same temperature? For a fourth person may come in with another thermometer which ranges the three scales side by side, and the single column of liquid corresponds at once to the three disputed numbers.

What is the explanation of this confusion? Why are not the three scales reduced to one, or why were they ever made to differ? The answer is simple enough. The three scales were invented by three philosophers, Fahrenheit, Réaumur, and Celsius, quite independently of one another, and their results were received by different nations, and maintained up to the present time with that well-known obstinacy which makes nations, like individuals, most tenacious about the smallest matter. It is reported that the German Empire is about giving up the Réaumur scale; so, perhaps, it is as well that we should say our say of the three scales while there are three still to discuss.

It is worth recording that only within the last two years has the principle upon which Fahrenheit constructed the scale of his thermometer been brought to light by the investigations of Professor Gamgee of Owen's College. Our text books tell us nothing

about it, simply because their compilers knew nothing, while philosophers of name have gone sadly astray in their suggestions as to the origin, about which they knew as little as the compilers.

Let us consider upon what the construction of the scale depends in the thermometer. There must be two fixed points determined; when these are secured, the intermediate space in the scale may be divided into small but equal lengths. Of course the bulb and part of the tube are filled with the liquid, mercury or spirit, and then heated until the air is driven out at the top and the liquid fills the whole interior. Then the tube is closed by a flame that melts its top, and so is hermetically sealed. As the liquid cools it shrinks, and so a comparative vacuum is left in the upper part of the tube.

Fahrenheit then set to work to find the lowest temperature and to mark that point when the column of liquid stood lowest. He chose a mixture of salt and ice, which was the coldest combination then known, and in this he placed his thermometer, and marked that point as zero (0°). Now for his other fixed point; it was that of the temperature of a healthy man. So he put his thermometer into the mouth or under the armpit of such a person, and found by many similar experiments that the liquid stood at the same height in all cases. There then he had his two fixed points, and having determined these on his scale, he proceeded to divide the intermediate space into an equal number of degrees. First, he divided it into twenty-four, then into forty-eight, and then into ninety-six, finding the advantage of having small and numerous divisions to record more accurately small variations of temperature; and he chose a multiple of eight, as admitting more divisions into whole numbers than any other number.

Then he plunged his thermometer thus graduated into melting ice and found the column of liquid to rise one-third of the way between zero and ninety-six, that is, at thirty-two degrees (32°)—and that is the simple explanation of what has so long puzzled philosophers, namely, the reason of freezing point being marked as 32° .

These experiments were made with spirits of wine coloured red, that the height of the column might be accurately noted. Such instruments were used for many years before Amanton discovered that, under a constant pressure, the boiling point of water is constant. To test and give precision to this discovery, Fahrenheit

had to refill his thermometers or to construct new ones in which mercury was substituted for the colored spirit, for the latter would pass from liquid into vapour at this higher temperature, and so would no longer record the expansion of liquid. And then he was able to lengthen his tube and to expand the mercury by increasing heat until he reached the boiling point of water when the mercury stood on his prolonged graduation of the old scale at two hundred and twelve degrees—just one hundred and eighty degrees above his freezing point of water. And here, again, is the simple and natural explanation of what puzzled physicists, who explained the mystical number, one hundred and eighty, in many ways but the right, and saw in it, like Tate, an imitation of the graduation of a semicircle, and then they discovered an altogether satisfactory but totally inaccurate reason, in that Celsius and Réaumur long afterwards made their respective scales between the freezing and boiling points, one into eighty and the other into one hundred; and what more natural than that Fahrenheit by anticipation made his interval equal to the sum of theirs, which were not yet invented!

Of course Fahrenheit continued his tube and scale high above boiling point, in some cases up to six hundred degrees. Thus, then, are the mysteries of the freezing point (32°) and the long interval between it and boiling point (212°) of one hundred and eighty degrees, which has so long puzzled the scientific world, made clear to the ordinary user of the Fahrenheit thermometer by hunting out the records of the great philosopher himself.

Next came Réaumur, who worked in a more scientific way, and aimed at a more perfect system, which, however, as many German systems do, failed in its end, and had to be simplified before it could be brought into general use. He computed the volume of the bulb, and so graduated the tube that the space therein between two divisions was equal to one-thousandth part of that volume. He found his zero (0°) by placing it in freezing water, and then placing it in boiling water he marked the point to which it rose as his second fixed point, and called it eighty degrees. By this time it was known that there were many lower temperatures than Fahrenheit's salt and ice, and, therefore, degrees below Réaumur's zero were to be reckoned downwards with negative signs, as, for instance, minus twenty degrees (-20°) meant twenty degrees below the temperature of freezing water.

He obviously divided his scale into eighty parts for the reason that that number could be divided by two more than any other without involving a fraction.

But then a practical difficulty presented itself—the liquid, when placed in boiling water, did not always rise to the required point of eighty, and then he had to strengthen or dilute it accordingly, and now it had been made a mixture by this process, and so one of the ingredients boiled before the other, and the record was valueless. Then Deluc devised its present form, found the two fixed points from freezing and boiling water, and retained Réaumur's divisions of zero and eighty degrees.

Last came Celsius with his thermometer which gladdened the hearts of the decimal-loving French nation. The change was slight, but satisfying. The freezing point was marked zero, but the boiling point was re-christened one hundred degrees; and as this system is used abroad beyond English-speaking peoples, and as Réaumur is threatened with speedy excommunication by the energetic German Emperor, and as scientific men naturally wish for a uniformity of scale; we may look forward to the triumph of the youngest system of the three; while we, with our conservative instincts, may cling to Fahrenheit as the oldest and best beloved, we may soon see the survival of the fittest, and its assumption of the place which, up to the present time, has been shared between the three thermometers.

HENRY BEDFORD.

ON BUSINESS AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE remarks made in our January issue under the heading "On Business Matters," have already borne excellent fruit, in the direction of placing after the names of all our subscribers the agreeably significant date '93. The above slight addition to the title will widen the scope of these remarks, which may sometimes serve the purpose of the department that is often styled in journals "Answers to Correspondents."

But, before answering questions, we may ask some.

Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam?

Can any one help us to complete a set of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* by supplying a copy of the Magazine for April, 1879? With less

hope we make a like enquiry for the two first numbers, July and August, 1873. Coming down nearer to our own time, we should be very grateful for the January Number of 1890, which has somehow gone out of print earlier than its fellows. This is not the end of our wants, but we may stop there for the present.

What is a *kook*? More puzzling still, what is a *fift-kook*? The table of contents on the cover of our January Number contains that mysterious item. Perhaps it was only an ingenious way of calling attention to Mr. Vincent O'Brien's "gift-books." That cover had not the advantage of passing under these present proof-reading eyes, which however allowed the *Laetare* series of story books published by the Art and Book Company of Leamington to go down to posterity in that month's book-notice as the Lecture Series.

We regret much more than any of our readers the interruption which has taken place in the Memorial Notes on Dr. Russell of Maynooth. But in reality the interesting revelations made in the papers on "The Early Dublin Reviewers" may be considered as belonging to the account of the Maynooth Professor, who was by far the most constant and most industrious of the early Dublin Reviewers. It is another proof of Dr. Russell's quiet and unobtrusive way of working that even to one who was his colleague at the time—the Rev. J. Gunn—it has been a surprise to find how large was his share of the labour of maintaining the great Catholic Quarterly through the whole of its minority.

Let us now return to the business matters which give this paper its title and to which its opening paragraph alludes. We have thanked those who have hastened to enrol themselves among those best patrons of periodical literature—constant subscribers who pay punctually in advance. But our thanks are also due to those subscribers who denied themselves the pleasure of paying their subscription punctually at the beginning of the year and thus saved us from embarrassment. If all did their duty very punctually in this respect, we should be overwhelmed under the avalanche of cheques and postal orders—like that maiden in Roman history who was crushed beneath the bracelets that she had bargained for as the price of her treachery. Some have left their account unsettled because they are uncertain how it stands. Let them remit the sum which they are sure they owe, and our acknowledgment thereof will clear up any doubt remaining on the subject. The

most convenient address for such communications will be found at the top of the first white advertisement page of each number of the Magazine.

It is very desirable, in forwarding renewed subscriptions, to specify the exact address to which the Magazine has hitherto been sent; and new subscribers might kindly give the shortest address that will place the Magazine safely in their hands. Our readers are probably familiar with that venerable chestnut concerning the two lawyer's clerks who were boasting about the amount of business done by their respective firms. The ink bill of one of the firms amounted to—I forget how many hundred pounds a year, any mythical amount that you please; but that was nothing to the other firm that carried on such an extensive correspondence that it saved in ink a hundred a year by not crossing its *t*'s or dotting its *i*'s.

We cannot emulate this lucrative economy; but, when we remember how many hundreds of times our mailing clerks have to write the names and addresses of our constant subscribers, it is a pity to have the trouble increased by the addition of unnecessary particulars.

I know not whence has come this lyric on “The Vital Advantage of Taking a Paper.” The same reasoning applies to Magazines.

I knew two friends as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took a paper, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all could read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and,
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him—as it should.

Had he been reading of the news
At home like neighbour Jim,
I'll bet a cent this accident
Had not befallen him!

In the same pigeonhole with the foregoing I find the following letter which appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* exactly fourteen years ago: for it speaks of our Magazine as being six years old—"Your columns have been suffering lately from an acute attack of cheap periodical on the brain; but perhaps you can still find a corner for another word on the subject. Mrs. Poyser, Dr. Whateley, and an old proverb teach us almost the same lesson, when they say there is no use watering last year's crop, or shivering for last year's snow, or crying over spilt milk. They imply that it is much better to keep the milk safe when we have it, and to do all we can for the crop that is in the ground. Many men and some magazines are more fully appreciated after death than during life. For instance, several of your correspondents have most properly expressed their regret that the *Illustrated Monitor* has perished for want of support; but might they not have seized the occasion of saying a word in favour of THE IRISH MONTHLY which has been six years before the public, and to whose merit your pages have constantly borne generous testimony? A very impartial critic, the *Whitehall Review*, has lately pronounced it "quite the brightest and cleverest of Hibernian Magazines"—a eulogy which, in the present dearth of competition, might remind us of the young gentleman who won second place in a class of two. But, successful as THE IRISH MONTHLY has undoubtedly been, when compared with similar periodicals attempted at various times in Dublin, it is, of course, not what it might be if supported by the additional thousands who could easily afford a yearly subscription of seven shillings towards an enterprise in which so many good and useful objects are involved. It will be but candid to acknowledge that this letter is a miniature edition of *Cicero pro domo sua*, for the writer can lay no claim to impartiality."

The additional thousands have not trooped in; but still *j'y suis et j'y reste*—Maga is still to the fore, and her kind and faithful friends (God bless them) will have no reason to regret their kindness and their fidelity.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "Joan of Arc, by John O'Hagan, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature, Ireland," has been produced with faultless taste by the Publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company, Limited, London. It is a delightful historical essay, fully worthy of Judge O'Hagan's high reputation, both for its literary merits and the judicial calmness in the investigation of the facts of the case. Nowhere can there be found a more masterly survey of the events of French history that culminated in the tragic death of the Maid of Orleans. This sketch alone shows what an admirable historian its author would have been. It is probable that this dissertation will be translated into French, for her own literature contains no abler *plaidoyer* for Joan of Arc and her mission, than this one put forward by the gifted Irish lawyer who has also transplanted with consummate skill from that literature into our own "The Song of Roland." The readers of the present exquisite volume will not be surprised to hear that many are enthusiastically engaged in pressing forward the beatification of *la Pucelle*.

2. "Christopher Columbus, his Life, Labours, and Discoveries," by Mariana Monteiro (John Hodges, Agar St., London) is the newest addition to the series called "Heroes of the Cross," and it is peculiarly opportune at a time when both the New and Old World are ringing with the name of the great and holy man who first made them acquainted with one another, four centuries ago. His newest biographer proclaims herself "a daughter of Spain and Portugal." Why of both? Her style sometimes proclaims it also. It would not be easy to defend the grammar of the last sentence of her preface or of the first sentence of her narrative. The facts of the hero's career are diligently compiled and well arranged. The publisher has brought the work out admirably and very cheaply.

3. The only periodicals belonging to the general world of literature that pay us the compliment of asking our opinion of their merits are *The Review of Reviews* and *The English Illustrated Magazine*; and we feel bound to give them the advantage of our good opinion, for we think highly of them. To be sure *The Review of Reviews* reviews many Reviews of whose principles we strongly disapprove; but this is a fallen world, and if our Imprimatur were a necessary preliminary for the publication of magazine articles, a good many printers in London and Paris would be thrown out of employment. The prohibition of nonsensical poetry and silly stories would have a similar effect. This consideration ought to make us indulgent towards poetasters and harmless scribblers in various departments of "literature."

4. *The American Catholic Quarterly* (Philadelphia: Hardy and Mahony) maintains its high and austere standard of excellence. The most purely literary article that it has lately presented to its readers is in the January Number "Was Tennyson Consistent?" by George Parsons Luthrop, a graceful poet himself, and a convert like his wife, who is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—Hawthorne, the only prose-writer of genius that America has yet produced. Dr. Mivart's "Retrospect" is very interesting, but several of his statements and judgments will be disputed. Another very thoughtful appreciation of the dead Laureate from a Catholic pen is the Rev. John Clancy's article in the February *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. We are delighted to see Miss Tincker's name to a story in *The Catholic World* which has had no fiction to compare with her "House of Yorke" or her "Grapes and Thorns." Miss Louisa May Dalton's name is new to us; her essays in *The Ave Maria* are excellent. We have been edified by the hearty praise given by *The American Messenger of the Sacred Heart* to the excellence of the illustrations of *The Catholic World*—a department which the *Messenger* itself was the first of Catholic magazines to inaugurate. Our friends, *The South African Catholic Magazine*, *The Illustrated Catholic Missions*, and *The Catholic School and Home Magazine*, are as good as ever; but *The Austral Light* (Melbourne) is greatly improved. Mr. W. H. Archer, K.C.B., contributes a valuable sketch of Sir John O'Shannassy, who has figured in our own "Sketches in Irish Biography." "A Notorious Australian Banker" is another interesting and very appropriate item in an Australian Magazine. But how well they print and engrave in the United States! No magazine of the sort can surpass or perhaps equal a volume of *The American Messenger of the Sacred Heart* with its red binding; and its humbler companion Magazine, *The Pilgrim*, is almost handsomer still in blue.

5. "A History of the Limerick Holy Family" (Limerick: T. O'Connor) has been published on the occasion of the silver jubilee of the Confraternity which bears that name. It is attached to the beautiful Church of the Redemptorists, in Limerick, and, even if we had not known it before, this little book would prove its claim to be reckoned among the most flourishing sodalities in the Catholic Church. The sketch is very skilfully put together, and must be most touchingly interesting to those who are acquainted with the Fathers whose zealous labours are referred to. Of these many are dead, the best known being Father Harbison. Father Bridgett, who has done so much for Catholic literature, had a chief part in the establishment of the Holy Family, and his page of reminiscences of early difficulties is extremely entertaining. The most edifying consideration is how, through all deaths and changes, and flight of years, such an organization has been kept up in all its vigour, four or five thousand strong. *Floreat in aeternum!* May its golden jubilee be recorded in as interesting a memorial as the present little brochure.

6. "The Dangers of the Age and the Remedy," by a Missionary Priest (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.), is an admirable little book, full of zeal and wisdom, which will be found very useful for distribution among the people. Priests will find in it many excellent suggestions. May God bless our good priests and our good people!

7. Really clever and interesting and, at the same time, harmless, and better than harmless novels are the great desideratum of lending libraries. Therefore, though they by no means come under the category of "new books," we will take occasion from the recent death of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, to recommend her novels "My Own Familiar Friend," "The Bucklyn Shaig," etc. Besides works of fiction, she published three very remarkable books, "The Divine Sequence," "The Eternal Years," and "The Divine Ideal." This gifted woman was daughter of Lord Leconfield and mother of the Marchioness of Queensberry. She was a devout convert.

8. Newer contributions to the stock of harmless fiction are "A Sevenfold Treasure," by Miss Dobree and "A Mother's Sacrifice," by Miss Clarke. They are recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society and are such large and handsome volumes that the price (one shilling) is an agreeable surprise. Each contains several pleasant and edifying stories. The same indefatigable and enterprising Society, which is certainly worthy of encouragement from our priests and people, has also published five lectures of Canon Brownlow on English Church History, and an admirable essay by the Rev. Michael Maher, S.J., on "Recent Evidence for the Authenticity of the Gospels," namely, Tatian's Diatesseron, with an appendix on the Gospel according to St. Peter. Many a pretentious volume has a much scantier equipment of accurate and well-digested erudition than this modest pamphlet with paper cover. As this paragraph began with harmless stories, we may end it by recommending Mrs. Corballis' "Raoul de Bérignan," published by Burns and Oates with their usual good taste as regards type and binding.

9. Besides three thousand copies printed by Burns and Oates of London, a special American edition has just appeared of "Moments before the Tabernacle," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. The publishers are Messrs. Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, who have even surpassed the London edition in the neatness of binding and typography.

10. We are delighted to see "The Irish Catholic Directory and Almanac" competing at last in neatness and completeness with "The English Catholic Directory." No doubt it will henceforth rival also its Saxon counterpart in the punctuality of its appearance. It is edited at the great ecclesiastical College of Maynooth, and it is published by the historic Catholic Firm of James Duffy and Co., 15 Wellington Quay, Dublin. Besides a full catalogue of the names and addresses of all the bishops and priests of Ireland, it contains a vast mass of most interesting information about the population of Ireland, emigration, the General Election of 1892, education, and a great many other topics. In fifty or a hundred years how invaluable will be a complete series of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Directory* if it be edited like this! By the way, what is the meaning of "Ara Coeli," appended to the name of the Primate of All Ireland? Perhaps we are betraying gross ignorance by asking the question; and therefore

we will note a decided mistake. Sir Edmund Bradstreet, the successor of the pious Baronet, Sir John Bradstreet, who was Judge Waters' predecessor as President of the Vincent de Paul Society, is not a Catholic. Sir John Bradstreet was a convert. He had no children or brothers.

11. Messrs. Burns and Oates have submitted to our notice two foreign publications, for which they are the agents. One is the latest contribution on the Jesuit side to the controversy whether St. Thomas was a Thomist as regards *prædeterminatio physica*. The expert to whom we entrusted this work has not sent us his appreciation of it in time for the present issue. The other book is the first that we have seen fortified with the Imprimatur of "Ludovicus Martin," the new General of the Society of Jesus. It is the first volume of a French translation of *Meditations on the Life of Our Lord*, written in German by Father Maurice Meschler, S.J., who has striven to turn to devotional purposes the researches of modern commentators, his introduction being a minute account of the country and people of Judea, and their condition at the time of the Redemption.

12. The neat and modest volume containing the Rev. P. Sabela's Lenten Sermons on the Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ (London: Burns and Oates) has reached a second edition. A second edition also comes to us from Mr. Herder, of St. Louis, Missouri, of a very useful and interesting little book, "A Practical Guide for Catholics," by a Missionary Priest of the diocese of St. Joseph in that State, who, of course, cannot go very deeply into things, seeing that in less than seventy small pages of large type he discusses several other topics beside the Parish Church, sick calls, parish schools, marriage, mixed marriages, obstacles in the way of marriage, Baptism, Confession, Communion, holidays, societies.

13. We do not know the history or authorship of a sixpenny brochure by O. F. P. C., who is the author of "Civil Principality," etc. One peculiarity of his present publication is that it begins with page 103. It is published by Burns and Oates. It is entitled "The Theocracy and the Law of National Caducity," and it professes to be a reply to recent dissertations on the Temporal Power in the *New Review*, *Spectator*, *Contemporary Review*, etc.

14. The most interesting book this month has reached us last. The title, "Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson," is very properly shortened on the cover into "Brownson's Views," and it is compiled from the twenty volumes of Dr. Brownson's writings by his son, Mr. Henry Brownson, who has, perhaps, taken as his model in the compilation "The Characteristics of John Henry Newman." It is brought out admirably by the eminent publishers, Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. No one with any remembrance of the great American convert, and his history, can glance at the table of contents without being anxious to know such a man's "views" on the various and very numerous topics skilfully grouped under the special headings, "Literature," "Education," "the Sciences," "the United States," "Political Economy," "Civil and Religious Liberty," "Philosophy," and "the Philosophy of the Supernatural." Every page shows a strong and original thinker wielding an admirable style.

APRIL, 1893.

CATHOLICITY IN MODERN POETRY.

THE modern poetry in which I am about to attempt to trace the influence and the workings of Catholicity does not include the poetry in general of the Nineteenth Century. It dates from among the thirties only, and might be described—speaking generally—as the poetry produced during the Victorian era. It is bounded by Tennyson's first book on the one end and by his last book on the other. It includes, besides that illustrious name, many other writers, each with some peculiar beauty or merit of his own, of whom Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Swinburne, and Rossetti may be cited as the chief examples. It is not my intention to examine, be it ever so briefly, the qualities of the distinguished men I have named; neither will I venture to gather from their works, be it ever so slightly, the characteristics of the school to which they all more or less belong. But there is one feature of nearly all this poetry at once so striking and of such painful interest that I cannot pass it by without notice, especially as such notice will form the most appropriate introduction to that one phase of modern poetry with which I am at present concerned.

Turn over the pages of any of the poets I have mentioned, and one would be inclined to think that time had rolled back some nineteen hundred years, that Paganism with its longing doubts and dim glimmerings of truth was still the only faith of a world yet unredeemed; that poor humanity had no better guides than its own unaided reason; that Peter had never suffered nor Paul preached, and that the great mysteries of Bethlehem and Calvary were things of the long looked for future. The origin and destiny of man, the meaning of death, the ultimate fate of our race, and

the possibilities of a life to come, might have been fit subjects for a Lucretius in the declining days of Paganism; but they seem strangely out of place in what claims to be the poetry of an era which calls itself Christian. And yet this poetry is haunted and possessed by problems such as these. Take, for example, the famous poem of the great singer who "crossed the bar" a few months ago, and round whose fresh grave the thanks and memories and reverential regrets of the whole English-speaking race are gathered, I mean the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson. What is it but a long series of questionings and agonizing doubts about a future state? Is there any future life at all? If so, of what kind will it be, and in what companionship will it be spent? Will the consciousness of that future life be continuous with the consciousness of this? These are the "spectres of the mind" which haunt the poet, and which he strives to face, but which he is wholly unable to lay. His verse is full of such phrases as "the painful riddle of the earth," something in the world amiss which "will be unriddled by and by." He seems to look for the hopes of human perfectibility, not to the future of the individual in another world, but to the future of the race in this, and his idea of religion is conveyed in the comfortless assertion—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

I confess I could not follow the reasonings of the optimistic clergyman who, alluding from his pulpit to the recent death of the poet, could not see in these lines any traces of scepticism, but professed to find in them the confident expressions of a Christian faith.

In his "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," Browning speaks of himself as been foolish for expanding

In the lazy glow of benevolence
O'er the various modes of men's belief—

and his theology may be summed up in this, that all forms of belief are equally untrue, but that as all forms have some good in them, one of them is better than scepticism, and the choice is to be made by sticking to whatever form a man may happen to be born in.

Matthew Arnold tells us :—

Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead—

And sad, indeed, when one thinks of his history, is the forlorn state of mind depicted in the stanza :—

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head ;
Like these on earth, I wake forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world divide,
I come to shed them at their side.

Mr. Swinburne boldly breaks through all bonds of order, religion, and decency ; flies back to the gods and goddesses of Greece for repose and shelter for the difficulties which perplex his brethren, laments their dethronement, and prophesies their restoration in vigorous and passionate verse—verse often exquisite in its form and language, but oftener poor and degraded in its licentiousness and blasphemy.

Mr. William Morris goes back to the same classical sources, but he does so with gentleness and tender grace. Here is the task he sets himself :

I sing,
From what dim memories may chance to cling,
About men's hearts of lovely things once sung,
Beside the sea, while yet the world was young.

But though he infuses a modern flavour into ancient and classic themes, and though he presents them to us in verse always polished and musical and decked with graceful fancies, the hearts of men are none the better nor their heads any the wiser for the stories of the "Earthly Paradise" or for his latest poem, a modern version of the Niebelungen Lied. There are themes more suited to the realities of our age than Bellerophon, or Atalanta, or Danae in her brazen tower, or the voyage of Hercules ; and though his latest poem is one of great power and beauty, there is little to be learned from hearing how Siguy changed shapes with the witch wife, or how Sigurd rode to the glittering heath, or took to himself the treasure of the elf Andvari.

Is, then, all our recent poetry as cheerless and sceptical as this ? Are there none amongst our modern poets, who, clinging to what Tennyson in one of his latest sonnets was pleased to call a "hoar high-templed faith," strive to answer his question.

If any golden harbour be for men,
In seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt.

It would, indeed, be strange if the Catholic Church whose vocation it has ever been to battle with scepticism and to overcome it—a Church whose glory it has ever been to purify European literature from the taint of paganism and unbelief; a Church which has rescued Art from being the slave of licentiousness and made it the handmaid of its devotions; a Church which for nigh nineteen centuries, while changeless in its teachings, has been ever ready to supply each new want and to meet each new emergency with the fitting weapons; it would, I say, be strange if that Church could not in these days have found amongst her children some at all events strong and brave and gifted enough to carry on the same high mission, to show that the poet might be united with the Catholic, and that poetry gained a new power and a fitting application to the wants of the age which heard it, when a Catholic's faith kept its wonderings in check, and a Catholic's hopes gave it its best inspirations. And as might have been expected from the history of the Church's workings in the past, so has it been in the present. There has arisen for the first time in the history of English literature a school of Catholic poets whose poems are truly and essentially Catholic. In no way else could the mixture of irreligion and paganism I have spoken of have been met and counteracted; and so in the midst of the infidel and doubting band who are claimed as the poets of the age are Catholic poets giving to the world Catholic poems which in strength and beauty and imaginative power and graceful fancy can rival the best productions of their better known contemporaries.

I use the expressions Catholic poets and Catholic poems together, and I do so advisedly. There have been in English literature great poets who were Catholics. Shakespere, very probably, Chaucer, Massinger, Dryden and Pope certainly, professed the same faith that we do. But their poems, great and lasting as they all are and will be, are not Catholic. So, too, there are poets who have given us poems which at first sight seem to be Catholic. They deal so much with the history of our church and her saints, her rites and her sacraments, her teachings and her influences, and all else that a Catholic is taught to know and revere, and they deal with them at the same time with such admiring respect and so much apparently real veneration. I may mention as the best representatives of this

latter class the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" of Wordsworth, "The Evangeline," and "Golden Legend" of Longfellow, and the recently published "Vision of Saints," by Mr. Lewis Morris, in which he deals with the stories of Christian saints and martyrs in the same melodious and often lofty verse as he had dealt with the divinities and heroes of Greece in his "Epic of Hades." But if all their works, beautiful as they are, are closely examined, it will be found that the Catholicity is on the surface only. What seemed to be religion is seen on a closer view to be mere sentimentality. The teaching rite or healing sacrament is valued not its mystical significance or spiritual efficacy but for its artistic beauty. The incidents in the life of monk or nun or saint or martyr are viewed only as opportunities for artistic portraiture or picturesque detail. It was reserved for our time to have amongst us writers who, themselves Catholics, have been wise and brave enough to allow their faith and their religion to influence and to illuminate their verse, and for whom in turn that faith and that religion has shed on their verse a consecration far above any dream of poet, and

" A light that never was on sea or land."

One would little expect to find the flowers of poetry springing up from the brain that thought out the "Grammar of Assent," or blossoming under the trenchant pen that wrote the "Apologia." Yet John Henry Newman, the great master of a prose, the purest, perhaps, in English literature, unrivalled for its terse simplicity, keen in its remorseless logic, and often chary of ornament even to austerity, has also won for himself a position, high, indeed, and perhaps unique amongst the poets of the Nineteenth Century.

The poetical work of Newman is to be found in a volume published under the modest title of "Verses on Various Occasions." Although some of the verses in the volume are dated so far back as 1826, no complete or collected edition of his poems was published until the end of 1867. We learn from himself that a chief portion of the volume grew out of the religious movement with which his name is linked for ever. In the *Apologia* Newman tells us that he has ever considered and kept Sunday, the 14th July, 1833, as the start of this movement. It was on that day that Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit, which was published afterwards under the title "National

Apostasy." Some of the poems were written before ever the movement was commenced, and long before the writer became a Catholic. But the spirit of Catholicity breathes through the volume from beginning to end. The longings after truth, the wistful yearnings after the faith which colour the earlier poems, give place in those later on to a holy peace, a lofty devotion and an earnest desire that others should reach the same "golden harbour" that he had gained. In this volume, as clearly as in the *Apologia*, may be read the history of his religious opinions. I have compared many contemporary passages in both, and I can promise any one who will do the same a study as interesting as it will be instructive. Let me give an example. In May or June, 1833, Newman was in Sicily, and was preparing to come back to England, where, as he told Cardinal (then Dr.) Wiseman, he had a work to do. Here is the prose record of the religious feelings at the time:—"Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for my journey. Before starting from my inn on the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant who had acted as my nurse asked me what ailed me. I could only answer him 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home, yet for the want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend the services. I knew nothing of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament then." The poetical record of this phase of his mind is kept in lines written at the time in Palermo, entitled, "The Good Samaritan." Here is the first stanza:—

O that thy creed were sound!
 For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome.
 By thy unwearied watch and varied round
 Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
 I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
 But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
 Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful gloom.

And it is not only his religious aspirations and opinions that are reflected in Newman's poems. They contain a faithful record as well of human feelings and earthly hopes. Thus in the chapter of the *Apologia* in which he describes his leaving Oxford after his conversion, he says:—"Trinity has never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite

my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death in my University." We find the same feeling recorded in the touching and graceful lines on "Snapdragon" written on the 2nd October, 1827. The most important poem in the volume, and which I venture to think is one of the most remarkable poems in our language, is "The Dream of Gerontius." If I was asked to give an example of what I meant when I spoke a moment ago of a Catholic poem by a Catholic poet, I would name "The Dream of Gerontius" as the most perfect specimen I know of. Its subjects are of deep, universal and appalling interest. Death, Judgment, Punishment after death, and in the end immortal happiness, are the themes that are dealt with. These themes are not new to poetry. Dante, himself a Catholic, in the Thirteenth Century, has given us his visions of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and given them in a poem which the world admits to be a masterpiece. But it was Virgil who conducted the great Florentine to Hell, and it was by Beatrice, his boyish love, that he was shown the path to Heaven. The Hell of Dante is the classic Tartarus with Acheron and Charon and the ferry boat complete, and it is Minos who condemns the lost souls of sinful men to punishments whose types are the vulture of Prometheus and the wheel of Ixion. Far different is the treatment of the same themes in the poem we are now considering. Gerontius is not allowed to enter into the world to come save through the same dark gate we must all one day traverse. The judgment to which he is called is the judgment we are taught of in our Catechism; his guide to the Judgment Seat is the Angel whose protecting influences have been around him from his cradle to his death-bed; the cleansing fires through which he passes to happiness is the Purgatory of our faith, and the Judge who pronounces his sentence is no mythical Minos, "grinning with ghastly features," but is the Eternal Judge of the living and the dead. The poem opens round the bed on which Gerontius lies dying. Every aid that the Church can give to her dying children is with him in his last hour. A priest and his assistants recite the last offices, and loving friends are round him who obey with sad but willing fervour the touching request,

"So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."

As the prayers cease, he takes up the strain, and spends his final

moments in making a profession of faith, and this act of resignation :—

And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.

With these words on his lips he dies, but to awake immediately to another life.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as if I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said
" He's gone ; " and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry *subvenite* ; and they knelt in prayer.

Then he feels that some one, as it were, holds him " within his ample palm " and bears him forward. Presently he hears a " heart-subduing melody." It is the Guardian Angel who sings rejoicingly the ending of his task :—

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia !
For evermore.

When the Angel has ceased his song, the disembodied soul addresses him, and is by him instructed and prepared for the judgment to which it is being carried. This part of the poem, especially the colloquy between the soul and the Angel, is, in my opinion, the most interesting of all. I do not know whether to admire most its delicate suggestiveness, its graceful but subdued imagery, its idealized scholasticism, and, if I may venture to say so, its accurate theology. The passage is much too long for quotation. The journey heavenward goes on. Close on the Judgment Court the demons gather :—

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell.

And they chant a mocking strain of grim humour and wild power. After passing through various choirs of evangelicals, all singing appropriate hymns, the soul, still guided by its Guardian Angel, enters the House of Judgment.

The smallest portion of this edifice,
Cornice or frieze, or balustrade or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
• Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

The Angel then finally prepares the soul to meet its Judge, and they gain

The stairs,
Which rise towards the Presence-Chamber ; there
A band of mighty angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

The lintels of the Presence-Chamber vibrate and echo back the strain ; and the threshold, as they traverse it,

Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

The Angel then announces that the Judgment is at hand, and amidst the prayerful pleadings of the Angel of the Agony, the soul of Gerontius goes before its Judge. No attempt is made to describe in words the awful meeting. It is well told to the imagination in the utterances of the soul after the Judgment is over, and in the responsive action of the Angel.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

And the Angel takes it away, and consigns it as a precious charge to the Angels of Purgatory until the day when he "shall reclaim it for the courts of light."

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
 In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
 And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
 I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.
 And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
 And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
 Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
 Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.
 Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
 Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
 And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
 Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.
 Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
 Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
 Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

There are many others of Cardinal Newman's poems from which we are certain to carry away some lesson worthy of remembrance. Particularly worthy of notice are, "Our Future," "The Progress of Unbelief," "The Two Worlds," "The Elements," the sonnet, "Substance and Shadow," and the now world-famous hymn, "The Pillar of the Cloud," generally known by its opening words, "Lead, Kindly Light." Let us part from the great Oratorian with one quotation more, which strikes, as it were, the key-note of all his verse, and which conveys a lesson that in these days cannot be taught too persistently.

Dim is the philosophic flame,
 By thoughts severe unfed;
 Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
 Nor gifts when faith was dead.

R. P. CARTON.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE CHINESE LILY—A SYMBOL.

I.

(A Month ago.)

AN ivory table, carved and chaste,
 Whereon a jewell'd hand hath plac'd
 A brazen bowl, with pebbles filled,
 Brimming with water thrice distill'd,
 Where floats a bulb, unsightly, brown,
 Brought from a far-off Chinese town.

The wintry twilight clouds the room,
 And, on her couch, amid the gloom,
 A small, distorted figure lies
 Beside the fire. With dreaming eyes,
 Watching the bulb, she murmurs low :
 " Dear Master, bid Thy lily blow ! "

II.

(To-day.)

The room is rosed with vernal light.
 Like lances, stack'd by fairy knight,
 The serried blades of living green
 Rise from the bulb in brilliance keen,
 Each emerald glory lifting up
 A lily shrining a golden cup !

The couch stands vacant near the door,
 The little dwarf dreams there no more !
 Out of suffring's stony bed,
 Out of the tears in patience shed,
 Her bulb of a warpéd life hath given
 The gold of its lily-bloom to Heaven !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AN EXPERIMENTAL PROOF OF FARADAY'S THEORY.

That Induction is an Action of Contiguous Particles, and not action at a distance.

THE object of the present paper is to invite attention to a very simple experiment which I made some time ago, and which seems to me to be a complete proof of Faraday's great theory that explains all electric and magnetic phenomena without recurring at all to forces acting directly at a distance.

As I do not remember having seen this illustration mentioned, I bring it forward believing it to be, as I have found it, a very simple and satisfactory method of at once teaching a great fundamental truth, and of making it clear to persons of ordinary intelligence.

But before describing any experiment I propose to introduce it by one or two paragraphs from Professor Helmholtz's London Lecture (which he repeated in Dublin) in which he briefly sets forth what Faraday has done, and how he was led to do it, on this great enquiry "regarding the nature of physical forces, and of forces working at a distance."

"The great fundamental problem which Faraday called up anew for discussion was the existence of forces working directly at a distance without any intervening medium. During the last and the beginning of the present century the model after the likeness of which nearly all physical theories had been formed was the force of gravitation acting between the sun, the planets, and their satellites. It is known how with much caution, and even reluctance, Sir Isaac Newton himself proposed his grand hypothesis, which was destined to become the first great and imposing example, illustrating the power of true scientific methods.

"But then came Oerstedt's discovery of the motions of magnets under the influence of electric currents. The force acting in these phenomena had a new and very singular character. It seemed as if it would drive a single isolated pole of a magnet in a circle around the wire conducting the current, on and on without end, never coming to rest. Faraday saw that a motion of this kind could not be produced by any force of attraction or repulsion,

working from point to point. If the current is able to increase the velocity of the magnet, the magnet must react upon the current. So he made the experiment, and discovered induced currents; he traced them out through all the various conditions under which they ought to appear. He concluded that somewhere in a part of the space traversed by magnetic force there exists a peculiar state of tension, and that every change of this tension produces electromotive force.

"This unknown hypothetical state he called provisionally the electrotonic state, and he was occupied for years and years in finding out what was this electrotonic state. He discovered at first, in 1838, the dielectric polarization of electric insulators, subject to electric forces. Such bodies show, under the influence of electric forces, phenomena perfectly analogous to those exhibited by soft iron under the influence of the magnetic force.

"Eleven years later, in 1849, he was able to demonstrate that all ponderable matter is magnetised under the influence of sufficiently intense magnetic force, and at the same time he discovered the phenomena of diamagnetism, which indicated that even space, devoid of all ponderable matter, is magnetisable; and now, with quite a wonderful sagacity and intellectual precision, Faraday performed in his brain the work of a great mathematician without using a single mathematical formula. He saw with his mind's eye that by these systems of tensions and pressures produced by the dielectric and magnetic polarization of space which surrounds electrified bodies, magnets or wires conducting electric currents, all the phenomena of electro-static, magnetic, electro-magnetic attraction, repulsion, and induction could be explained, without recurring at all to forces acting directly at a distance.

"This was the part of his path where so few could follow him; perhaps a Clerk Maxwell, a second man of the same power and independence of intellect, was necessary to reconstruct in the normal methods of science, the great building, the plan of which Faraday had conceived in his mind and attempted to make visible to his contemporaries.

"Nevertheless, the adherents of direct action at a distance have not yet ceased to search for solutions of the electro-magnetic problem. The present development of science, however, shows, as I think, a state of things very favourable to the hope that Faraday's fundamental conceptions may in the immediate future

receive general assent. His theory, indeed, is the only existing one which is at the same time in perfect harmony with the facts observed, and which at least does not lead into any contradiction against the general axioms of dynamics."

I hope to make the use of the experiment of which I have to write, more obvious, by quoting Faraday's own words; selecting a few numbered paragraphs from his "Experimental Researches in Electricity," which occur in the eleventh and twelfth series of his papers written in November, 1837, and January, 1838, and reprinted by him in 1839 from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.

The experiment itself is made by means of Voss's self-charging Induction Electrical Machine: the most complete and effective, I think, of its kind. As is well-known, the action by which electricity is herein developed is solely induction. There is no friction whatever; and when the revolving plate is set in motion a series of sparks follow one another in rapid succession between the two poles; traversing, of course, the atmosphere which lies between them, and which is, in this case, Faraday's dielectric; for, as he maintains, there are no forces acting directly at a distance. "This induction (1295) appears to be essentially an action of contiguous particles" [in this case, particles of air] "through the intermediation of which the electric force originating or appearing at a certain place is propagated to, or sustained at a distance, appearing there as a force of the same kind exactly equal in amount, but opposite in its direction and tendencies."

He had said before (1164) "I was led to suspect that common induction itself was in all cases an action of contiguous particles and that electrical action at a distance (that is ordinary inductive action) never occurred except through the influence of the intervening matter." He explains his use of the expression contiguous particles in a note, thus—"The word contiguous is perhaps not the best that might have been used here and elsewhere; for as particles do not touch each other it is not strictly correct. I was induced to employ it, because in its common acceptation it enabled me to state the theory plainly and with facility. By contiguous particles I mean those that are next."

Perhaps the more recent views of the Ether* will enable us to

*"This is the only substance we are confident of in Dynamics. One thing we are sure of and that is the real substantiality of the luminiferous Ether."—*Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin)*.

"Wave Theory of Light," vol. I., p. 310.

fill up these gaps between the particles, and to make the term "contiguous" literally correct.

Again, he goes on to say (1165) "At present I believe ordinary induction in all cases to be an action of contiguous particles consisting in a species of polarity, instead of being an action of either particles or masses at sensible distances."

Further on (1377) he says, fairly and modestly enough, and yet with the confidence derived from repeated experiments: "Here I think my view of induction has a decided advantage over others, especially over that which refers the retention of electricity on the surface of conductors in air to the pressure of the atmosphere."

The latter is the view which, being adopted by Poisson and Biot, is also, I believe, that generally received, and it associates two such dissimilar things, as the ponderous air and the subtle and even hypothetical fluid or fluids of electricity, by gross mechanical relations by the bonds of mere static pressure. My theory, on the contrary, sets out at once by connecting the electric forces with the particles of matter; it derives all its proof and even its origin in the first instance from experiment; and then, without any further assumption, seems to offer at once a full explanation of these and many other singular, peculiar, and, I think, hitherto unconnected effects."

Bearing in mind what Faraday is so earnest in impressing upon us, that (1364) "All results are obtained with the use of air as a dielectric between the conducting surfaces," we may take as his explanation of the phenomenon of the passage of sparks between the two poles of Voss's machine the following (1298):—"Induction appears to consist in a certain polarized state of the particles" (of the air) "into which they are thrown by the electrified body sustaining the action, the particles assuming positive and negative points or parts, which are symmetrically arranged with respect to each other, and the inducing surfaces or particles. This state must be a forced one, for it is originated and sustained only by force, and sinks to the normal or quiescent state when that force is removed." So we understand that while the machine is in action the particles of air between the poles assume positive and negative points, being symmetrically arranged with respect to each other and the inducing surfaces, and the electricity passes with the rapidity of a flash, and continues to do

so until the action of the machine ceases. This, of course, supposes the air to remain at rest, but what if it is disturbed? What if we blow with a bellows across it, and so disturb and destroy the symmetrical arrangement of the particles of air? According to Faraday's theory the induction along the line of particles must temporarily cease with this scattering by blowing of the particles themselves. Surely this is a fair test of his theory, and its result is fully in accordance with what we should expect; for while we are blowing the spark does not pass; when we cease to blow the new particles of air quickly arrange themselves and the flash appears; we blow again, there is darkness; we cease to blow, and there is light.

Such is my simple experiment, and such the testimony it gives in confirmation of Faraday's theory that "Electrical action at a distance (*i.e.*, ordinary inductive action) never occurred except through the influence of the intervening matter."

May we not hope in conclusion, that the time has now arrived when the theory of direct action at a distance, which has so long blocked the way of scientific investigation by its misinterpretation of facts and assumptions which have been proved to be without foundation, may pass away, and that for the future we may build upon the sure conceptions of Faraday, as explained and developed by Helmholtz, and hold that induction is an action of contiguous particles and not action at a distance?

HENRY BEDFORD.

"**MERE WEEDS.**"

SOME wild flowers strung together—nothing more,
 Unless mayhap, a root the gardener tossed,
 That one picked up chance-wise and reared at cost,
 "Mere weeds," the critics said, and flung them o'er.
 A book of verses thrown upon the floor,
 Too poor to place by learned tomes embossed
 And well insured 'gainst Time's relentless frost;
 And yet—within a heart bruised to the core,
 The writer, 'mid salt shower of tears one day,
 Had slowly turned the pointed steel around,
 And in the fresh wounds opened every time,
 A hand that trembled the red ink-drops found,
 Wherewith was traced each plain and humble rhyme,
 That cooler heads disdainful thrust away.

A. E.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 24—SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

AMONGST the many distinguished men who have occupied the Presidential chair of the Royal Irish Academy none could claim a higher, and, indeed, few, if any, as high a place as Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the greatest of the three Sir William Hamiltons who, nearly contemporaneous, might be said to represent the Three Kingdoms. Of our Sir William it might be said, as Pope said of himself, but in a double sense, “he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came”—so early did he show his mathematical genius and poetical talent.

He was born during the night between the 3rd and 4th of August, 1805, and at first kept his birthday on the 3rd, but thirty years afterwards changed it to the 4th when his second son was born on that day—a curious mark of paternal affection. He was of Scotch extraction, as may be inferred from his name, though his father and grandfather were citizens of Dublin, his grandfather having been an apothecary, and his father gaining a high reputation as a solicitor.

In his second year Hamilton, who had shown signs of unusual intelligence for his age, was sent to his uncle, the Rev. James Hamilton, a man of great ability, who for nearly half a century occupied the humble position of curate at Trim, and who undertook the charge of the boy's education. It proceeded so rapidly that, when three years old, he was able to read better than boys twice his age, and before he was five, he was able to read Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, which were learned rather as an amusement than a task, and at the age of thirteen years he had a sound knowledge of as many languages, including French, Italian, Persian, Arabic, and Hindostani. In the meantime, besides Geography, at which he was proficient, he studied Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra, and with such success that when Zerah Colburn, the American calculating boy, was in Dublin, Hamilton, then about twelve years of age, used to engage in friendly contests, in which Hamilton was often successful, though not in the majority of cases. Before he was fifteen, Hamilton had mastered the elements of astronomy, mechanics, trigonometry, and optics;

and when seventeen, while studying Laplace's great work, the "*Mécanique Céleste*," he discovered an objection to one of the demonstrations. He wrote out this objection at the request of a friend, who showed the paper to the celebrated Dr. Brinkley, then Royal Astronomer of Ireland, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. Dr. Brinkley was so struck by the ability shown in this paper that he asked to be introduced to its author, with whom he established a warm and lasting friendship, and of whom he is reported to have said in the following year: "This young man, I do not say *will be*, but *is*, the first mathematician of the age." High praise, indeed, from so competent a judge.

In 1822 he met Mr. Boyton, a Fellow of Trinity College, who was afterwards his tutor. In a letter home he says:—"I called on Charles Boyton, the Fellow, last week. He was engaged trying to solve a problem in Analytical Geometry, which he showed me, and I had the pleasure of solving it before him; for two days after, when I brought the solution, I found he had not succeeded. Charles Boyton is eminent as a mathematician. He will be my tutor." The problem was the prize question for 1822 from "*The Gentleman's Mathematical Companion*." In the same year Hamilton wrote a paper entitled "*Essay on Equations representing Systems of Right Lines in a Given Plane*," which contains the germ of those investigations on systems of rays which afterwards rendered him famous.

In 1823 he matriculated at Trinity, where he obtained first place at the Entrance Examination against severe competition, a hundred candidates having presented themselves at the same time. This position he maintained during his University career at every examination for which he entered, attaining, besides many premiums, the unique distinction of being twice marked *optimé*, which signified a complete mastery of the subjects (Greek and Mathematical Physics) in which those marks were awarded. He also won two Chancellor's prizes for poems.

In 1824 he sent to the Royal Irish Academy a paper "*On Caustics*," which was afterwards expanded into a paper "*On a Theory of Systems of Rays*," which was read before the Academy in 1827.

The latter paper, the first part of which was published in 1828, established Hamilton's reputation throughout Europe. Amongst the results which he obtained by the application and extension of the

principle of least time, he proved a property of systems of rays proceeding from a point, of the greatest importance in the wave theory of light, and which Malus, the celebrated French Mathematician, had failed after repeated efforts to establish. Another notable result was the remarkable prediction that a single ray of light entering a biaxial crystal in certain directions would emerge, not as a single ray, nor as two rays, but as an infinite number of rays forming a hollow cylinder; this was afterwards experimentally demonstrated by Dr. Lloyd, of Trinity College, the author of a well-known work on the wave theory of light.

Towards the end of 1826, Dr. Brinkley had accepted the bishopric of Cloyne, and on doing so had resigned his position as Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin and Astronomer Royal of Ireland. At this time Hamilton was still an Undergraduate, being occupied in reading for his degree examination, and did not think of applying for a post for which Fellows of his University were candidates, as well as several Englishmen of high qualifications. His name, however, came under discussion before the University authorities, with the result that a week before the appointment was to be made he received a letter from Mr. Boyton, his tutor, advising him to apply for the position. Hamilton came up to town from Trim, and the advice of other friends agreeing with that of Mr. Boyton, he applied, and was unanimously elected, becoming also, by this appointment, one of the Examiners for the Law Prize in mathematics; so that in the spring of 1827, while still an undergraduate, he acted as an examiner of graduates to whom this prize was restricted. He himself graduated in the autumn of the same year.

Hamilton now resided at the Dunsink Observatory, where he carried on the usual routine work of observing, &c., with so much assiduity as to seriously endanger his health, but without that brilliant success which he met with in almost every other subject he undertook. He also delivered lectures in Astronomy in Trinity College, and carried on his mathematical investigations.

Here he was visited by the poet Wordsworth, with whom he had previously corresponded and exchanged poems, and who considered that Hamilton showed great promise as a poet. Here, too, he met Miss Helen Bayly whom he married in 1833, and to whom, during an engagement which had some of the proverbial want of smoothness, he wrote the following sonnet, which, like

others written at the same time, presents a slight mixture of the Professor of Astronomy with the lover :—

Look, love, how beautiful that evening sky,
 The mountain tops basing its throne of gold !
 Yet calm its beauty seems, and almost cold,
 As if Heaven looked on earth disdainfully ;
 Or with at least such high tranquillity
 As that with which thou dost me now behold,
 All warmer feelings to thyself untold,
 In the cold Heaven of maiden modesty.
 But soon shall morning dawn, and the young day
 Blush, keenly kindling to the joyous noon ;
 And so shalt thou that maiden coldness lay
 Aside, and thoughts of love surprise thee soon :
 While I, thy subject Earth, 'neath that glad ray,
 Wake to new life, and light, and morning's boon.

In 1834 he received the Gold Medal of the Royal Society for a paper extending the methods used in his papers on "Systems of Rays." This was the second time he obtained this medal, the first having been awarded for the "Systems of Rays" itself. In the following year, during the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, Hamilton was knighted by the Lord Lieutenant, and two years later, in 1837, he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, on the death of Dr. Lloyd, the Provost of Trinity, who had succeeded Dr. Brinkley in the Presidential Chair. In the same year Sir William became a corresponding member of the Academy of St. Petersburg.

In 1873 Hamilton conceived the first definite idea of the great invention which places him in the first rank of mathematicians—that is, his method of Quaternions. It would be impossible here to give an idea of its character ; it may suffice to say that it is a "Novum Organum" in the same way as Newton's Fluxions and Descartes' system of co-ordinates. In a letter to a friend Hamilton gives an interesting account of his first glimpse of the invention.

To-morrow will be the fifteenth birthday of the Quaternions. They started into life, or light, fully grown, on the 16th of October, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham Bridge, which my boys have since called the Quaternion Bridge. That is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought *close* ; and the sparks which fell from it were the *fundamental equations between i , j , k* ; exactly such as I have used them ever since. I pulled out, on the spot, a note-book which still exists, and made an entry, on which at the very moment, I felt that it might be worth my while to expend the labour of

at least ten (or it might be fifteen) years to come. But, then, it is fair to say that this was because I felt a *problem* to have been at that moment *solved*—an intellectual *want relieved*—which had *haunted* me for at least *fifteen years before*.

"*Less than an hour* elapsed before I had asked and obtained leave of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, of which Society I was, at that time, President—to read at the next General Meeting, a *Paper* on Quaternions, which I accordingly did, on November 13, 1843. .

Although the idea took definite shape in that moment, he had been searching for it years before (the writer of a sketch, published in 1842 in the "Dublin University Magazine," notices his silence and attributes it to the incubation of some great work), and it required five years' continuous work before he commenced his "Lectures on Quaternions" which were not published until 1853; and his "Elements of Quaternions" occupied him during six years before his death. Of Quaternions, Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, probably the best authority on the subject, says:—"From occasional glimpses hitherto undeveloped I feel myself warranted in asserting that, immense as are the simplifications introduced by Quaternions in the elementary parts of such subjects as Hydrokinetics and Electrodynamics, they are absolutely nothing as compared with those which are to be effected in the higher (and from the ordinary point of view) more complex branches of these fascinating subjects."

Hamilton thought he saw in Quaternions a realization of the mysterious Pythagorean *Tetractys*; and, referring to Sir J. Herschell's appreciation of his discovery, he wrote the following sonnet:—

Of high Mathesis with her charm severe,
Of line and number was our theme; and we
Sought to behold her unborn progeny,
And thrones reserved in Truth's celestial sphere;
While views, before attained, became more clear;
And how the One of Time, of Space the Three,
Might in the chain of symbol girdled be.
And when my eager and reverted ear
Caught some faint echoes of an ancient strain,
Some shadowy outlines of old thoughts sublime,
Gently he smiled to see revived again,
In later age, and occidental clime,
A dimly traced Pythagorean lore
A westward floating mystic dream of FOUR.

This, though appropriate, is perhaps hardly a fair specimen of Hamilton's sonnets, of which he wrote very many; indeed, he

was extremely fond of poetry generally, and he himself said, not quite seriously, that he was a poet by taste, and a mathematician by necessity. The Three of Space alluded to in the sonnet are, of course, the three dimensions, length, breadth, and depth.

Hamilton's death, which took place on the 2nd of September, 1865, at the age of sixty, is supposed to have been hastened by his immense exertions in preparing the huge work which he called the "Elements of Quaternions," which was published the year after his death. During his last illness a letter reached him from the American National Academy of Sciences, stating that he had been elected a Foreign Associate of that body, and that by a two-thirds vote he had been placed first on the roll of Foreign Associates, a most distinguished honour.

By his great discovery of Quaternions Hamilton achieved a position among the first mathematicians of modern times, and put a worthy crown to the labours of his life. Yet, perhaps, it is questionable whether he might not have reached a still higher fame, had he devoted his great talents to subjects less great in themselves, but likely to be more used in ordinary studies, the great bulk and difficulty of his works on Quaternions forming an almost insuperable barrier to most students.

G. P. SIGERSON, M.A.

DAWN SONNET.

"ON wings outspread, wide as the boundless light,
 Across the rippling gladsome waves I sweep,
 Sweet Inisfail! still sunk in slumber deep,
 To glad thy holy hills I speed my flight,
 Chasing away the drowsy black-winged night;
 Full soon I pass by daisies fast asleep,
 And now through catkined hazels bright I peep;
 Hark! how the wild birds welcome with delight."

"And what art thou?" some wakeful bluebells say,
 "Sweet bells with beauty bright, like you from God,
 Straight forth I come," the grey-eyed Dawn replied.
 "Lo! ere the sun lights up the dewdrops gay,
 Or ere the shamrocks sparkle on each sod,
 Westward, along the ocean's breast I glide."

E. O'L.

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

LOVE took me softly by the hand,
 Love led me all the country o'er,
 And showed me beauty in the land
 That I had never seen before.

It was the time when lilacs fold
 Their perfumed pyramids of bloom ;
 And the laburnum's glorious gold
 Rains light along the alleys' gloom.

The lark was ambushed in the blue ;
 His music filled the quiv'ring air ;
 And, softly touched, my spirit drew
 A breath of heaven everywhere.

Then love a garland idly made,
 Which gently o'er my brows he threw,
 Of hidden violets scent-betrayed,
 And blushing roses tipped with dew.

Perhaps 'tis best to pluck them so,
 Ere worm can scar or frost decay ;
 But yet I love to see them blow
 Their careless fragrance all away.

Then sweetest longings filled my breast,
 And gentle murmurings of spring,
 That to my troubled heart gave rest,
 And made my inmost spirit sing.

And love has done what none may know—
 Save those who lift their palms in prayer ;
 And peace comes to us here below
 Across the borders of despair.

The summers may be golden yet ;
 There may be ease from bitter pain ;
 I'll leave the valleys of regret,
 And climb the heights of hope again.

D. BERNARDS

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A WAY in "wild Galloway," towards the coast, lies a certain little bit of "mixed shooting," much coveted by many men.

Its tenant, Mr. David Agnew, Irishman and Barrister-at-law, when sounded as to the tenure of his occupancy, will tell you in his slow precise way that "at pre-sent he has no in-tention of giving up Barr-hill," and his landlord (and namesake) old David McKie, will answer with a twinkle in his eye, "Whaun Agnew an' me coost oot [quarrel] we'll see!"—and of "coosting oot" between landlord and tenant there seems small sign.

"McKie positively *nurses* the shooting for the fellow," Sir John Bruce, who "marches,"* says, when his keeper reports his neighbour's bags. And if £200 a year is, as everyone agrees with Sir John, an absurd rent for such a small extent of ground, that is Agnew's lookout. He gets more than £200 worth of pleasure out of it, he could tell you if he chose.

David runs down at all seasons of the year to superintend the "muir-burn," perhaps, or have a go at the "flappers" in the early spring; nor does he despise a rook or two (cooked by his own receipt). And then there is a chance in the Loch of a clean run salmon now and then making for the river Barr above; and in the mid-Loch on the moor are there not—for the catching—trout, pink and firm of flesh, credited of Loch-Leven parentage?

On the 12th Agnew never fails to get his twelve or thirteen brace, and, regularly as the year comes round, do not the local papers tell that the "first woodcock of the season was shot on such a date in the lower Barrhead Wood by its tenant, Mr. Agnew?" McKie puts a great black cross with broad quill pen against these paragraphs and files the papers carefully.

The McKies have held their bit of ground from Bruce's time—son succeeding father without lapse, strong, thrifty, unambitious men, marrying into their own class, the daughters of the "bonnet Lairds" [small squireens] or upper farmer folk about.

If not zealous, they have been in their way faithful children of the Church, and are proud of belonging to the Faith.

The old house, that bears some resemblance to our Border Towers and has windowless arched buildings underneath to drive the cattle into in case of need, partly unroofed, is now the ploughman's home. The new one, built some fifty years ago, resembles the manse of that date. Study and dining-room flank the outer door, with kitchen and

* A march-dyke is a boundary.

kitchen offices behind. The first storey has again four rooms, parlour and best bedroom to the front, two other sleeping rooms behind, two long unplastered attics above.

The parlour floor, with the exception of one room, is rented by Mr. Agnew. The first year he brought his man, the factotum who ruled his Kensington home with iron rod, but Mrs. McKie and he fell out the first day and he was despatched back to London. His master since has come alone.

No London club could give you better roasted mutton or game than Mrs. McKie's. And then her hare-soup and hotch-potch! A slow smile of contentment passes over Agnew's face as he lifts his spoon.

Father Daly comes on the 12th to share the first grouse and stay the night, and Agnew has always some special brand (if that be its title) of snuff for him to try, and a bottle of port which the priest diagnoses carefully, giving it its vintage to the year. Agnew has a great liking and unmixed respect for the unpretending piety of the priest, and his devotion to his widely scattered flock.

McKie, too, in his best clothes, his hair well brushed, joins the party, and Mrs. McKie and her daughters, the cooking done, come with the coffee, work in hand, leaving Jess, the maid, with the help of the byre woman, to wash up and put the best china away.

If Agnew is not often seen at Mass in town, fair weather or foul, he never misses his walk with McKie across the Moor (the "bridle-path" still called) to the little chapel at K——. Many a sovereign and sometimes a five pound note finds its way into the little pewter plate, handed round by the burly grocer who is Father Daly's right-hand, and who honours the donation with approving nod.

Agnew had seen the McKie girls grow up, Mary Agnes, Mary Clare, and Mary Anne—sensible, brown-eyed, brown-haired lasses with little beauty but that of lissome figures and youth.

"Were not the names a little—well, perplexing?" David asked one day.

"No' to them that knows them," Mrs. McKie answered with energy, and—"there's a deal in a name, Mr. Agnew;" from which it may be seen Mrs. McKie did not altogether hold with the immortal Bill.

Mary Agnes, the eldest, was her father's favourite; where you saw one, you might be sure the other was not far off. "She was as good a farmer as himself," he boasted to his cronies many a time, and, indeed, when he went to the Falkirk Tryst, as he did every year, or to one of the great Edinburgh or Glasgow markets to show off a pedigree Galloway bull or two, the girl took everything in hand. She

had a touch of her mother's temper and could speak her mind freely to the men and was respected accordingly. Mary Clare who was shy, and if she had an order to give, gave it flushing with the effort and prefaced with "My father wishes you" to do so and so, was but a poor creature compared to her sister, they thought.

Mary Clare and Mary Anne worked by their mother's side, mended the linen, darned the socks, baked, dusted, helped to milk; but, indeed, they all three did that, and Agnew thought there could not be a prettier sight than to see the three sisters in the blue homespun petticoats and fresh pink or yellow headgowns kept for byre work carrying the bright pails of frothing milk.

Their faith perhaps kept lovers away; few came courting to Barr-head. But, as their mother said, "Gin a lass's to be married, the lad'll come if it's down the lunn" [chimney.] The girls did not distress themselves about their single-blessedness; they led healthy, active, contented lives. Not altogether un-intellectual, they dearly loved "a book," and Agnew remembered this, and seldom came without bringing a supply.

"I am beginning to feel anxious about these young ladies, David," his cousin, Lady Blake, who made his purchases for him would say, shaking her head. "And as for the old one, how many black silk gowns do you think she has had? *Nine* [counting on her fingers], and how often do you suppose she wears one in the year?"

David had no idea.

"How often have you seen her in one?"

David did not know. Yes, once (he thought) when Father Daly came; it was black, he knew, and made a noise "like that thing you have on—that would be silk."

Lady Blake laughed, and David was persuaded to consult Mary Clare.

"I've seen her mending stockings; she'll know," David said, cheering up. There did not seem much connection, his cousin thought; but in course of time it was reported that Mary Clare had said she was sure her mother would like something with a sprig. David blushed and hesitated as he pronounced the word—"I think," he amended, "she said a sprig; of course I don't—quite—know."

"Of course you don't quite kno-o-ow," Lady Blake mimicked him.

"The sprig of shillelagh, perhaps," her husband said, looking up from his newspaper, amused.

"Hold your tongue, John," his wife said. "Mrs. McKie shall have her sprig. I see it in my mind's eye, or what about a stripe, David?" suddenly.

"I—I—Nora, you know best," David cried, desperately.

"Well, she shall have her sprig," Lady Blake said with decision. "And oh, David," she went on, "we met that neighbour of yours, Sir John Bruce, you know, last night, and he says you give far too much for the Barrhead shootings; he wouldn't give fifty pounds himself."

"Would he not?" said David grimly.

"He said Scotch people enjoyed 'spoiling the Saxon'; but you are not Saxon, of course."

"Thank God," said David fervently.

"Well, Sir John is a fool, of course," Lady Blake went on, "and that's what I said to his wife."

"Nora!" interrupted the two men.

"I did, dear, before I thought," turning penitently to her husband, "but it really didn't matter, you know: she said, 'I quite agree with you, Lady Blake?'"

Both men laughed.

Lady Blake was fond of her solemn cousin, and took trouble about "the three Mary's" (as she called them) and their books, consulting her Jesuit Director as to her choice, and slipping in a novel or two to "cheer them up," when she found the list too grave. She would pop in little "objets de piété," too, rosaries in mother-of-pearl walnuts, pictures, photographs, sometimes a little statuette. David, if he said little, appreciated the trouble she took, and thanked her liberally in grouse.

It was the first year of the "grippe," and one dull November morning, David who had been summoned to town on business, much to his disgust, was opening his letters, circulars, invitations for a big shoot or two, a bill, his married sister's weekly bulletin; it was not till he took up his daily newspaper that he noticed a long black-edged envelope addressed in a strange hand:—

"Sir—The favour of your company is requested to attend the funeral of my daughter Mary Clare to the place of interment in K— Churchyard on Monday, the — inst., at twelve o'clock.

Your obedient servant,

DAVID McKIE."

Mary Clare! Agnew let the paper drop. Why, it was only yesterday he had had a letter from McKie, and he had expressly said they were all well, and that Mary Agnes was starting on a visit to her grandmother that day, and that what he would do without her he didn't know.

Poor people! Yes, he would go to the funeral of course, and jumping up he rang the bell; but by the time Longfield, startled by

the loud summons, had come, he had changed his mind; he would only be in the way at such a time; and sitting down he wrote a letter of sympathy to McKie, though it was the poor mother who needed pity, he thought; Mary Agnes was the apple of her father's eye.

A few days later came an embossed card, a photograph, almost a caricature of the dead girl, at the top, begging—"Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Clare McKie, accidentally killed at Upper Barr Bridge on the 4th of November, 18—, in the twentieth year of her age. Upon whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy."

Next came a letter with details from Father Daly. He wrote for the McKies, who were in great distress, he said. The mother, indeed, bore up wonderfully, but McKie was like a man beside himself. Mary Clare had started on a visit to her grandmother's, driven by John Coltart, the ploughman, in a gig. The horse, a young one, frightened at a fire some wandering people [gipsies] had lighted below the bridge, shied and reared, and the girl thrown out had struck her head upon a stone and never moved again. The vagrants (poor folk) had done their best. Whatever their faults, in his experience, the Father said, they were never wanting in charity. He thanked God, the priest went on, the girl, with her sisters, had been to her duties the days before—Mary Agnes's birthday. She had been too (he thanked God again) a singularly innocent and guileless soul, but he recommended her to Mr. Agnew's pious prayers; for what are we to stand before our God, all-merciful though He be?

Agnew looked grave as he folded this letter up. Careless, he saw not dead to his faith, and perhaps the prayer passed through his mind that, when his time came, he too might be prepared.

A book he had promised Mary Clare when next he came, a volume of poems, was lying in its gay cover beside him ready to be packed. She had made him—as a little joke—the bunch of artificial paper-flowers that standing on his study mantel-piece shocked Lady Blake. Agnew could not bear picked flowers: they had their lives—beautiful lives too—like ourselves, he said; and when the girls would have brightened up his rooms with spoils from their walk or treasure from the garden in which they took such pride, he lectured them on their cruelty.

"Angels have lilies in their hands," Mary Anne, who could be pert, replied one day, pointing to the engraving on the wall.

"Well, wait till you are an angel," Agnew said while the sisters laughed; and next day he had found this nosegay on his table in a vase.

Poor Mary Clare! it seemed to David now that she had always

been his favourite of the three, and he looked regretfully at the volume of Patmore she would never see. There was one gift he could make her still, and, remembering, David went off to Lady Blake.

"No-ra, you know all these priests," putting a five-pound note in her hand. "I want some Masses said for that poor girl."

"How like you, David," Nora cried, tears of approbation shining in her eyes. "But would not this help the Padre there?" (her ladyship was practical when she chose.) "These country priests are always poor." So David's offering went to Father Daly, who in his note of acknowledgment warned the donor he would find his landlord changed. "I am glad you will be down so soon," he added. "You will help us to cheer the poor man up."

But, as it happened, it was the last week in the month before Agnew was free.

Mrs. McKie, except for the black gown that smelt of crape, put on to receive her guest, seemed much as usual, Agnew thought. Mary Anne, too, who had high spirits, seemed to have got over the first horror of the shock. It was Mary Agnes who looked white and thin, and had, it seemed to him, a frightened look.

"It's her father," Mrs. McKie said, when he remarked this later in the day, when, work done, she had come up-stairs to have a chat. "It's her father; he's never opened lip till her since her sister died," and to Agnew's dismay she began to cry.

"I thought Mary Agnes was to have gone to her grandmother?" he said, after a pause, in which he tried in vain to think of something to say.

"An' so she was," Mrs. McKie spoke eagerly; "but her father wudna hear o't at the last, an' so the—(she could not say the name)—the—*ither* gaed."

"And Mary Anne?" Agnew asked, after another pause.

"Oh, he's a' richt wi' Mary Anne; she's but a lass," the poor mother went on; "it's Mary Agnes, puir lamb, an' her heart-broken as it is." And Mrs. McKie's tears poured forth afresh.

Did McKie think that, in his love for his first-born, he had been unjust to her sister—Agnew wondered later, arguing the matter over with himself—and did his penitence take this shape?

The two men did not meet till next morning, and then, prepared as David had been, he was startled by the change in McKie. It was not that he had suddenly aged, so much as the almost defiant misery of his face that struck Agnew. After the first grip of the hand he had turned away and stood looking out of the window, while Agnew tried to express the sympathy in words which came more easily than those he had spoken to Mrs. McKie—women expected so much!

The man did not respond, and after a moment or two, with another grip of the hand, went off to his work alone. Agnew, looking from the window, saw *that*, though Mary Agnes was lingering at the gate.

As the week wore on, it struck him that McKie kept out of his way and avoided him even when they met. Perhaps, David thought, in their Sunday walk across the Moors to Mass, he would regain his confidence.

Sunday came.

"Spring, no' autumn," Mary Anne said, standing bonnetless at the door, a soft warm day, the birds singing defiance to the winter that drew near, a primrose or two peeping boldly through the withered leaves, violets and leaves and straggly mignonette scenting the air.

It was the man's day out, McKie said sullenly, when Agnew, ready came down to seek him for their start.

Coltart must go, Mrs. McKie had cried in the first outburst of her griefs; she cudna leeve an' see the man that had kilt her lass aboot the place; but later she had sought him to shake his hand and tell him she "was near as sorry for him as for herself." "She's quick, the mistress," the man said, telling Agnew the tale, "but ye'll no' match her in Scotlan' for a feelin' heart."

The week went by, another Sunday came. "No, he wasna gaun to the Mass," McKie said. No excuse this time, though wife and daughters were standing by.

"Ye mun speak t' him, Mr. Agnew," Mrs. McKie cried imploringly, when he had walked away, while Mary Agnes tried in vain to hide her tears.

"Here's Mr. Agnew waitin' for ye, father," Mary Anne cried, running after him, and twisting her arm coaxingly round his—she was used to her own way.

McKie's face softened as he looked down, but he shook his head.

"Mr. Agnew's no' a wean that canna rin alone," he said, patting her head. "Ye'll be late yersel' gin ye're no' off." And the girl, discomfited, came back to the anxious group waiting at the door, shaking her head.

"Father Daly is coming on Tuesday, and will stay the night," Agnew said in an offhand way when he came home, but an interested observer might have seen that Mrs. McKie and he exchanged a glance. McKie who was sitting by the fire pushed back his chair and went out.

"There's some-thing on the man's mind," David had said to the priest.

"Then we must make him spit it out," the priest had replied.

McKie, unused to dissembling, could find no excuse for absenting himself when Tuesday came; it was not market day, it was not the season of the year for fairs, the work in these short days was done by five. He sat silent, avoiding the priest's eye, and only speaking when spoken to.

With the filberts and port wine the conversation turned on a poisoning case in which for the moment the world took an interest.

Father Daly was ready to give the suspected poisoner, a woman, the benefit of any doubt there might be. Agnew, who had studied the evidence, was confident of her guilt.

"Morally guilty, perhaps," the priest replied, "but remember the man had the habit of drugging himself."

"Mor-ally, or im-morally, she had the *intention*," David returned "and she deserves to be hanged."

Father Daly, looking up at that moment, saw McKie mopping the perspiration from his face, and twice it seemed to the priest he made an effort as if to rise.

Agnew talked on. "I don't know what you theologians say, Father," he said, "but to my mind a woman like that is as guilty as if she had done the deed."

Again the priest saw McKie wipe his brow, but before he could speak to ask him if he were ill or answer Agnew, Mrs. McKie, who had come with the coffee, broke in from the corner where she sat knitting, "I min' [remember] when I was a lass, they had it the Fiscal's housekeeper at L— had pussoned him. It wasna proven, as they say; a great En'bro [Edinburgh] lawyer got her off; an' twa year after, on her death-bed, she sent for him (he was Lord o' Session than) an' tellt him she *had* an' *hadna* dune't. She an' the Fiscal had been over thick as folk say, and whan he wearied o' her an' wanted her away, she pit rat-poison in his bottle o' wine, but gin denner time she'd thocht better o't an' changed her min' an' hid—as she tellt it—the stuff away, but yin o' the lasses fun' it next day and gied it him for his supper afore she kent. As God was her witness she was tellin' him true, she said; she had meant t' brak the bottle an' throw the stuff away."

"Well, it may or may not have been true," David said meditatively.

"An' that's gospel truth," McKie said, so suddenly he made his wife jump.

"Well, thank God, we have no poisoners here," the Priest said cheerily, seeing that for some reason McKie disliked the conversation. "It looks like a green yule, McKie? He went on addressing him and trying to change the subject, but Mrs. McKie harked back: "Aye, we're a' quiet folk here, God Almighty be praised."

"Ye'll ken that at the last day," again McKie spoke in the same abrupt way, looking defiantly at his wife. This time Agnew looked at him. Had the shock of Mary Clare's death been too much? Was he going off his head? Or—swiftly, intuitively the thought passed through Agnew's brain, he could not have as the country folk say "*harmad*" anyone himself? Realising next moment the absurdity of the thought, he laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, I can tell ye that," McKie said, bringing his fist down on the table with a thud.

His wife and daughters looked at each other dismayed. Father Daly scanned him with observant eye.

"You don't mind a pipe, Mrs. McKie, I know," Agnew said after an awkward pause, "Father, try the snuff," pushing over the jar, "Here, McKie."

McKie took the proffered pipe, and the tobacco seemed, after a few minutes, to sooth him, and, as if ashamed of his outbreak, he turned to the priest. "Aye, yer Reverence, a' promises a green yule. It's a bad luk oot; we'll ha'e the worm gin spring. It's 'frost an' a hard one, we want."

He had even a smile for Mary Anne who was chattering now to Agnew about her pets; but David did not fail to observe, that, when Mary Agnes timidly drew her chair near his, he pushed his own back and turned his face away.

"Yes, he was evidently a little off his head," David said to himself, and then he gave a start. "Good God; he couldn't be tempted to hurt the girl, and be resisting the temptation as best he could!" The idea was absurd, but somehow he could not get it out of his head. Agnew had been employed on many a lunacy case, and could tell queer stories when he chose.

McKie had been a simple genial man, healthy (to all appearance) in body and mind. Had there ever been an unhealthy strain he wondered—insanity? drink? He must get this out of Mrs McKie. David was great on heredity!

He did not hesitate to express his opinion when he was left alone with his guest. Priest and barrister were readers of men in their different ways; Agnew, in his experience, had seen and perhaps looked out for the bad side; the priest, in the God-given charity that sees the penitent and not the sin—the good.

He had come to his own conclusion that there was something on the man's conscience, but he answered the barrister with his usual, gentle "well, well, I must have a talk with him to-morrow before I start." But to-morrow found McKie off to market before break of day. His poor wife made his excuses confusedly; there was no disrespect meant,

his Reverence would know, but she knew he knew as well as herself that market did not open at seven on a dark November day.

"Well, well, we shall meet before very long no doubt," Father Daly said, and reminded her not to forget the One Great Comforter, asked the girls if they were faithful to their beads, promised his Friday's Mass for poor Mary Clare, and was gone. But it was not to Father Daly McKie's first confession was to be made.

Influenza still held London in its fatal sway, and Agnew who had no particular business in town lingered on at Barrhead, partly for that reason perhaps, and partly because he was, he fancied, of a little use and comfort to Mrs McKie and her daughters.

Agnew pitied the women from his heart. "Gin he'd been a bairn, I'd ha'e said he was a changeling," Mrs. McKie speaking of her husband said, half hysterically one day; and indeed it was difficult to recognise the once happy, natural, genial man in the silent miserable being who avoided them all. Perhaps Mary Anne understood him best. "Father wud be a' recht wi' time," she said, and certainly, the only time he brightened up or spoke was when she was coaxing him or trying to make him laugh.

Agnew was getting accustomed to see him turn aside when they met, or resolutely refuse to meet his eye when they did exchange a word.

It happened one Sunday afternoon that, after the early dinner he shared with the family on coming back from Mass (David hated early dinner and boiled mutton and broth, and felt he had a right to feel himself illused till evening brought its boiled chicken and half pint of champagne to put him in a good humour again). Agnew wandered, cigar in mouth, into the stack-yard.

How well he remembered how, at his Highland grandfather's, when a boy, he and his brothers had chased each other on their shelties [rough ponies] round and round the stacks, turning and doubling, cannoning against each other, and never a broken bone among them all!

He remembered, too, with a grimace, a trial they had had when they got home with their mother's phaeton ponies on the sly and its consequences! As he rounded the stack that was being cut for daily use, the great knife sticking in the fragrant hay, he came on McKie, seated as if it had been summer weather on a rough log that was part of the foundation of a finished stack.

He got up when he saw Agnew and stood a moment irresolute, then turned to walk away.

"Now or never," David thought, and threw his cigar away.

"McKie!" the man stopped. "McKie!" this time McKie

turned back, and, lifting his eyes, looked David in the face with the expression of a hunted dog turned desperate.

"McKie," David said again laying his hand on his shoulder, and in his earnestness falling into his slow marked emphasis, "We are old friends?"

"We are old friends," he repeated presently, giving him a little shake.

"Aye," McKie said sullenly, trying to release himself from David's grip.

"Keep quiet," David said determinedly. "We are old friends?"

"Aye."

"We have never failed each other?"

"We have never failed each other?" he repeated, accenting the words with another shake.

"Never, Mr Agnew, never," McKie said, wiping his brow in his agony

"I am not likely to fail you now?"

"No, Mr Agnew, no—" with a glance round to see if there was no way of escape.

"No," Agnew said, "I am not going to let you go. Now, McKie, what is all this about?"

Again McKie looked wildly round. Agnew could feel him shaking in his grip and in the silence that followed almost thought he could hear the beating of his heart.

Then—"it's murther" (murder) came huskily, and McKie staggered back, while Agnew burst into a great laugh. He had suspected the man, but with the confession suspicion flew. Murder! McKie and murder! David laughed again.

McKie looked up half scared, and Agnew, recovering himself, steadied him, for he was still shaking, to his old seat on the plank, and putting himself beside him. "Now, out with it," he said.

Hesitatingly McKie began, but habit, the habit of confession, that gives its practiser ease, came to his aid now, and with every sentence the words came with less difficulty. Then the relief! McKie could scarcely have told himself the relief the told tale brought. He wiped the sweat from his face with almost a sensation of peace.

"Is that all?" Agnew said shortly, when he had finished.

"A', as I'm a sinner, Mr. Agnew."

"You believe in dreams?"

"Weel, I coudna a'thegither say, I du," McKie answered hesitatingly, playing nervously with the handkerchief in his hands.

"That means you *don't*," Agnew said with decision. "Now listen to me; did you put *particular* faith in that dream?"

"Na, Mr. Agnew, I cudna say exactly as I did. I had my thochts about it, ye ken."

"I see," David said meditatively, "You did not mean to kill Mary Clare?"

"The Lord forbid! D'ye tak' me for a——?" McKie paused.

"No, I don't take you for a *murderer*, nor would any sane man," said David with emphasis, watching the effect of his words.

McKie, dropping his face in his hands, began to sob. David could see the tears trickling through his fingers; he would let nature take her way a bit, so sat silent by his side, till, wiping his eyes, McKie raised his head again.

"Now, listen," David said, "listen attentively, and tell me if I am right. You dreamed a few nights before Mary Agnes was to start for her grandmother's that the gig 'upset at Barr-Bridge, and that Coltart came back to tell you that the girl had been killed. Am I right?"

McKie nodded, mopping his brow again.

"This dream haunted you, as people say?"

Again McKie nodded.

"You, thinking (to use your own expression) you would 'cheat the dream' send Mary Clare instead of her sister on the 3rd?"

Another nod.

"Your opinion was, that, if there was anything in the dream—which, after all, you *did not believe*—in (sending the wrong person the conditions would not be fulfilled?"

"It's the Lord's truth," McKie cried, looking up piteously at Agnew.

"Mary Clare goes, and by a strange coincidence" (David's measured co-in-ci-dence was largely emphasised) "by a strange coincidence, I repeat, an accident does happen at Barr-Bridge, the poor girl is killed, and you jump at the conclusion you are a murderer. You are a *fool*, McKie." And David in his earnestness jumped up from his seat.

"A *f-o-o-l*," he repeated presently, half to himself.

"But, Mr. Agnew," McKie began meekly, sitting at his feet.

"Don't 'but' me," said David angrily. "You're a born fool, McKie."

"I ken that," McKie said so humbly, David began to laugh again.

"Now, listen to me," David went on after a pause. "Don't delay an hour, go off to Father Daly; it's Sunday, he'll be at home. Tell him the story as you have told it to me; go to confession, do as you like; but if you take my advice ('fancy me preaching!' David

said with grim amusement to himself) you will do *both*, and come back and tell me his opinion is mine—that you are a fo-ol.” David lingered lovingly on the word. “Stop an instant,” as McKie got obediently up. “I am not a man to approve of secrets, as a rule; but if I were you”—he paused—“well, I wouldn’t treat the women to this tale, you know. As for Mary Agnes, why you should have punished her—” Agnew paused again.

“Mary Agnes, *puir lamb!*” McKie broke in, “*hoo cud I speak to the wean whan ilka time I luiked in her face it minded me o’*”—he stopped. “It minded me of the *illturn* I did Mary Clare.”

The “*illturn*” tickled Agnew. He was beginning to feel something of the interest in McKie a missionary takes in his first convert; he must keep him up to the mark. “I’ll tell you what, McKie,” he said; “I’ll walk with you as far as K—— myself.” Then he calculated a little despondingly in his own mind that he had already walked the five miles there and five miles back, but he would stick to his word.

“I ha’e been a fool, Mr. Agnew, I see that,” McKie said when he parted with him at Father Daly’s gate. David did not contradict him, and, lighting his cigar, began walking up and down in front of the house. Presently Father Daly appeared and invited him into the parlour, where he amused himself for a long hour with Rodriguez’ “Christian Perfection,” a volume of Newman’s Sermons, the “Scotch Directory,” and “Views of Rome,” set out by Mrs. Pagan, the housekeeper, for the edification of her master’s visitors. By and by she brought him a cup of tea, and then the priest and his penitent came in. It only needed one look at McKie to show Agnew that in every sense he was a “new man.” They walked silently together across the moor, and at the door they parted with a grip of the hand and a low “God’s blessin’ be aboot ye,” from McKie.

David in his smoking jacket sat down to rest himself and wait for his “spatched hen” by the fire.

“I am glad I was not the ‘Padre,’ as Nora would say,” he said to himself, as the clatter of Jess’s dishes came to the door. “It was rather a fine case of con-science, I think!”

“And what have you been about, David?” Nora Blake asked, when they met in her Clarges Street drawingroom next spring.

“Converting sinners,” David said.

“Not one of your young ladies, I hope?”

“No, not one of my young ladies,” David said.

“Yourself?”

David shook his head.

FRANCES MARY MAITLAND.

A SONG OF 'NINETY-THREE.

O BONNIE bird a-singing, a-singing on the tree,
 What is the meaning of thy song, what may its burden be ?
 Now tell the secret, bonnie bird, to one who loveth thee !
 Clear thrilled the bonnie birdie's song, so full and joyously :
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of Liberty !
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin machree, machree !

O gallant wind a-blowing, a-blowing o'er the sea,
 What comes upon thy mighty voice, I prithee tell to me !
 Give up the secret, gallant wind, to one who loveth thee !
 Loud blew the glorious-throated wind, full and sonorously :
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of Liberty !
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin machree, machree !

O great blue sea a-rolling, a-rolling gloriously,
 What of the song thy surges know in all vast harmony ?
 Give up the secret, ocean-soul, to one who loveth thee.
 And the mighty voice of ocean sang, deep-bassed and
 thunderously,
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of liberty !
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin machree, machree !

O Irish hearts a-beating, a-beating steadily,
 What music lives on every throb ye need not tell to me !
 For Erin is my mother too, and Erin's all are ye !
 Oh, a nation's heart makes grander song than bird or wind or
 sea !
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of Liberty !
This is the year of Erin's cheer, of Erin the glad, the free !

E H. H

THE EARLY DUBLIN REVIEWERS.

PART III.

THIS contribution to the history of *The Dublin Review*, which must now (if possible) be brought to an end, has been made up of original materials found among the papers of Daniel O'Connell, of Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and of Mr. Cashel Hoey, to which I have had access at intervals of many years. Anything already in print I will not repeat; and therefore I only refer the reader to page 643 of "The Liberator, his Life and Times," by M. F. Cusack, for a circular letter of Daniel O'Connell's, craving the patronage of the Irish bishops for the *Review*, of which he says that he and Dr. Wiseman are two of the proprietors. It is dated from 16 Pall Mall, London, 28th February, 1838. Our own earlier volumes contain many documents relating to the *Dublin Review*, such as Dr. Murray's long letter to O'Connell, defending it against the animadversions of *The Nation* in the year 1843. This letter occupies eight pages of the seventeenth instalment of our "O'Connell Papers" in 1884 (*Irish Monthly*, vol. xii., page 150).

In that work of immense labour, Poole's Index to Periodical Literature—which paid our Magazine the compliment of indexing it as carefully as *The Edinburgh Review* and the other great Quarterlies—an attempt was made to identify the writers of anonymous articles. We should like to quote the ninth page of the preface which describes the pains taken in this fascinating search. Dr. Poole mentions that European librarians had some scruples about publishing the authorship of anonymous contributions. "On this side of the water (he adds) we have no scruples of that kind and rather take pleasure in printing the name of a contributor who would like to have it suppressed." Such articles as the present would be welcome to the inquisitive Chicago Librarian.

The last *Dublin Review* reached in our March revelations was No. 104, the second half of the fifty-second volume. With this Number, in April, 1863, came to an end the first series of *The Dublin Review* which we have distinguished as the Wiseman Series, as the future Cardinal was from the first the most prominent of

its contributors, though Dr. Russell bore a far larger share of the labour of sustaining it through its minority, and though Cardinal Wiseman himself, in the preface to his "Essays on Various Subjects" (published in three large volumes in 1853) assigns to another the first conception of the enterprise. "It was in 1836 that the idea of commencing a Catholic quarterly was first conceived by the late learned and excellent Mr. Quin, who applied to the illustrious O'Connell and myself to join in the undertaking."

Dr. W. G. Ward's reign began in July, 1863. He did not at once secure the services of Mr. Cashel Hoey as sub-editor on an extensive scale: for the first of Mr. Hoey's memorandum-books deals with the editorial arrangements for the year 1865. This is evidently his earliest note-book of the kind, for the first pages contain a list of Contributors' Addresses. It does not seem necessary or even right to give here the residences of these Dublin Reviewers (we suppress the epithet "early" as no longer quite appropriate) except in a few instances in which the places may serve to identify the persons.

The staff of writers, therefore, which *The Dublin Review* in the second stage of its existence hoped to draw upon, consisted of Dr. Ward himself, Edward Healy Thompson, Right Rev. Mgr. Manning, Edmund Sheridan Purcell, John Charles Earle, Rev. H. A. Rawes, David Lewis, — Chomondeley (Catholic Chapel, Wisbeach), Rev. W. H. Anderdon, Canon Hedley, E. Ryley, H. W. Wilberforce, F. Bede Vaughan, F. Guy, O. S. B., Miss Lockhart (Sub-Prioress, Franciscan Convent), J. F. O'Donnell, Rev. A. Cruikshank (Mount St. Bernard's, Leicestershire), T. P. O'Connor, J. Birmingham (Millbrook, Tuam), W. A. Day (London), D. McCarthy (Bradford-on-Avon), Rev. J. Doherty (Turnham Green), H. L. Harrison (Brompton).

We should be glad to learn some particulars about the less known of these writers. The "T. P. O'Connor" in this list cannot be the editor of *The Weekly Sun* and M.P. for Liverpool, who was born in 1848, and was a boy of sixteen at this time. Some of these probably did little or nothing for the *Review*. We had not before known that John Francis O'Donnell was a staid Dublin Reviewer. Canon Hedley is the present Bishop of Newport, who succeeded Dr. Ward as editor. Father Bede Vaughan was Cardinal Moran's predecessor as Archbishop of Sydney. Miss Lockhart was sister to Father Lockhart, and author, we think, of

an excellent Life of St. Theresa to which Dr. Manning prefixed a beautiful preface.

We are able to identify several articles which appeared during the two years for which Mr. Hoey's memorandums afford us no assistance. For instance, in a diary of Dr. Murray of Maynooth, which the Rev. D. O'Loan, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, lately allowed us to read, this entry occurs at the date, Nov. 19, 1863. "Finished my article on Dr. Brownson for *The Dublin Review* and sent off the last sheets of the M.S. to Dr. Ward. It is to appear in the next Number." And accordingly in January, 1864, it is the third article, extending to forty pages, "Theological Errors of the Day—Brownson's Review," and a very masterly dissertation it is. On the 9th of November, 1867, he speaks of having sent to Dr. Ward a notice of *Eccles* on Justification and of having begun another article on Nicolas' reply to Renan's blasphemous Life of our Lord. "August 14, 1868. Yesterday I sent off to Dr. Ward the last sheets of my article on Dr. O'Brien." And so the October Number of 1868 opens with some fifty pages concerning "Dr. O'Brien on Justifying Faith, its Nature and Effects." On March 28, 1869, Dr. Murray records that he had sent off to Dr. Ward in the first week of Lent his article on "The Ritualists, their Delusions, their Position." In *The Dublin Review* of April, 1869, the title is changed to "Ritualistic Divinity and Law;" but the legal part after page 439 is by a different hand, as we learn from Dr. Murray himself in a note mentioned in our next paragraph.

These items belong to the period of Mr. Hoey's connection with the *Review*, whereas we are just at present concerned with two or three years left unchronicled after the memorandums which he inherited from Mr. Bagshawe and before his own official memorandums begin. But in turning away from our dear old friend Dr. Murray it is well to add that his long private letter to O'Connell, referred to a few pages back, furnishes data for the identification of several of his early contributions to *The Dublin Review*; and our sixteenth volume (1888) has a brief paper at page 675 which gives his own list of his articles from 1863 to 1869. To those which we have just identified by other means, he adds the long and important essay on spiritism which opens the Number for October, 1867, and short notices of Father Perrone (January

1866) and Dr. Madden's Galileo (October 1863). He also claims in his Diary "The World Turned Atheist" (January, 1872), "The Vatican Council, its Authority, its Work," which Dr. Ward considered the best paper he had ever sent to him, and which is the last in January, 1873, while the first in October, 1876, is his "Pomponio Leto on the Vatican Council." This was Dr. Murray's last *Dublin Review*, and the same number contains Dr. Russell's final contribution also, "The Critical History of the Sonnet."

The earliest *Dublin Review* for which Mr. Cashel Hoey supplies us with authentic statistics of authorship is the issue for April, 1865, the second half of the fourth volume in Dr. Ward's New Series. Let us see how many writers we can detect in the seven preceding quarterly parts. We refrain from guessing Dr. Ward's share in his opening Number; but in No. 2 (October, 1863) the beautiful article on the Letters of St. Teresa is easily recognised as Father Coleridge's, who has since enriched English literature with two volumes on the life and letters of this great Saint. In the second volume our readers already know Dr. Murray as the reviewer of Brownson. The criticism on Renan's *Vie de Jésus* was also by Father Henry J. Coleridge, S.J.

One of Dr. Ward's new arrangements (not fully carried out) in the conduct of the *Review* was the introduction of a department of miscellaneous papers for which he was less responsible; and here the subsequent policy of signed articles was partially anticipated. Who was T. F. M. who writes on "Science and the Mystery of the Blessed Eucharist" at pages 464-480 of the second volume? This writer revealed himself to me at the time. "Maynooth men" of forty years ago will remember Theobald Mathew, nephew of his illustrious namesake whose statue has just been erected in the great thoroughfare of our capital, and first cousin of the distinguished English Judge, Sir James Mathew. As this Magazine has an insatiable appetite for "Items about Irishmen," we may set down here a few particulars about our gifted friend. He was born at Rockview, Golden, in the County Tipperary, on the 23rd of February, 1834. He was educated at Cork, at the school of Messrs. Hamblin and Porter and at the Queen's College, till he became an ecclesiastical student in Maynooth. At the end of a very distinguished course he competed unsuccessfully with the Rev. Edward O'Brien for the chair of Rhetoric. The rest of his

short life was spent in Thurles, in his native diocese, as Professor, and subsequently as President in the Diocesan College. He died on the 24th of July, 1872, just after taking part in the ecclesiastical retreat. He was the Rev. Mr. Mathews, who, in the list we printed last month, is named as the author of the opening paper in the 48th volume of *The Dublin Review*. He was then (May, 1860) twenty-six years of age; the subject of his essay was Greek Philosophy.*

In No. 5 (July, 1864) "Venn's Life and Labours of St. Francis Xavier" is by Father Coleridge, S.J., and the critic of Froude's malevolent account of Mary Queen of Scots was Dr. Russell. This is not a conjecture, but, if it were, it would be confirmed by the following circumstance. Mary Stuart's defender more than once refers his readers back to a discussion of certain points in the case in the 32nd volume of the Review, and shows himself to be the writer of the former article. Now that review of Mignet's Life of Mary Stuart is the 6th paper of No. 63, which is credited to Dr. Russell in the official list which we published last February, at page 89 of our present volume.

The clever dialogue on the Principles of '89 (*Quatrevingt-neuf*) which opens the Number for October, 1864, was written by Mr. E. Healy Thompson, for Part II is assigned to him in Mr. Hoey's lists. "Christian Art" in the same Number we venture to attribute to one whom arduous and important duties of another kind have hindered from bestowing on Catholic literature the services he was eminently fitted to render—the Rev. Edward Furbrick, S.J. The article which immediately follows—"Outlines on Gospel History"—is, we have no doubt, by Father Coleridge, as we suspect could be proved by a comparison with some portions of his great work, *The Life of our Life*;" but, unlike our other statements, this one item is only conjectural. To him and to Mr. Healy Thompson may in great part be ascribed the high literary worth of the shorter literary notices which at this period enriched the *Review*.

The Number for January, 1865, is for us, from our present point of view, a complete blank. But now at last we have crossed the space intervening between the end of Mr. Bagshawe's record of

* The present writer's slender and solitary claim to the title of *Dublin Reviewer* is grounded on a brief notice of Pope Urban V., at page 490 of the same Number (April, 1864) which contained Father Theobald Mathew's second article.

writers and the beginning of Mr. Cashel Hoey's, which unfortunately is less full and less continuous.

In April, 1865, after a filial tribute (probably by Dr. Manning) to Cardinal Wiseman who had died in February, the first article is Part II of Mr. E. H. Thompson's dialogue concerning Political Society and the Source of Power. This is followed by Mr. J. Cashel Hoey, on Recent Irish Poetry—namely, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Lady Wilde, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere. Then come Mr. Henry William Wilberforce, on the Causes and Objects of the War in America, and Dr. C. W. Russell on Theiner's Materials of Irish History. Ninety pages, including a translation of the documents in small type, are given to the Encyclical and Syllabus, with Dr. Ward's exposition thereof. Besides the excellent literary article already credited to the new Sub-editor, we may safely attribute to him also the political article, "Wanted a Policy for Ireland." He assigns to Mr. J. C. Earle the critique on Lord Derby's translation of Homer and to Mr. Thompson "les Catholiques Libéraux," among the notices of books, some of which are of considerable length.

Who is B. D. who wrote the fine article on the Celtic Language and Dialects in *The Dublin Review* of July, 1865? Why did Mr. Hoey in his private notes confine himself to initials in this instance alone? "Madame Recamier and her Friends" was written by the late devoted and successful sonneteer, Mr. J. C. Earle; and the opening sentences show that he was also the author of the paper on Madame de Maintenon in the previous January Number.

About the sixth volume of the New Series we have no revelations to make, though Dr. Ward may be detected by the subjects and by the length of some of the articles—the length, for no one but the Proprietor himself would be allowed to run to such an extraordinary number of pages. The seventh volume also we must pass over, without any annotation except the following letter which we found among Dr. Russell's papers, and which reveals the authorship of the second article, "Canon Oakeley's *Lyra Liturgica*":—

St. John's Church.

Duncan Terrace, London, N.,

4th July, 1866.

* MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—The gratitude I felt on hearing that you had undertaken to review my little book has been greatly increased by reading your article. Nothing, as you know, is so grateful to an author as to find himself understood;

even adverse criticism, which implies a painstaking attempt to enter into his meaning and spirit, is very preferable, in his eyes, to mere superficial eulogy. How much more, then, the praise of a careful and intelligent critic. It was because I knew that you were the one person in Catholic Britain to appreciate my attempt that I asked you to be so good as to write on it; and in your review I find the appreciation I expected, with the praise I could not have ventured to reckon on. In the first piece for Holy Saturday I think I have touched the point of the subject you indicate at the end of your article. If the *Lyra* goes off well, I will think of following it up.

Yours most gratefully and respectfully,

F. OAKLEY.

In the January Number of 1867 Mr Hoey's notes enable us to identify "*Mediaeval Manichaeism and the Inquisition*" as the work of Dr. Ives, the distinguished man who had been bishop in the Episcopal Church of the United States and who published an admirable account of his conversion under the title, "*Trials of a Mind*." Dr. Ives is the author also of "*The Holy See and the Inquisition*" in the July Number of the same year.

In that same volume, the tenth of the New Series, "*The God of the Nations when Christ appeared*," is by Mr. T. W. Allies, who wrote to me six years ago, before I had any hope of such wholesale revelations as are embodied in this and our two preceding papers. "*My share in The Dublin Review you are welcome to publish.*" That share consists of "*Testimony of Grotius and Leibnitz to the Doctrines of the Catholic Church*," founded on Leibnitz' System of Philosophy, in 1850; an article in 1851 on the action of the Church of England in the work of educating her ministry; an article in December, 1851, on the Address of the Irish Bishops about the Catholic University; in June, 1852, "*The Jesuit in India*." Those four articles are reprinted in the second volume of *Per Crucem ad Lucem*. The official list we published in February shows that Mr. Allies contributed two articles to No. 59, one of which—a short paper on the Greek Church—he omits in his enumeration. We do not know why he disappeared from the *Review* for fifteen years. In July, 1867, the elaborate dissertation on "*the Gods of the Nations when Christ appeared*" was his, as we have said—followed in October by "*The First and Second Man*," and in April, 1868, by "*The First Age of the Martyr Church*." These are the first three chapters of the second volume of Mr. Allies' "*Formation of Christendom*" For certain reasons this was the last literary assistance that Mr. Allies gave to Dr.

Ward, who was an old friend of his from the time they were together in Oxford, in 1832.

We have not been able to find two or three papers which Mr. Hoey names as "articles in hands," probably when he first took up the reins of office: "Exodus" by the Rev. Mr. Cholmondsey of Wisbeach, and "Hellenism and the Hebrews," which is described as "received from W. G. Ward," probably not written by him.

We have now reached the date at which Mr. Cashel Hoey's more consecutive record begins. The nine articles of *The Dublin Review* of April, 1867, were written by the following, in the same order:—Dr. Ward, Father Rowe, H. W. Wilberforce, Canon Hedley, W. H. Anderdon, Lewis, Dr. Ward, Audley, and Cashel Hoey. Among the shorter notices at the end of this volume, that on Dupanloup's work on Education was by the present Bishop Hedley, that on Louis Veuillot by Father Keogh, of the Oratory, while Miss Lockhart reviewed the *Récit d'une Soeur*, and Mr. Hoey Debreton's Peerage and Miss Ingelow's Poems.

Unfortunately the memorandum book which is now unveiling for us some of the anonymities of the *The Dublin Review* is not a full list of authors, but chiefly business notes taken with a view to determine the length of each contribution and the proportionate honorarium. Dr. Ward himself, who certainly made nothing by his pen—quite the contrary—is for the most part passed over. Mr. Allies' article in the July No. of 1867 we have before mentioned, and also that of Dr. Ives; but to make up 32 pages for Mr. Wilberforce and 30 for Miss Lockhart we suspect that some of the minor notices must be added to "England and Christendom" of the former, and "St. Jane Frances de Chantal" of the latter. In the following October No. we have already identified Dr. Murray's "Spiritism," and Mr. Allies' "First and Second Man." It is easy to recognise Mr. Hoey in "An Irish Session," and Dr. Ward in three polemical papers. But the gem of the Number is Mr. Aubrey de Vere on the life and character of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, which is one of the holiest and most edifying essays in any language, besides being an exquisite-piece of literature. Sixty pages on English Catholic University Education, by the Rev. Herbert Vaughan (now Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury), form the longest paper which we have remarked in the *Review*; and the name "Sullivan" is attached in these notes to the shortest article—eight graphic pages on the Centenary of 1867, when the eighteen hundredth anniversary of

the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul was celebrated and some remarkable saints were canonised, among them St. Paul of the Cross, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and the French Shepherdess, Germaine Cousin.

January, 1868, opens with an article of 44 pages by Mr. H. W. Wilberforce on Count Montalembert's "Monks of the West." The next three articles are not referred to in Mr. Hoey's list. One of them, "Doctrinal Apostolic Letters," is, of course, Dr. Ward's; but who wrote "St. Thomas of Canterbury?" The fifth article is by Father Herbert Vaughan, the sixth by Canon Hedley, the seventh by Mr. Allies, and the eighth by J. C. Hoey—who assigns the notices of books to Mr. Lewis, Dr. Murray, Fr. Keogh and Mr. Ryley.

In April, 1868, the more than sub-editor begins the Number with "the Duke of Wellington's Despatches" and ends it with "The Case of Ireland before Parliament." "The Witness of Heretical Bodies to Mariology" is, no doubt, by Dr. Ward; "The First Age of the Martyr Church" is by Mr. Allies; "St. Jerome," by Canon Hedley; "The Ritualists," by Mr. Wilberforce.

In July, 1868, the nine articles are in this order by the following writers:—Thomas Graves Law, H. W. Wilberforce, W. G. Ward, Father Anderdon, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Audley, Father Herbert Vaughan, and again Dr. Ward. Our new Cardinal's article is on "National Tendencies and the Duties of Catholics."

In October, 1868, and in January and April, 1869, one might guess safely at Dr. Ward's polemical articles and Mr. Hoey's political articles; but the only ones we know on authority are two we have named before—Dr. Murray on Justifying Faith and on Ritualistic Divinity.

In July, 1869, the writers are set down in this order: R. J. Gainsford, Rev. J. Doherty, E. Lucas, Rev. A. Cruikshank, H. W. Wilberforce, Rev. Herbert Vaughan, and J. C. Hoey. But these names are seven in number, while there are ten articles. Having recourse to our former supposition that Dr. Ward is passed over as requiring no cheque to be drawn in his favour, we may assign to him, though he is not named in Mr. Hoey's list, the three articles on the Authority of Scholastic Philosophy, Mill on Liberty, and Philosophical Axioms. Inserting Dr. Ward's name in these three places among the ten articles, we give to Mr. Gainsford, "The Early Irish Church," to the Rev. J. Doherty,

"The Ring and the Book," to Mr. E. Lucas, "The Suppression of Italian Monasteries," to Rev. A. Cruikshank, "Misunderstandings on Catholic Higher Education," to Mr. Wilberforce, "The Life of Faber," to our present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, "The Revolution in Spain," and to Mr. Hoey, "A Glance at Catholic Home Politics." Mr. Hoey's list indeed assigns to Father Doherty the study of Browning's strange poem. It is a good sample of the literary skill of this priest of Turnham Green, of whom we have never heard before. Did he publish much, and is he dead?

The list of writers in October, 1869, is complete and runs in the following order: Mr. Harrison, Dr. Ward, F. Bede Vaughan, H. W. Wilberforce, J. C. Hoey, Dr. Russell (on Subterranean Rome), and Rev. George Crolly on Explicit and Implicit Thought. The concluding article on Irish Landlords and Tenants, probably by Mr. Hoey, is omitted in his memorandum. The next three Numbers of the *Review* he leaves unchronicled, except that he assigns the article on Rome to Mr. Cruikshank. We can ourselves identify "Mary Queen of Scots—the Casket Papers," as Dr. Russell's. In July, 1870, we are only able to assign "The Chronicle of Evesham Abbey" to Mr. David Lewis. But for the following October Number the Sub-editor becomes more communicative, giving the writers in the following order: H. W. Wilberforce, M. W. O'Reilly, T. W. M. Marshall, Canon Hedley, Dr. Redmond, F. Cashel Hoey, H. W. Wilberforce (second article), J. C. Hoey, and J. E. Wallis. To the name of the last gentleman—who was the clever editor of *The Tablet* immediately after Frederick Lucas—is appended the syllable *trans.*; for we find there are only eight articles in this Number, and Mr. Wallis's task was the translation of the Bull of Pius IX. *Pastor Aeternus*. A casual reader of this list might accuse Mr. Hoey of having written twice, like Mr. Wilberforce, but the first initials stand for "Frances Cashel Hoey," the accomplished wife of the Sub-editor, much more literary even than himself. "A House of Cards," "A Golden Sorrow," and her other numerous novels, form only a part of Mrs. Cashel Hoey's excellent literary work. Her first contribution to *The Dublin Review* was very appropriately a study of Jane Austen's novels. The Rev. Dr. Redmond, who writes learnedly on the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin an Apostolic Tradition," was about this time a Professor of Theology at Old Hall, St. Edmund's, Ware.

The year 1871 is a blank in Mr. Hoey's notes, and we have at present no means of supplying the ellipsis. In fact, the Numbers for April, 1872, July, 1873, and then finally after a longer break, April, 1875, are the only remaining items in his memorandum-book. In January, 1872, we have already learned from Dr. Murray's diary that he was the writer of "The World turned Atheist; how it has become so."

In the following April the first article and the fourth are by F. Clarke (which of them?), while the second and third belong to Dr. Ward and the Rev. A. Cruikshank. The fifth article is left in its anonymity, and the next three are by Father Dalgairns, Mrs. Hoey, and Dr. Ward *his*. The lady's theme is again Novels—namely, Charles Lever's. A ninth article (on the Gothic Revival) is marked off as "communicated;" Mr. Hoey does not mention it, but the initials "H. W. B." are those of the distinguished architect, Mr. Brewer.

In the volumes which are at this period passed over, we are able to detect one author. The very clever review of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick" in October, 1872, was written by the Rev. James Murphy, whose tragic death in the burning of a Canadian hotel will be remembered by some of our readers. His connection with *The Dublin Review* is known to me through some letters addressed to Dr. Russell. We suspect that Dr. Russell himself is the reviewer of the "The Carte Papers" in July, 1872, though the collection was edited by him and Mr. Prendergast; but this conjecture does not include the opening article in January, 1873, on another collection of Irish State Papers by the same editors; for here the reviewer says that, "as far as the editorship is concerned, the volume is faultless. In this department of literature, as in many others, Dr. Russell's character stands so high that his name as editor is a sufficient guarantee that the edition has had all the advantages which the most extensive learning and the best culture can impart." In this same Number we have Dr. Murray on the Vatican Council before referred to.

Mr. Hoey next breaks silence in July, 1873. The second article shows that Mr. Mills was the writer also of the article on the Gordon Riots in the previous April. Is this the Rev. Alexius Mills, a London priest at this period? The writers in July are in this order: Dr. Ward, Mr. Mills, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Clark, Dr. Cruikshank, Mr. Fenton, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. O'Hagan—namely,

the late Judge O'Hagan, with a masterly article on the Case of the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe, of Callan.

The next and the last Number of *The Dublin Review* about which Mr. Hoey gives us the particulars of authorship is April, 1875. The only paper in the intervening volumes that we are able *aliunde* to assign to its writer is "Mary Stuart and the Babington Conspiracy" in October, 1874, which is the last of many papers devoted by Dr. Russell to the vindication of the hapless Queen of Scots. This April Number opens with some pages of greeting to Cardinal Manning written by some one whose name I have found illegible. The eight articles which follow are by Father Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory (Dr. Ward's very able antagonist on some points), by Dr. Russell, Dr. Ward, Canon Oakeley, the Rev. William Addis, J. C. Hoey, Miss Bowles, and again W. G. Ward, who writes also many of the shorter notices.

Here my present sources of information about Dublin Reviewers come to an end. Between this point and the beginning of the Third Series (which professes to abandon anonymity altogether) we can only identify a few of the writers. In October, 1875, we believe Mrs. Cashel Hoey was the author of "Mary Tudor" (founded on the plays of Tennyson and Sir Aubrey de Vere) and certainly Mr. Hoey wrote the article which follows it, "Ireland and O'Connell." In October, 1876, we have before singled out Dr. Murray on Pomponio Leto and the Vatican Council and Dr. Russell's "Critical History of the Sonnet."

The policy of signed articles began in *The Dublin Review* of January, 1879; yet the first article is unsigned, perhaps on the French principle: *Pour les articles non signés le gérant*. We may attribute it to Dr. Ward's successor, Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport. The other articles are signed by Mr. C. S. Devas, Cardinal Manning, Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist, Mr. W. H. Bower, Mr. F. A. Paley, Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, and (breaking already the new rule) three articles unsigned, and one signed "M."

There are other letters and documents in our hands which relate to the great Quarterly that we have named so often. Some of these may hereafter find their way into print. In concluding our investigation we may quote the tribute paid by Dr. Ward to the gifted Irishman to whom we chiefly owe the information contained in these three papers. In October, 1878, Dr Ward, in retiring

from the editorial chair, received from Cardinal Manning the praise deserved by his earnest and self-sacrificing labours for sixteen years. In his reply he said: "One reason, which alone would have made me profoundly distrustful of my power to edit a Review, is my incompetence in all matters of literature and secular politics. It has been the chief felicity of my editorial lot, that I have obtained the co-operation of one so eminently qualified to supply these deficiencies as Mr. Cashel Hoey. It was once said to me most truly, that he has rather been joint-editor than sub-editor. One half of the REVIEW has been in some sense under his supreme control; and it is a matter of extreme gratification to look back at the entire harmony which has prevailed from the first between him and myself."

The list of mere names that we have given would bear a large amount of annotation. For instance, the eighth article in volume 29 (September 1850*) is credited to Mr. O'Hagan of Dublin. It is an essay on the writings of Thomas Carlyle, about which we have come to know Carlyle's own opinion. Mr. J. A. Froude in *Carlyle's Life in London* (vol ii., page 65) writes as follows: "A review in *The Dublin Review* he found 'excellently serious,' and conjectured that it came from some Anglican convert or pervert. It was written, I believe, by Dr Ward. The Catholics naturally found points of sympathy in so scornful a denunciation of modern notions about liberty. Carlyle and they believed alike in the divine right of wisdom to govern folly. This article provided him 'with interesting reflections for a day or two.'"

"It was written, I believe, by Dr. Ward." Froude had just as much foundation for his belief as for many of the statements in his so-called Histories. The article which Carlyle found "excellently serious," and which gave him "interesting reflections for a day or two," was by John O'Hagan, a young barrister from Newry, who was only twenty-eight years of age when he thus impressed so prominent a leader of modern thought. It is strange that the writer of such an article seems to have contributed only one other paper to *The Dublin Review*.

M. R.

* We strongly advise the binders of magazines to print the year on the back, and not merely the number of the volume. This is a great saving of time and trouble in looking up references to old articles.

DESOLATE.

I.

YOUNG Dawn stands blushing in the eastern sky,
And morn's cold star is shining clear and fair.

Within a garden breathes soft, dewy air,
Among sweet flowers and shrubs, its odorous sigh.
Soon from the Sun's bright shafts the dun shades fly,
Disclosing 'neath the trees a rock-tomb, where
A woman's form—with crown of golden hair—
Is bowed in weeping grief that will not die.

What heart on earth has been unvisited
By sorrow for the loss of one most dear?
Who has not stood beside the corse, the bier,
The white tomb in the city of the dead?
The child is spared by woe, so dark and drear;
But ah! its sharp tooth thou hast felt, grey head.

II.

An outcast, once this woman was the prey
Of whelming sea—despairing, shipwrecked, lost.
To save her, at his own most bitter cost,
The loved dead Friend she weeps gave life away.
She droops beside his tomb, and yet this day,
As with sad, surging thoughts her soul is toss'd,
He, like the Spring that bursts the bonds of frost,
Breaks free from Death's cold grasp and spurns his sway.

Triumphant, glorious, flowing with delight,
He stands a living man before her now:
Deep peace is throned upon his broad, white brow.
Forth from her heart joy drives grief's dismal night.
"Mary!"—she thrills with bliss: "Rabboni! Thou!"
Love's tidal wave breaks on her soul with might.

M. WATSON, S.J.

THE FEAST OF SOULS AT ATHENS.

IN the Eastern Schismatic Church the Feast of All Souls is celebrated, not as with us in November, but on the first Saturday of Lent, when services for the dead, and especially for those who have no relatives or friends to pray for them, are performed in all the churches. On last Saturday forenoon (February 25th) I happened to be strolling along one of the boulevards of Athens, when, seeing great numbers of people all hurrying along in the same direction, I suddenly remembered that this was the first Saturday of the Greek Lent—the Feast of the Souls, as it is called; so I too turned my steps in the direction of the cemetery, which lies on the far side of the Cephissus, and is seen from all directions as a great dark patch of cypress trees, conspicuous in the otherwise almost treeless plain. All Athens seemed to be flocking to it to-day, and a continuous stream of men, women, and children poured across the bare patch of ground which surrounds the gigantic remains of Hadrian's great temple of Zeus, over the little marble bridge and up the cypress-bordered road which leads to the cemetery. All along the way was beset with beggars, and on the bridge was a veritable assembly of the blind, the lame, and the maimed, crying aloud in piteous tones, "*eleemosyne, kurioi kai kuriai*" [an alms, gentlemen and ladies], and rewarding the charitable for his donation by the prayer, "May the Lord have mercy on all your dead." Besides these, there were flower-sellers, some having bunches of violets, wild hyacinths or wild narcissus, which the poor bought for a halfpenny or a penny each, whilst others offered more ambitious bouquets or crosses, and wreaths; cakes of incense were also to be had and little yellow wax candles to be lighted on the tombs. Moreover, for the benefit of the crowds of children who accompanied their parents, fruit-stalls had been established in various places and seemed to be doing a lively trade in Turkish delight, figs, raisins, dates, and small twisted cakes called *koulouris*.

When we reached the cemetery, the service in the church and the sermon, or rather discourse, which followed it were already over, so nothing remained for us to do but to wander about amongst the tombs.

The situation of the cemetery is singularly beautiful. On one side Hymettus, most lovely of mountains, whether the sun bathes it at mid-day with golden light, or dyes it in the evening with shades of the richest purple, seems almost to overhang it. On the other it commands a view of the sapphire sea, bounded by the shores of famous Salamis, whilst on the third and fourth one sees from it the rock of the Acropolis, rising sheer out of the plain, and the white roofs of modern Athens nestling in the valley below.

Usually this "God's Acre" is deserted enough. I have often wandered over the whole of its wide extent without meeting any one but an occasional grave-digger or caretaker. But to-day there was scarcely room to pass, on even the broader paths. The majority of the graves were decorated to some extent; comparatively few remained without at least a bunch of flowers. The Greeks, with all their faults—faults which no one who has lived amongst them can deny—have at least a strong sense of family ties; and as long as a tenth cousin of the dead remains his tomb will not be totally neglected on the Feast of Souls.

The small yellow candles, of which I have before spoken, are lighted and stuck in the earth, or else are fastened to each side of the tombstone, or to the arms of the little wooden crosses which mark the graves of the poor. The cakes of incense are generally lighted and left to smoulder on the top of a broken earthenware jar, so that the whole air is fragrant, and one is irresistibly reminded of a church. Broken earthenware jars are often placed on graves in Greek cemeteries, and when a funeral procession starts from a house a jar or basin is thrown out of the window or door, so that it is broken to pieces on the ground. Have we not here the remains of some old heathen custom, symbolic perhaps of the destruction of the body, the vessel of the spirit?

Another very curious custom and probably of ancient origin is the distribution of food by the relatives of the dead. On Saturday we saw several persons performing this rite. They stood beside the grave and distributed to the passers-by handfuls of a kind of half-boiled maize, mixed with raisins; and the recipients, as they took this, said: "May the Lord pardon him his sins." The use of prayers for the dead is universal amongst the Greek people, and even to lay a green leaf on the tomb is regarded as a pious act, in some undefined manner useful or consoling to the deceased.

The sun was shining brightly in the blue cloudless sky as we

left the cemetery, joining the returning crowds who thronged the dusty road. Most of them were chatting and laughing gaily as if returning from some festival. Already, with the usual lightness and changeableness of the southern temperament, they seemed to have forgotten the parents and children and friends whom they had left behind, sleeping under the shade of the cypress trees, and not to be remembered again perhaps till next year. The living had paid their annual visit to the dead, and now they were returning to the toils and pleasures of their every-day existence.

M. H.

Athens, 1st March, 1893.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The first of the new books that we shall announce this month is so new that it is hardly yet published, though we have had the privilege of reading most of it in print. "*Carmina Mariana*" is the title of this magnificent anthology, to which Mr. Orby Shipley has devoted years of labour and for which he has made many sacrifices in a true spirit of faith and devotion. This volume contains everything at all worthy of the theme that has been written in English verse to the praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary from Chaucer's time and before it, down to the present year, including the best translations from Latin, French, and other languages. Nothing has escaped the Compiler's vigilance, from the oldest prayer-book to the newest American magazine. Mr. Shipley has by no means confined his selections to those who say the Hail Mary habitually. The great majority of these Laureates of the Madonna (we have counted about 130) are Catholics; but many great poets outside the Church have paid exquisite tribute to the humble Handmaid of the Lord, and all are to be found here. We had thought of mentioning the names of the writers represented in these ample pages, sometimes by several pieces; but we reserve such details for a later notice. At present we need not do more than announce that this holy and beautiful book will be ready at Easter. It is published by subscription for five shillings, which price will subsequently be doubled for non-subscribers. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Orby Shipley, 39 Thurloe Square, London, S.W.; or, if it be more convenient for any of our readers, subscriptions will be received at the address given at the beginning of the advertising pages of this Magazine.

2. "*Six English Hymns set to Music*. By T. H. MacDermott" (London and New York: Novello, Ewer & Co.) The first is the Cradle Hymn of the B.V.M. ("*Dormi, Jesu*") which is given in both Latin and English, as is also—no, strange to say, the English words "*Jesus our Redemption*" that are put side by side with St. Thomas

Aquinas' *Adoro te devote* have no connection whatever with that Eucharistic hymn. The famous "Ave Maria, Mother blest" of the Rev. John Keble is here wedded to new music, and also "Heart of Jesus, all for Thee," by the Rev. Matthew Russell. The musical setting of all these hymns is very sweet and devotional. "Art thou weary?" and the Sacred Heart hymn are well adapted for congregational singing. Convents will find this shilling's worth of sacred music an excellent addition to their repertory. The words of all the stanzas are set under their own notes of the music. The form of paper, &c., is very convenient. The hymns may be got in separate numbers at two pence each, or (better still) all the six together for a shilling.

3. *Irish Society* has forbidden us to give our customary word of friendly greeting to our exchanges. Perhaps next month we shall have recovered sufficiently from the effects of the rebuke to be able to resume our usual practice. But even now we cannot refrain from expressing our wonder at the brilliant transformation which *Donahoe's Magazine* has undergone within the last month or two. The literary matter is more original and less scrappy; the outward form is more attractive; and the illustrations (for it also, like *The Catholic World*, has become an illustrated Magazine, following the lead of the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*), the illustrations are really admirable, many of them. How do they do these things so much better in the United States?

4. Not only the frequenters of the London Oratory, but even more perhaps visitors to South Kensington, will welcome the publication of the "Guide to the Oratory, with Explanations and Illustrations, edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, Priest of the Oratory" (London: Burns and Oates.) The numerous illustrations are particularly interesting to readers who have never seen this beautiful temple of God. Many explanations of doctrines and religious ceremonies are given for the advantage of those who do not share the faith of St. Philip Neri and of the author of *All for Jesus*.

5. Messrs. Burns and Oates of London—whose agents in the United States are now Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago—have re-issued, without putting any date on the title pages, two or three excellent works which are none the worse for being twenty years old. Mr. Edward Healy Thompson, who lately went to his reward, among his holy and instructive works, published an admirable Life of St. Charles Borromeo. His initials are appended to the introduction to another good and interesting book now re-printed: "The Story of the War in La Vendée and the Little Chouannerie," by George J. Hill, M.A. We know of no other production of Mr. Hill's pen but this careful and well told account of one romantic phase of the wonderful French Revolution. The fourth edition of Dom Norbert Sweeney's "Sermons for all Sundays and Festivals of the Year" is printed well in clear type, yet so compact as to contain a full course in some six hundred pages. The discourses of this English Benedictine (with an Irish name) are solid, sensible, composed with care and good taste, and much above the average of contemporary volumes of the sort.

6. "[The Monk's Pardon]" appears again in a fourth edition as a

handsome volume of large readable type with the name of M. H. Gill & Son of Dublin on the title page. It is an historical romance of of the time of Philip IV of Spain, by Raoul de Navery. This lady's name (we forget what was her real name) and that of her translator, Miss Anna Sadlier, guarantee literary merit and a plot which, while interesting, is sufficiently edifying to pass the severest censorship of a convent lending library.

7. The eighteenth number of "The Penny Library of Catholic Tales" is better than what the Catholic Truth Society has recently published in the same department. It consists of five pretty little tales by Mrs. Raymond Barker, the fifth indeed being only a translation of "Johnny's Letter" from the French of Paul Féval, which we find appeared in 1885 in the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. We should like to see the original: for we have chanced at this moment to light on another version of the same in *Donahoe's Magazine* which we noticed a while ago and which omits this little item in its table of contents. Both versions are very good but very different, and we are curious to see which of the translators has reproduced most faithfully the pathetic little story of the brilliant Frenchman.

8. Passion Sunday is the anniversary of the great National Consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus which was first solemnly performed in all her churches on the Passion Sunday of 1873, already twenty years ago. The Act of Consecration used on that occasion is given as an appendix to a little threepenny book, of which we trust thousands of copies will circulate among our people—"The Nature, Excellence, and Advantages of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," by the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J. (Dublin: James Duffy and Co., Ltd). No one can read the sketch of the author which is prefixed without feeling respect for so holy a man and so eminent a theologian as Father O'Reilly is proved to have been by the testimony of Cardinal Newman and his other friends. In his little treatise on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart there is of course not a trace of extravagance or sentimentality. Many among our priests and people will be glad to have the pure theology of the subject expounded by such an authority.

9. It is not often that a book comes to us from Garryowen. Belfast sometimes (but very rarely) ventures on a book; and Cork is at present carrying on with great spirit the publication of the Journal of her Archæological Society. But "Limerick altum servat silentium," as was once remarked in a totally different context. A little book, however, has just been printed near the Treaty Stone: "The Child of Mary before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle" (Joseph Macnamara, Thomas Street, Limerick). It is a translation from the French, and this is its tenth edition—a circumstance which (as the Bishop of Limerick remarks in his very beautiful letter of recommendation) is the best evidence both of its excellence and of the favour with which it has been received by the public.

10. Besides other publications of the Catholic Truth Society already announced we may mention a sketch of St. Dominick by Father Wilfred Lescher, O.P., and an Historical Paper by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.—"How the Church of England washed her face."

MAY, 1893.

CATHOLICITY IN MODERN POETRY.

PART II.

ONE of the most striking peculiarities in modern literature is the large space which it gives to children and to child-life. There was published during the last summer under the title of "The Child Set in the Midst of Us," a collection of poems by modern writers about children, not for them, as the Editor, Mr. Wilfred Meynell, puts it. They are chosen as illustrations of his claim for Nineteenth Century poetry that "it had, one may almost say, discovered the child." But, be this as it may, modern novelists and poets alike have lavished all the wealth of their imagination and employed to the utmost their descriptive powers in putting before us the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears, the trials and the temptations of children, the puzzling queries of their awakening intelligence, and the depths of feeling and emotion which lie so often in their young untrained hearts. They are presented to us in their relations to the external world and the mysteries of life, in their relation to each other and to their elders, and oftenest perhaps of all, in their relations to death and the world beyond it. It may be that the very antagonism of ideas between childhood and death, lends a strange fascination to these ideas when brought together. Or it may be more likely that, as—

There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair—

this connection between childhood and death has an application so universal that its suggestion is sure to make vibrate a sympathetic chord in the heart of everyone to whom the suggestion is offered. And so the deaths of children are favourite subjects with the

novelists and poets of the century. Who has read with dry eyes of how the "golden water danced upon the wall" above Little Paul's bed as the swift river bore him to the ocean? Who can remain untouched at that scene in "Our Mutual Friend," when "Our Johnny" makes his will in the Children's Hospital, bequeathing to the mite with the broken leg in the little bed beside him, "the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards," and "A kiss for the boofer lady." Companion pictures to these will rise up before any of our readers who are also readers of novels. They will remember the death-bed of little Lord Sunning in Mr. Norris's "My Friend Jim," and the pathos which Mr. Barrie has thrown round the death of Joey in his deeply moving story, "A Window in Thrums."

Numberless poems on the same theme will at once occur to the memory. I may mention by way of example "Lucy Gray" and "We are Seven," by Wordsworth, "The Reaper and the Flowers" and "Resignation," by Longfellow, and "Only a Curl," and "Little Mattie" by Mrs. Browning. In the hands of a Catholic poetess this theme receives a new beauty and a new significance when she brings us to look upon the little ones we have loved and lost, as "Links with Heaven."

* * * * *

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
 Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
 How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
 Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?
 How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
 Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
 But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
 And thrust those little angel hands aside?
 Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
 Nearer to God by mother love. We all
 Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
 With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.

* * * * *

Ah saints in heaven may pray with earnest will
 And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
 Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still—
 The little children pleading for their mothers.

The writer of these lines is Adelaide Anne Proctor. Miss Procter was one of the few fortunate exceptions that claim and win a place in literature by hereditary right.

Her father, Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, was a poet of no mean merit. He is admittedly one of the best of modern song-writers, and many of his "Dramatic Scenes" may challenge comparison with those Elizabethan Dramatists whose influence through all his writings may be traced as has been well said, "like a vein through agate." Miss Procter did not write much, but all her poems seem to me to be of singular beauty. They are to be found in two volumes, entitled "Legends and Lyrics," and in a little volume called "A Chaplet of Verses," written and published in aid of a Night Refuge in London for the Homeless Poor. There runs through them all a delicate refinement, a gentle pathos, a winning grace, a lofty purity, an overflowing tenderness, and withal a practical human sympathy. A deep and earnest religious feeling colours them all. This feeling is no mere sentimentalism. It never weakens or dissipates itself in vague generalities. It is a feeling of sincere, devout, and genuine Catholicity. This feeling is so universal in her works that it is almost impossible to distinguish which were written before and which after her conversion: for Miss Procter was not always a Catholic. I wish I could quote "The Homeless Poor" and "A Legend of Provence." But there is one poem in the "Chaplet of Verses" which must be referred to. It is called "An Appeal," and is an eloquent protest against the attempts so often made to take advantage of their poverty to lure the Irish people away from their faith, and an impassioned testimony to the zeal and steadfastness with which, in spite of poverty, temptations and persecution, that faith was clung to. The poem is thoroughly Catholic in its conception and thoroughly generous in its Irish sympathy. It is too long to be quoted in full, and mere extracts would spoil its beauty.

It must not, however, be imagined that all of Miss Procter's poems are on subjects purely religious. Many of them treat of subjects of human interest and of the every-day experience of life. Her muse has little of the tragic in it; the affections rather than the passions are the subjects on which it loves to dwell. "Legends and Lyrics" contain many tales of touching beauty and pathos, such as "Homeward Bound," "A New Mother," "Philip and Mildred," "The Wayside Inn" and "The Story of the Faithful Soul."

We have already adverted to the tendency in modern poetry to

go back to the mythology of Greece for the subjects of its inspiration. We have noticed how one poet does this with passionate regrets for the dead gods and blasphemous prophecies for their restoration, and how two other poets do it merely for the sake of the artistic beauty and poetic capabilities of the tales and legends which that mythology offers. Happily, there is one amongst us, thoroughly imbued with classic knowledge, who because he is a poet is keenly sensitive to the grace and beauty of classic fable, but who, because he is also a Catholic, can appraise that grace and that beauty at their true value, and can discern in these old-world themes lessons of stern warning, of hopeful encouragement, and of undying faith which this age so badly wants and cannot be taught too often. In the holiest and most venerated spot in Greece, in the very home of her most trusted oracles, at the shrine of sacred Delphi, the Catholic poet of whom I have next to treat, teaches us that the two great functions of paganism were to prove man's guilt and to confess its own helplessness to grapple with these evils. He shows us how though each

Hymn and tale

Held each some portion of dismembered truth,

they all bore in their infinite and unrepressed yearnings separate
and authentic witness

Of Him, that Good not yet in flesh revealed,

and he denounces

Woe to those

Who live with Art for Faith and Bards for Priests !

In lines of wondrous beauty and vigour he bids farewell to all Olympian dreams ; he turns away from all the fairest and most beneficent of the shapes these dreams had created, and he makes the stern confession :—

That not the vilest weed yon ripple casts
Here at my feet but holds a loftier gift
Than all the Grecian legends. Let them go !
Because the mind of men they lifted up
But corruptible instincts grovelling left
On Nature's common plane—yes and below it
Because they slightly healed the people's wound
And sought in genial fancy, finite hopes,
Proportioned life, and dialectic art,
A substitute for Virtue ; and because
They gave for nothing that which Faith should earn,
Casting the pearls of truth 'neath bestial feet.

Because they washed the outside of the cup
And dropped a thin veil o'er the face of Death ;
Because they neither brought man to his God,
Nor let him feel his weakness, let them go !
Wisdom that raises not her sons is Folly ;
Truth in its unity alone is truth.

This passage occurs in the "Lines written under Delphi," by Aubrey de Vere. I believe Mr de Vere to be our greatest living poet, and the greatest too of all the poets of the Victorian era with the exception of Tennyson, nor am I sure that posterity will even make that exception. Several years ago that fine scholar and critic, Sir Henry Taylor, himself no mean poet, wrote : " I have not said all I think of Mr. de Vere and his poetry. It would not be wise to say much at present. What we all say of Wordsworth and Coleridge now it would not have been wise to say sixty years ago. There were men who thought then what is commonly said now ; but sixty years ago—

In silence joy and admiration sat,
Suspending praise."

I can promise "joy and admiration" to all who make the acquaintance of Mr. de Vere's poetry, and I venture to think that the praise will not be long suspended.

He seems to me to be gifted with a mind of rare poetic insight and originality, which he has enriched by a wide and careful study, but which he always keeps under the control of a highly cultured taste. He unites an ardent admiration for nature in all its aspects with a genuine love of Art under all its forms. His sympathy with the various phases of human life is earnest and deep ; his power of versification is facile and varied ; his thoughts are at all times adorned with graceful and appropriate imagery and are always expressed in clear and copious diction. His range, in what Sir Henry Taylor has happily called his "wonderfully variegated volumes" is no mean or narrow one. He has shown in "Alexander the Great" and in "St. Thomas of Canterbury" that his genius is strong enough to soar into the loftiest regions of the Drama ; it is sufficiently in check to be confined "within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground." Tale and ballad, lofty ode and tender love-song—he has tried them all, and in them all he has proved himself a master. His subjects are as various as the style in which he works. They are as far apart in point of time as the

death-bed of Alexander and the Irish famine of '47; they are as widely different in subjects as St. Patrick at Tara and the Infant Bridal, as the wailings of Ceres in her lament after Proserpine, and the restless longings which filled the heart of Mary McCarthy as she stood lonely on the crowded quays of New York. In his "Legends of the Saxon Saints" he has told the story of the conversion of England as he had told the story of the conversion of Ireland in the "Legends of St. Patrick." In his latest volume which he calls "Legends and Records" he has given vivid and picturesque illustrations of that momentous period in European history which bridged the gulf between the ancient world and the new, and which began with the Christian era and ended with the coronation of Charlemagne. The history of this period has been dealt with in prose from the Catholic standpoint by Mr. T. W. Allies in several volumes of his valuable work, "The Formation of Christendom." The poetic and romantic side of it has been delineated by Mr. de Vere in pictures of the actors who made that history. To instance one out of many, I venture to think that the picture of the career of Stilicho as told by a Gothic Chief at a banquet of Roman Nobles is as stirring and vigorous a piece of dramatic writing as is to be found in the language.

But over all and above all the characteristics of the poetry of Mr. de Vere in all its moods is its genuine Catholicity. In it the wistful doubts of Tennyson, the mournful oscillation and spiritual darkness of Matthew Arnold, the active paganism of Swinburne, and the passive paganism of Morris are replaced by the steadfast faith and cheerful hopes of a true Catholic, which, feeling thoroughly himself, he is not ashamed to infuse into and to make manifest in every line of his noble writings.

It would be impossible to attempt here any detailed account of Mr. de Vere's poems. Our purpose is merely to illustrate the Catholic side of his poems, and the mode in which Catholicity runs through and influences them all.

Aubrey de Vere has sometimes been styled the Wearer of Wordsworth's mantle. Wordsworth was the first great English poet who studied nature with care and accuracy, or described it with reality and truth. Before his time, with a few exceptions of which Burns was notably one—the descriptions of scenery given in English poetry were artificial and unreal, and

had all the air of being given from a knowledge derived at second hand. But Wordsworth first, and, influenced by his example, Coleridge and the poets making up the "Lake School," had the courage and the power to go out and study for themselves the various aspects of nature and to describe, as they saw with loving and observant eyes, the wooded mountain and the purple heath, the driving storm and the placid lake, the softening moonlight and the sunset glory, the ever shifting wonders of the clouds, and the ocean's changing beauty. The influence of that school has lasted on and is manifest in all our later poetry. But the pantheism of Wordsworth and the impersonal and vague religion of Coleridge failed to draw from the fair works of the Creator the same mystical significance and spiritual lessons which a Catholic poet like Mr. de Vere can see and teach :—

For what is nature at the best?
 An arch suspended in its spring—
 An altar step without a priest,
 A throne whereon there sits no king.
 As one stone-blind before the morn,
 The world before her Maker stood,
 Uplifting suppliant hands forlorn,
 God's creature, yet how far from God !
 He came ; that world his priestly robe.
 The kingly Pontiff raised on high,
 The worship of the starry globe—
 The gulf was bridged, and God was nigh.

But the difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic treatment of the grandeur and loveliness of the scenes of nature will be best understood by comparing Coleridge's well-known "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," with an Ode of de Vere called "The Ascent of the Appennines." The former is acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of descriptive poetry in the language, and one which at first sight seems impressed with a deep religious feeling. The poem I have selected as a contrast is also a magnificent piece of descriptive writing in no way unworthy to stand beside the masterpiece of the earlier poet. The descriptive power, the truthful reality, the noble imagery, and the lofty and sustained vigour are the same in both ; but the religion of Coleridge was a mere natural religion after all, while the religion which inspires de Vere is the religion taught by her who

Plants a cross on every pine-girt ledge,
 A chancel by each river's lilled edge.

Any mention of Mr. de Vere and his poetry would be as ungrateful as it would be incomplete if it did not include the great claims he has upon all Irishmen and especially upon all Irish Catholics. Others of our poets, and good ones too, have loved to look for their themes in the history of our native land. Davis and Duffy, Griffin and Mangan, McCarthy, and Sir Samuel Ferguson, have celebrated the ancient glories and the many sorrows of Ireland. Her heroes and her saints, her sufferings and her persecutions, her steadfast faith, and her martyr-like endurance have been sung by them in loving verse till every cromlech and rath and ruined church and broken tower in the land has been made vocal with her chequered story. But without disparagement of any of the names I have mentioned—and I will yield to none in respectful admiration for the treasures of song each and all of them have given us—I claim for Mr. Aubrey de Vere the proud place of being by excellence the poet of Ireland. He, too, has sung of her glories and her sorrows, her heroes and her saints. Clontarf and Benburb, Red Hugh and Owen Roe, the gallant Sarsfield and the sainted Plunket, all are given fitting place. He took up in one of his later volumes, called "*The Foray of Queen Meave*," the history of her heroic age, the materials for which were buried away in mouldering manuscripts, or in the learned but very dry compilations of Celtic scholars. Under the creative power of his imagination and the vivifying touch of his genius the forgotten heroes of Irish romance which to most of us were either unknown or were at best but names became living men. We are made, for example, to look at the sons of Usnach vainly fighting for life against desperate odds, and to feel that they are subdued at last by the destiny Deirdre strove in vain to resist, as we listen to the dirge she sings as she stands alone by their grave's head. So too Fergus MacRory with his kingly valour, and that darling hero of Irish romance, Cuchullain with his fearless bravery, his true patriotism, and withal his tender heart, are made for us personalities as real and as interesting as Agamemnon or Hector. But what distinguishes the poetry of de Vere from all our other national poetry is this, that it brings prominently forward the great mission that was given to Ireland of evangelising the nations; it traces the effect of that mission on her history and the connexion between the two; and it shows how steadfastly and faithfully from Patrick to Leo, from Tara to our own All Hallows that mission has been worked out.

As he says himself "the Catholic sees in Ireland an image of the Church herself, for three early centuries the great missionary of the Faith, for three later ones its martyr." In the later volume of "Legends of St. Patrick" as well as in the earlier poems collected under the title of "Innisfail," this connexion between Irish history and her Catholic mission, while never made obtrusive, while never allowed to dim the beauty or to retard the vigour of the verse, may be read between every line. In it we see that it was to Rome that Ireland in every age of her affliction turned for help and consolation.

But far o'er the sea there is one loves me,
'Neath the Southern star.
The fisherman's ring my help shall bring,
And heal my scar.

We are perpetually reminded how through the many changes of her many woes she was unchangeable in her loyalty to the Faith and to the Church.

But fixed as Fate her altars stand,
Unchanged like God her faith;
Her Church still holds in equal hand
The keys of life and death.

We are taught to give thanks that her

flowers to yonder skies
Transferred pure airs are tasting;
And stone by stone her temples rise
To regions everlasting—

And we are told to look to the glorious mission of our race and the graces which are to be won by it as the surest foundations of its future glory and happiness.

That race, to God which conquers earth,
Can God forget that race at home?

It will be impossible to dwell at present on other modern poets whose works illustrate the phase of poetry which has occupied our attention. I had intended to speak of another gifted Oratorian whose prose works are more familiar to us than his poems. Father Faber's own description might be applied to the two varied and precious volumes of poetry he has left behind him, when he said that—

Echoes of church bells
With every change of thought or dream are twining

Our subject ought also to be illustrated from Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House," "The Victories of Love," and "The Unknown Eros," where we should have seen how under his hands wedded love and the sanctities of home become as capable of rare poetic treatment, and can be invested with as much imaginative grace as the love of young man and maid which has been the poet's stock-in-trade for so many centuries; how the pictures he paints of marriages which

Have wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind,
With blessings beyond hope or thought
With blessings which no words can find—

can be made as interesting, as artistic and certainly more edifying than the pictures of fiery, uncontrolled, and often lawless passion on which Rosseti and Swinburne love to dwell. In "Sesame and Lilies," Mr. Ruskin exhorted his hearers to learn by heart the verses of Mr. Patmore whom he called the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies.

I should have wished also to have said something of the poems of our own gentle Gerald Griffin, and to have come down to the present hour with some appreciation of the poems recently published by Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, better known as Miss Alice Thompson, the sister of the gifted painter of "The Roll Call," and "Quatre Bras." Above all, it must seem strangely ungrateful that on the subject of Catholic poetry an Irish magazine should say nothing of the works of one whose graceful verse is always Catholic and always Irish, who has given us such poems as "The Bell Founder," "The Voyage of St. Brendan," and "Alice and Una," who sang of "The Pillar Towers of Ireland," and "The Voice and Pen," and who, not content with illustrating in his poetry almost every noted spot in our land, and almost every era in our national history, has done more than any other to make us acquainted with the masterpieces of Catholic Spain. And yet I must content myself with the mere mention of the name of Denis Florence MacCarthy.

If there were space, I should have been glad to support my thesis by referring to "The Dead Mother," "The King's Cup-bearer," "The Countless Kathleen," and many other graceful poems with which our literature has recently been enriched by

Miss Katharine Tynan. I should also have quoted from another Catholic lady who would assuredly have made her mark among the poets of the age if her success in the field of Romance had not lured her away from poetry; but at present from the "Vagrant Verses" of Rosa Mulholland I can only quote two stanzas of "Angels Everywhere" which I select for the truth and beauty of their description of a Catholic home. It tells of the angels, and how—

They kneel beside the children
Who say their evening prayer,
And sit beside the mother
Who passeth down the stair,
With peace writ upon her forehead
Across the print of care.

And when the door is shut,
And the hurried day is gone,
They stand beside the father
Whose labouring is done,
And pay him down the blessings
The children's prayers have won.

With these two gifted Irishwomen, who are with us still, I should have joined a gifted Irishman who has recently passed away, the writer of such famous lyrics as "Dear Land," and "Ourselves Alone," and the brilliant translator of the old French epic, "The Song of Roland"—an achievement which alone would rank among the Catholic poets of the age the cultured prose-writer, the ripe scholar, the accomplished lawyer, the upright judge, the devoted Vincentian, and the truly Christian gentleman whom Ireland, and especially Dublin, knew and respected as John O'Hagan.

The study of these later poets whom I have merely named, and in particular those whom I referred to more fully at the beginning would be enough to secure the object I have had in view. My object has been to show that, while most of our modern poetry is tainted with scepticism, infidelity, and sensuousness, we have amongst us a store of poetry, faithful, spiritual, and pure—poetry which recognises that there is something better than earthly glory and happiness, something more precious and beautiful than the fairest scenes of nature or the grandest triumphs of art—poetry which bids us look with confidence and hope from

this world to the better world beyond it, and which teaches to each of us the lesson of Miss Procter's lines :—

The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
 In the battle-field of life.
 My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
 God loveth the weak and small ;
 The Angels of heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all.

R. P. CARTON.

EMIGRANTS.

A MID seas, about the midnight, a moon with golden rings
 Grew in the clouds and bathed us in a glory saffron white ;
 The little brown-faced cabin boy watched through the shimmering
 light
 A strange bird follow the flying ship with outstretched level wings.
 "'Tis an albatross !" outcried the mate, as he lowered his gun with
 a smile—
 Said a sailor : "'Tis only a petrel that has followed us many a mile !"

Up spoke a sad-faced passenger, whose gaze was backward still,
 Across the tracks we left behind, and said : " A sign of the storm,
 A Mother Carey's goose, my men, your gun will work no harm."
 Then turned away his face again, and backward gazed his fill,
 Beyond the bird, beyond the wind, beyond the shimmering skies,
 And the anguish of lonesome longing ever deepened within his eyes.

The little brown-faced cabin boy—they said he could see the wind,
 And hear the phantom ships go by, and whispers of ghosts at sea,
 " It is a woman's faithful heart that goes with us," said he ;
 " And though our sails fly ne'er so fast we leave not her behind ;
 No storm will ever drive her back, nor gun-shot break her wing."
 Then rose the wind as our straining ship rode into the moon's red
 ring.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.

THE daughter of the distinguished Irishman who by the choice of the American Bishops is the chief representative of Catholic interests in the organisation of the Exhibition of Chicago, was so good as to "report progress" as regards that gigantic undertaking in the March Number of this Magazine. The one who on this side of the Atlantic is working most perseveringly and most energetically to secure a proper representation for Ireland in that tryst of the nations is the lady who was once Vice-Queen of Erin and who, though the bearer of a Scottish title, has Irish blood in her veins, as she herself told the good people of Cork on the 18th of last February. Our mite towards the Irish Industries Association for which the good Countess pleaded eloquently will be to preserve the remarks with which Mr. Denny Lane supported her pleading. By the way, his half-sentence about the dearth of coal-strata in our island discounts considerably Sir Robert Kane's "Industrial Resources of Ireland." His description of an Irish village was suggested by the proposal to reproduce exactly an Irish village in the Chicago Exhibition.

* * * * *

Before I came to this meeting, I was under the impression that Lady Aberdeen, although of Scotch alliance, was of English blood. She has since assured us that the Irish blood of the O'Neills flows in her veins; but, if she had never said so, anyone who would look in her face and hear her words would know they were more likely to be those that would come from the lips of an Irish *cailin* than from those of any staid Englishwoman. I have to caution you all to lock your pockets, for I assure you "a perilous thing is the Blarney"; and if ever those persuasive words that come under that title flowed freely and pleasantly from human lips they flowed to-day from the lips of the lady whom we honour here as our guest. Lord Aberdeen's connection with a high office in Ireland, enabled his Countess to see, and seeing, to sympathise with her poorer sisters in Ireland, for the guinea stamp of rank has not prevented her from recognising them as such. A race ennobled may form the Corinthian capital of polished society, but it cannot hold its place without the strong shaft of the middle classes, no more than the

latter could stand without the broader base of the labouring poor. Years have passed since her heart warmed to the work, and now we see her labouring amongst us with unabated earnestness, and if her bright example remain without imitators, the honour will still be hers, although the shame may be ours.

Some people in comparing England and Ireland forget the essential differences which nature itself has established between the two countries. In ages long past the coal measures were, I may say, planed off from Ireland, but were left in great abundance, in many parts of England and Scotland. The invention of the steam engine, the smelting of iron, the the production of gas, unlocked for England a treasury far beyond one of gold, that had been stored in the coal-bearing strata, and gave England an unearned capital with which she started ahead of all the world in the great industries. To us only agricultural and the smaller industries were left, and the ink had hardly dried upon the Treaty of Limerick, before a most important one—I mean the woollen trade, was cruelly oppressed by the jealousy of the English traders. Irish sheep might bear the fleece, but, when it was carded and spun and woven, it could not be exported. It is true that the linen trade of the North was encouraged, and the same business took hold to some extent in the South, as long as the spinning wheel and hand loom held their own; but with the advent of the steam engine, the spinning frame and the power loom, it was well nigh extinguished in the South. As we have not coal, the great factory system could not grow up amongst us, and for this in some respects I am not sorry. Factories scattered over the face of the country, like those of Blarney, of Douglas, of Blackpool, become small and controllable centres of industry; but for these huge aggregations of smoky chimneys and overwrought hands, like the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, I have no sympathy. What industries we can have must therefore be more or less dispersed, and it is these scattered industries that Lady Aberdeen and her colleagues wish to foster.

It has been my fate, through good fortune and ill, to have been connected with many manufactures in Ireland. In many cases English superintendants had to be employed, and they all told me that the Irish learned a new trade more quickly than the English, and especially that the Irish girls had quicker wits and defter fingers than those across the Channel.

I cannot say that our people have as much perseverance and ambition as the Scotch, but this, I trust, may come.

Next, I believe that our country has been depopulated far too much and that every effort should be made, by employing people at home, to check the tide of emigration and keep our people within the four seas of Ireland; and nothing could effect this better than the giving of employment to our people at home, especially to our womankind. I do not want to go into generalities. I will take a simple case from my own knowledge in a rural district. A labouring man earns regularly 14s. to 16s. a week, and by strict economy (although I do not exactly know how) is able to maintain himself and his wife and a couple of young children; but the children grow up, and they want more food and clothing, and some expenses of education. The wage the one man earns seems to shrink in proportion to his increasing needs; but a daughter comes to help him, perhaps a second—perhaps a young boy. The girls earn, let us say, 9s each, and the boys, say, earn 7s. The income of the homestead rises from the 15s to nearly 40s without any additional rent to pay, and without breaking up the family. They can live better, and if they are prudent, put by something for a rainy day. Here is no fiction, but a simple fact within my own experience.

When I reflect on the history of our country, when I remember the persecution of race, of creed, of thought, that has essayed (although it has essayed in vain) to stifle every feeling of national life amongst us, when I turn back to the settlements of the Normans, of Elizabeth, of James, of Cromwell, and of William, when I remember that even after his time more than a century of penal laws oppressed the majority of my countrymen; and again, in my own time, how some of our best blood has been drained away by emigration, and our people decimated by famine, and doubly decimated by pestilence, I first wonder how the Irish type has survived ordeals such as no other nation has gone through; and then, as I meditate on the past and view the present, I feel convinced that there is in the Irish heart and the Irish intellect some elastic fibre that cannot be destroyed. Yes, there is something which may be trampled on, but cannot be crushed; that from beneath the iron heel of oppression still springs up resilient and unbroken to preserve the form, the substance, and the nerve of what our enemies contemptuously called "Irishrie." To any impartial observer it is a miracle how the hall-mark of our race has not been

obliterated, how the sharp handwriting of Providence has not been blurred or smeared or erased, and how we to-day remain as ineffaceably Irish as when Cæsar turned back from our shores.

We have our faults and our vices. Who has not? But still in our heart of hearts there appears a fire as inextinguishable as that which the holy nuns of old maintained before the shrine of St. Brigid, shining on through the ages to mark the purity of Irish women, and to shed its lustre on the gallantry of Irish men. Whence has the spirit come that has maintained this sacred flame? I believe, mainly from the cottage homes of Ireland. They have filtered down from prehistoric ages, the same feelings that inspired the bards, the same stubborn devotion to the ideal truth that has resisted every effort to pollute or exhaust it. There has been maintained the deep feeling of reverence to God by all the chastity of the women, the hardihood and the bravery of the men, who, whether in the ranks of the Irish Brigade in France, or under the Stars and Stripes of America, or in the British army on many a hard fought field from the Iberian Peninsula to the centre of India, from the burning sands of Africa to the populous rivers of China, upheld with honour the flag under which they fought. I remember the time when a noble lord, himself the son of an alien, stigmatised the Irish as aliens in race and in religion, and how not long after Richard Lalor Shiel, in the House of Commons, alluding to the wars against Napoleon and the Irish soldiers that fought then in the British army, exclaimed, "whose were the stalwart arms that shattered the phalanx that never reeled in the shock of war before? Tell me," said he, turning to Sir Henry Harding, "for *you* were there—did the aliens blench?"

An Irish village, what was it? What it was in some favourite parts of Ireland ere Goldsmith wrote his noble poem—nearly every line of which has passed into quotations as familiar as the words of Shakespere—you can read for yourselves. The Irish village, what was it in the West and South? Within my own early days a nursery of hardy men and pure women, poor, very poor, I admit, but strong, stalwart, and laborious. An Irish village, what is it now? In many cases, a few untenanted and crumbling walls—walls without a roof—a pair of gables without a roof-tree, no doors to receive a guest, no seat on which to sit, no table on which to eat, no hearth to cheer, no bed on which to rest. Untenanted, save by the memories of those who have carried their strong arms and stout

hearts to America or Australia, or by the ghosts of those who were slain by famine or by fever. Sepulchres rather than villages, melancholy evidences of catastrophe, like those wayside crosses which the peasant of Tyrol raises to mark the spot, and to tell the tale of disaster by which his brother suddenly encountered death.

But still it is not always so. The fibre of Irish life is not utterly crushed—the fire is not utterly extinguished. There may remain some spark from which again to evoke a flame. *Latet scintilla forsitan.* Yes, it is not impossible to people the wilderness again, to reanimate the shades that now flit about the deserted homesteads, to rebuild on a former basis the Irish village. But to do this it is essential that some employment should be found for the women and the children of our people. The gain may be small but it will be sweet, earned by the sod of turf that lights the hearth, and not beneath the chills of Canada or the unwholesome heat of other climes, so fatal to the children of Irish parents. Hope will gradually arise to moor the Irish barque to the Irish shore, and to save it from a perilous voyage amidst unknown breakers in foreign seas. Hope, the great support of moral, social, and spiritual life, will again blossom forth and bear the fruit that will sustain coming generations.

Years and years ago I heard a pathetic old English song. I have forgotten all the words but the burden, and I have never been able to find them again, but the closing refrain clings to my memory. It tells of the hard toil of the working peasant, digging as Adam delved, in the cold of winter, striving to win for himself and his own a precarious subsistence from the ungenerous glebe, toiling and moiling all the live-long day. But in the evening when he returns and finds his wife and daughter spinning, as Eve spun, and the children climb their daddie's knee, and clamour to kiss his nut-brown face, then he is rewarded for his day of toil. Heart opens to heart, and in that sacred family union he finds a pleasure often denied to the great. And the burden of the old song says, "This is all the pleasure that the poor man knows." Be it ours, then, to multiply these pleasures, and to hope that from many a homestead like this the smoke shall rise, and that if we could spy through the casement we might see such a happy close of the day's toil, and hear the voice of the labourer singing this simple hymn of hearth and home. "For this is all the pleasure that the poor man knows."

ONE I KNEW.

THE very self of nobleness and truth,
 The bravery of soul no loss might scare,
 The high-wrought scorn of balances unfair,
 The heart compassionate and filled with ruth:
 These things were his, through manhood up from youth;
 You looked into his soul and mirrored there,
 Saw no perfection blurred by thought or care
 What man might say, so God was pleased, in sooth
 The whole world's praise or blame were one to him.
 The stricken and the sinful sought him out;
 He held no good deed up to find the flaw,
 No counter fault to make the virtues dim;
 He was not fond of subterfuge or doubt—
 A stainless honour his unswerving law.

II.

Yielding to no man in the cause of right.
 Fearless of consequence, and firm of will,
 No pitfalls stayed him on the snow-clad hill,
 No clouds debarred from height to farther height.
 A steadfast friend—throughout the blackest night
 Of death and poverty, and shoreless ill,
 He stood the same—unselfish, helpful still
 In sacred loyalties, a guide and light.
 The riches of a nature deep and strong,
 The affluence of high gifts of heart and mind,
 An intellect clear, cultured and refined—
 These first he gave to God. Yet of the rest—
 The residue was better than the best
 The many have entire their whole life long.

III:

A swift surrender when God made demand,
 A prompt obedience when His regents spoke,
 A ready bend of neck for any yoke
 Placed there in God's name by commissioned hand.
 From the clear windows looking east he scanned
 The turmoil, and the ceaseless grind and smoke,
 The world's machinery where the strained hearts broke,
 And souls were sifted as the finest sand
 His, the unfailing help when one sank low,
 The finer thoughtfulness in days of need,
 The ready impulse for the generous deed,
 The grand forgiveness that doth all forego,
 The open heart in sorrow or in dearth—
 The Christ-like pity seldom found on earth.

ALICE ESMONDE.

THE RIVALS.

I.

HALF a century ago or more, the town of Tubberara, though perhaps not so flourishing, commercially, as it is now, was the centre of a circle, social, intellectual, and of literary taste to a very creditable degree. This circle included the small gentry of the neighbourhood, and the professional men and merchants of the town. The latter were not then so numerous, and the fever of competition scarcely burned at all; so they seem to have taken more deeply to heart the lesson that "man lives not by bread alone," for they found leisure for studies and pursuits almost undreamt of by the majority of their successors. These, no doubt, can point with pride to the improved appearance of the town, yet the older generation of merchants must have been clear-sighted business men too, for the evidence still remains in the substantial wealth some of them bequeathed to their children. This usually took the form of house property, the building of which seems to have been a favourite mode of investment in those days. One of "the old stock" had such a mania for building that a witty son of his used to say his father "had been bitten by a mad architect;" for, not content with building houses, he built a church, which is standing still, but is not creditable to the genius who bit the old gentleman.

It is to the witty son above mentioned I am indebted for the facts of my story, and for many a picture of life in Tubberara at that time. When he was quite a little fellow, he remembered being roused from his early slumbers by the wrangling of ladies, his mother's guests, over the card table, and one voice raised above the rest exclaiming, "By my oath, Nancy C——, you're cheating." Then the fragrance of pies and custards prepared for supper proving too strong a temptation, he would get up and dress himself and steal down stairs in the hope, not always vain, that he would get a share of the feast. In Tubberara at that time, too, men lived in greater harmony, for each could profess his political creed without raising the ire of his neighbour. The only display of party feeling which occurred was on the 12th of July, when some unseen hand tied a bunch of orange lilies to a dog's tail and

sent him through the town. This poor standard-bearer had then a very bad half-hour, for he was hooted and hunted through the streets till the obnoxious symbol was torn from his tail. After that he mingled with his fellows again, and lived unmolested till perhaps the next 12th of July.

About a mile from the town there is a pretty cottage, which, with many fertile acres surrounding it, has been in the possession of the Roches for generations. It is substantially built, not large, but comfortable, with a neat lawn in front and a garden and orchard at the back. The Roches might have amassed wealth had they been frugal and thrifty; but they preferred to enjoy "the goods the gods provide," and take their ease. In the lifetime of a previous Roche a trader called at the cottage "on commercial thoughts intent," seeking to purchase the contents of the orchard.

"Oh! no," cried the jolly old gentlemen, "we want all the apples to make acid for the punch."

At the time of my story the owner who had two sons lived at the cottage with the youngest, and his wife being dead, the small household was presided over by his sister, a childless widow. The eldest son Frank had taken his M.D. degree a few months before, and by a lucky chance had stepped into the positions of dispensary doctor and coroner which happened to be vacant. He lived in town, but all his spare time was spent at the cottage. Charlie, about sixteen years old, was still attending the Grammar School of the town, but was to go to College the following year. He was a thoughtful, studious boy, with a singularly handsome face, the charm of which was rather a trouble to him, for he shrank from the regard it won him. Both Frank and he were members of the Tubberara Literary and Dramatic Club—Frank one of the cleverest, Charlie as yet chiefly a listener and onlooker. The Club had a serious business on hand at present, nothing less indeed than the production of Bulwer Lytton's play, "The Lady of Lyons," and Frank was told off for the part of Claude Melnote. It was now the end of November and the great representation was to take place on St. Stephen's Night which everyone knows is the night after Christmas.

Besides the anxiety he felt to excel, there was another desire which concerned Frank much more. He drove out to the cottage one morning and found the family at breakfast. When the old

man put down his empty cup, pushed aside his empty plate, and leaned back apparently satisfied with himself and all the world, his wily son attacked him.

"Do you know, Sir, I think we owe Mrs. Magnier some return for her kindness to me in Dublin; I wish you would ask her down here for Christmas. She'd enjoy the theatricals immensely."

"God bless my soul, Frank, what do you mean by proposing such a thing? Bring a fine lady into our little house to turn it upside down! I would not be the better of it for a year; and there is your aunt nearly frightened into fits at the bare idea!"

"Indeed, father, there is nothing to frighten my aunt or you; Mrs. Magnier is by no means what you consider a fine lady. She is a clever little woman, but one of the kindest I know."

"Don't tell me, Frank. Didn't Jack Lysaght say she is for all the world like a Frenchwoman, with her airs and graces? And what the deuce is this she calls herself?"

"Oh! that is only a little harmless vanity. She has often been told she is like a Frenchwoman, and you know, sir, in some men's minds that means she has a grace and charm in which our own countrywomen are wanting. She likes to keep up the resemblance even in the pronunciation of her name, so does not sound the final R."

"*Magnié!*" muttered Mr. Roche. "God help us! if my old friend Pat Magnier stood out of his grave, he'd never guess 'tis his own widow we are talking about."

"I assure you, father, you will like her. I really owe her so much, and we might never have such another opportunity of repaying her."

"Well, well!" said the old man. "And what do you say, Aunt Elliot?"

"I think Frank is right, Michael. We are indebted to her, and then she has asked Charlie to visit her when he goes to Dublin, and it will be well that he knows her before, he is so shy."

It was easy to talk Aunt Elliot over, for everything that was good and agreeable for the boy was good and agreeable for her.

"Well! well!" cried the father again, "settle it between you."

"But you will write to her yourself, father?"

"I suppose I must."

"And there is—there is her niece who lives with her," stammered Frank. "You will have to invite her too."

"Oh! there is her niece, is there?" exclaimed the father, with a sly look into Frank's flushed face. "I was rather puzzled what all the gratitude might mean, but the niece explains it, I suppose. Well," he continued, laughing, "in for a penny, in for a pound. We'll invite the niece, too. What say you, Aunt?"

"Of course, Michael."

And Master Frank having gained his point rose to go, beckoning Charlie to follow him.

"What the deuce 'takes those two fellows off together every day since Charlie got vacation?" said Mr. Roche.

"To study together, I think," replied the Aunt. "I went to town with Charlie the other morning; and when my shopping was done I turned into Frank's, thinking he might be ready to come back with me, and there was he, repeating some of his lessons, and Frank prompting or correcting him. It is so good of Frank having so many duties to attend to."

"'Tis very good, Bessie, but faith 'tis altogether a new idea. Frank always seemed to find his own lessons more than enough for him, and between ourselves it strikes me that Charlie could teach *him* a thing or two instead of being taught."

"Well, the dear boys understand each other and seem happy together. But now, Michael, I shall have to get some papering and painting done before these visitors come, and I want new curtains, etc., etc."

II.

It was ideal Christmas weather, and the little party at the cottage were full of peace and good will to each other. The dining room was prettily decorated, the table daintily spread, and the Christmas dinner a perfect success, so that Aunt Elliot's face glowed with gratification. Mrs. Magnier who enjoyed a good dinner and pleasant company was at her brightest and best, while Mr. Roche, finding his dreaded guest charming and witty as his son had declared, and her niece a picture to which his eyes delighted to turn, so lovely yet so modest was she, played his part of host with even more than his usual hospitality. Then Frank—he said little, it is true, but in his eyes was a look of utter content

and of something more whenever they rested on Mabel Massey. She seldom addressed him, but chatted merrily with Charlie, who responded as he was never known to do before. But the soft smile which now and then played round her lips, the light of joy in her eyes, which her drooping lids half concealed, were Frank's, and he knew it. In truth, "all went as merry as a marriage bell," and when the ladies retired Mr. Roche turned to Frank exclaiming: "Well! Pat Magnier was no fool after all."

But it was on the night following that excitement and expectation reached their height. The Town Hall was filled to overflowing, and behind the scenes there was a "hurrying to and fro," much commanding and countermanding as is the way of amateurs. When at last the curtain rose, a murmur of pleasure ran through the audience. Pauline, "The Lady of Lyons," was one of the loveliest creatures they had ever beheld. There were hasty glances at the playbills, but they told no more than had been known for the past fortnight. "Pauline: Miss Maude Marshall."

"Where the deuce did they bring her from?" remarked Mr. Roche who sat next Mabel. "If Charlie were here he could tell us, but he had to go with Frank to help them to 'make up.'"

He turned to a friend who sat behind but could gain no information.

"She's from Dublin or London, I suppose, and a pretty penny she'll cost the young fools. One of our own Tubberara girls might have played well enough for them."

But to the majority of the audience it mattered little what she cost, their admiration was instant and unbounded. When she spoke, there was a nervous tremor in the rich, sweet voice, but it was quickly covered by the storm of applause which bade her welcome. She turned and bowed, giving a full view of her soft dark eyes, her broad white forehead, crowned with ripples of golden hair, and the expressive mouth which still trembled shyly. From the beginning to the end she was a complete success, so that Frank, who acted the part of Claude Melnotte exceedingly well, was almost eclipsed.

But there was one exception to the general enthusiasm. Mabel Massey felt her heart sink as the play proceeded. To her imagination Frank acted the part of the impassioned lover only too well, and she could read in his face, she thought, an interest which went deeper than the transient feeling of an actor. He

watched the movements of Pauline with a kind of anxiety, and when her efforts met with warm signs of approval his face lit up with pleasure.

"Wouldn't you think Frank was soft on this young lady?" remarked Mr. Roche jocularly. "He must have known her before, the young rascal, and he never told us a word about her!"

When the curtain fell, there were loud cries for Pauline, and Frank led her forward again, he smiling delightedly, she blushing and shy.

"Now," said Mr. Roche, "shall we wait for these lads, or hurry home and let them follow us?"

"Home, if you please," said Mabel.

"Of course, my dear! The whole thing must have wearied you, for you are looking pale."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, "it was the most interesting performance I have ever seen, but I confess to being tired."

So the carriage hired for the occasion (Mr. Roche owned only a tax-cart and side-car) was soon spinning along to the cottage. The two elder ladies were in high glee, praising the performance which Mr. Roche seemed inclined to criticise. Mabel having explained that her head ached, lay back in silence. When they reached the house she would fain have gone straight to her room, but her kind hostess would not hear of it till she had taken a cup of tea—Mrs. Elliott's invariable remedy for a headache. They were seated in the dining-room, where a tempting supper was laid, when the boys arrived flushed and triumphant. Frank was greeted with a chorus of congratulation in which Mabel feebly joined; but though it was to her he eagerly looked for approval, to his disappointment she turned her eyes quickly away. He took a seat beside her, and was obliged to content himself with a half glance and a monosyllable whenever he spoke to her. Of course he was plied with questions about the young actress—"Where had she come from, and had he known her before?"—to which he gave brief unsatisfactory answers. Indeed he looked quite conscious, and Charlie who was watching him laughed nervously and seemed embarrassed.

"The plot thickens," cried Mr. Roche, gaily. "Come, Frank, confess, she is an old flame of yours."

"No, sir," said Frank, and he frowned so darkly that Aunt Elliot asked her brother "not to tease the boy."

"You will let me go now?" whispered Mabel gently to Mrs. Elliot.

"Yes, dear! and I hope you will sleep well, you do look tired and pale."

While she was saying good-night to the others, Frank muttered something about lighting her candle, and went out to the hall. She hung back as long as she might, but reached the hall table at last, holding out her hand for the candle. Frank caught the hand in both his own, saying softly, "Mabel!" and trying to look into her eyes, but she kept them fixed on the ground, and drawing her hand away said a very cold "good-night," and went quickly upstairs leaving him chilled and troubled.

Frank who stayed at the cottage that night sat a long time by the dining-room fire when the rest had gone to their rooms smoking, but not "the pipe of peace." For the past few days his barque of hope had sailed gaily in the sunshine. Now, suddenly, a cloud had loomed, the sails drooped and fluffed dismally, and he seemed farther than ever from the haven of his happiness. What had caused the change? What had he done? He was still deeply and sadly pondering, when the door opened softly and Charlie stole in.

"I was awake," said he, "and not hearing you go to your room, I came down to see if anything was wrong. What makes you look so glum, old boy?"

"Nothing much, Charlie. Nothing that you would understand."

"I don't know that," said Charlie, drawing an easy chair and seating himself at the other side of the fire-place. "Try me!"

Frank eyed him a moment curiously.

"Do you know anything about being in love, Charlie?"

Charlie grinned. "I should think I do," he replied, "after your lover-like acting."

"Pshaw! That was sham. I mean the real thing."

"I know you do, and I do not wonder, Mabel is an awfully nice girl, and I'll be glad to have her for a sister."

"Upon my word, youngster, you are developing, but, as things go, I do not think she will have you for a brother."

"Oh, I think she will, I know something went wrong to-night, but it will all come straight again."

"You confident young beggar! what makes you think so?"

"Wait till to-morrow and you will see."

"Well! there is nothing to be gained by our talking here any longer, so let us be off to bed."

Meanwhile Mabel lay awake, a prey to all the pangs of jealousy. Oh! how she had deceived herself! Frank had never loved her, or it was impossible he could have played the part of lover to that girl so well! How was she to live her life for the future with this great joy taken out of it, for she had felt sure of his love? She was too miserable for tears, and when she did fall asleep; it was only to start from time to time with a vague consciousness of suffering. In the morning her head really ached badly and was a sufficient excuse for remaining in her room. When breakfast was over, Frank hung about the house disconsolately in the hope of seeing her, till a messenger arrived with the imperative red ticket which took him off to a patient at the extreme end of his district.

It was late when he returned to the cottage and the party was at dinner.

"Come, Frank," cried his father, "we waited as long as we could without damage to the turkey, and then we fell to."

"All right, sir," said Frank, making his way over to Mabel. At his greeting and low-voiced enquiry for her headache, a warm flush rose to her cheek, but she answered him coldly with averted eyes.

A cloud seemed to have fallen over them all except Charlie, and he talked brightly and cheerily, and when the dessert was placed on the table, to their astonishment he rose to his feet.

"To make a speech after dinner is not unusual," said he, "but do not be afraid, that is not my purpose. I only want to tell you that, desiring to unravel a mystery, I have arranged that Miss Maude Marshall shall be introduced to you to-night. She has consented to tell you all you wish to know about her, and I will answer for it she will tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

"But we are not curious about her, and do not want to see her at all," cried Mr. Roche testily. "What the deuce made you ask her here?"

"I heard you all discuss her curiously, sir. I am sorry if I made a mistake, but it is too late to draw back now—I must bring her." And Charlie hastily left the room.

Mr. Roche muttered something neither hospitable nor compli-

mentary, and Mabel's heart beat painfully as they heard the tax-cart being taken from the stable and driven towards the town. They were sitting in the drawing-room an hour later when a covered car arrived and stopped at the hall-door. Frank went out, and in a few moments returned, leading by the hand Miss Maude Marshall, dressed as the Lady of Lyons. Mr. Roche rose and bowed, at which Frank irreverently burst out laughing.

There was a brief silence, after she was introduced, and then she spoke.

"I see you are too polite to question me, though I understand you are all curious about me."

"Forward minx!" was Mr. Roche's inward comment.

She rose and bowed to Mrs. Magnier. "You, madam, would like to know who made my dresses? Well, it was Mrs. — the best dressmaker in Dublin. I can recommend her, for they fit perfectly." She strained her head back to view her train. "You," to Mrs. Elliot, "wonder if I say my prayers night and morning? Dear old lady, I do. Mr. Frank is thinking what the mischief I mean? No mischief at all, old boy, quite the reverse. What you wish to know, Miss Massey, I shall tell you later. And as for you, sir"—turning to Mr. Roche—"I know your trouble is the financial strain I shall prove to 'those young fools.' Ah, how mistaken you are; they won't pay my expenses to Dublin, not to speak of London." She paused. Mr. Roche's face was such a picture of confusion and bewilderment that she burst into a fit of merry laughter.

"Is it possible none of you recognise me?"

Off came the wig of golden hair, disclosing Charlie's black closely cropped locks.

"You young rascal," cried his father, "how did you do it?"

"You are a nice boy," said Frank, "after swearing me to secrecy."

"I knew you most of the time, Charlie," said Mrs. Magnier, "but I would not spoil sport."

Mrs. Elliot looked as if she did not yet believe it was Charlie; and Mabel, blushing and dimpling with smiles, cast shy glances at Frank.

"Now, Miss Massey," said Charlie, "I promised to tell you something, but no one is to hear it but yourself. Come with me to the dining-room." She went, but, as they crossed the hall, Frank followed them.

"You might let me join you," she said.

"Oh! come now!" said Charlie. "One would think it was *your* secret." Then with a sly glance, "It is not much of a secret anyway, and after all, Frank, you will tell it better than me, so I am off to get rid of these togs."

Need I say that Frank and Mabel came to a perfect understanding? and half-an-hour later when Charlie found them still in the dining-room, he looked congratulation. Frank threw his arm affectionately over the boy's shoulder.

"She is going to be your sister after all, Charlie."

"Then she ought to give me a sister's greeting," he said half shyly, half merrily—when Mr. Roche entered.

"Hello, young people," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Mabel and I have found out that we have been trying to to play *The Rivals*," said Charlie.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

A BODE of pain and of affliction sore!
 Drear home of all such obdurate disease,
 As on frail human limbs and life doth seize,
 To foster stern resolve and deepen more
 Life's meaning! No bright spot from shore to shore
 Of this fair land, a pleasure hath for these
 Poor captives, save what mem'ry's fragrant breeze
 May hither bring from scenes much loved of yore.

Yet here, withal, full many a silver gleam
 Of gladsome joy lights up the path of pain
 And drives dull gloom away; to each one still,
 'Mid all his woe, an ever-running stream
 Of wondrous blessings, Heaven's dew and rain,
 Give hope and heart to do his Father's will.

H. F.

A WOMAN COURIER.

FOUR travellers, of whom I was the senior and chaperon, left Rome one gloomy March evening last year, in a somewhat spiritless and dejected frame of mind; the farewell to that most entrancing of cities had been too much for their philosophy, and for a moment their characteristic cheerfulness appeared to have deserted them. To say they were cross would be to altogether overstate the case, but without making any such rude and exaggerated charge against them, I may admit that on this one occasion they were a degree less serenely equable than was their wont. Moreover, at their setting out they had had their patience unduly tried by the vagaries of a certain Lady Augusta, of irritatingly fussy tendencies, whose various arrangements had delayed the departure of the hotel omnibus to the latest possible moment of starting. Arrived at long last at the station, the luckless attendant of this unreasonable personage had had a bad time in collecting her mistress's wraps and small travelling gear, and disposing of them according to the many caprices of my lady. The fuss incidental to the proper bestowal of this extensive paraphernalia had driven our quartet as far as possible from the carriage containing these treasures, and they considered themselves fortunate in finding an unoccupied compartment where they might indulge in melancholy retrospect of all they had seen in Rome, recover themselves at their leisure, and attune their despondent minds to look forward to the delights of Florence. Just as the train was starting a shabbily dressed, elderly, rather commonplace looking woman, was added to the party. Of course as the carriage was not a reserved one, we had not the slightest right to feel aggrieved, but have I not already admitted that on this particular occasion we were less reasonable than usual? It seems scarcely generous to use the pronoun "they" in this context, so I magnanimously drop into "we," honestly owning up to my share of the general unreason. The newcomer immediately on her entrance unpacked a luncheon basket, and set to work to refresh herself, eating and drinking in a manner which though not actually offensive was distinctly underbred. We ultra-fastidious people resented this *manque* of *savoir faire*, and though, of course, our better breeding prevented us making any comment

aloud, we silently bewailed our fate in having so uncongenial a companion foisted on us for a long day's journey, and refrained from making any of the advances which our position as original occupants of the carriage seemed to demand. Presently there was an obstinate, aggravating, difficult-to-be-dealt-with window, to be opened or shut. I struggled with it in vain, I fumbled at it in a helpless kind of way, and N. shook her head when appealed to, whereupon the intruder promptly and unobtrusively came to the rescue, and at once brought the window to reason, and when she replaced her luncheon basket in the rack overhead, not only took especial care not to damage N's hat, which had been laid aside for a jaunty little travelling cap, but with a deft and masterly touch made all our rugs, handbags, umbrellas, &c. (which sympathetic belongings apparently partook of our unwonted dejection), fall into place in the most prompt and orderly fashion possible. When the guard, as is the custom in long journeys, paid us periodical visits of inspection (to assure himself that we had not lost our tickets, I imagine, so frequent were his demands to see them), she always had some pleasant and *apropos* remark ready, which she delivered in vivacious Italian, which, if not very correct, was at any rate colloquial and fluent for the purpose. Her intimate knowledge of the route we were travelling amazed us, for, despairing of any conversation with people so hopelessly unsociable as we appeared to be, we heard her ejaculating to herself in an undertone the names of all the stations before we approached them. And even far into the afternoon, when still cherishing our discontent, we continued to churlishly ignore her presence, she seemed disposed to be friendly. At last, about the hour when tea is usually served, she volunteered the information that at the next station there was excellent coffee to be had. "We stay there eight minutes, ladies, and I would strongly advise you to have some, as there will be no further opportunity of getting any till we reach Florence." G., who is by nature courteous, and who, moreover, finds black coffee a saving elixir, which enables her to bear all the fatigues of travel without ill effect, could no longer resist the polite stranger, so she smiled, and remarked in her genial manner—

"You seem to be very familiar with the route we are travelling."

"Well, I ought to know something of it," replied the little woman; "it is the eleventh time I have made the journey."

"Eleven times from Rome to Florence!" exclaimed G.
"What a traveller you must be!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, that journey represents a small part of my travelling, which has extended not only over Europe, but to all the other quarters of the globe. I have been thirteen times to America, five times to Australia, and once to the Holy Land; while a winter in Egypt, or a run out to the Cape, is quite in my line of business."

This sounded sufficiently interesting to bring the rest of the party down from the high horse whereon we had so long been mounted. In truth we had not found the unusual exercise of bestriding that proud charger congenial, and were glad enough to descend, the more so as at that moment the train stopped, and before we had time to consider the advisability of looking out for the coffee that had been suggested, our quick-witted companion had supplied us each with a steaming glassful, for so, be it noted, is it served on *le contenong*. "You can settle with me by and by," she explained; "at present I have paid for all to save time."

In a few minutes we were again *en route*, greatly enlivened by our coffee, and having reimbursed our travelling companion for her outlay on our behalf, were quite ready to be amused if it were her good pleasure to explain the meaning of her various wanderings by land and sea.

Had we to do with the Queen of the Gipsies? Clearly not so; for the picturesque element was entirely absent from her most commonplace get up, and no gipsy, much less a royal one, would have chosen to array herself in an ill-cut grey ulster and nondescript black bonnet. Did she *travel* for soap, patent cocoa, feeding bottles, or night-lights? Scarcely, for the expressions "wintering in Egypt" and "running out to the Cape," had no commercial ring in them, but rather suggested pleasure tours. She herself answered the riddle which had puzzled us ever since her startling statement of having been thirteen times to America.

"Yes, ladies, I have seen a good bit of the world, and what I feel most in growing old is that very soon all this voyaging must come to an end, and I shall have to mope away my time in an arm-chair, till death comes to set me free. It's more than forty-five years ago since I first came abroad, and I've been on the move almost ever since.

"The first time I got no further than Paris, and far enough

and wonderful enough that journey was to a girl that had never before left her native village ; my young ladies (for I went abroad as maid) were not more delighted at the prospect of spending a year in Paris than I was, and before we were there very long I picked up as much French as any of them, though I never learned it out of a book. But there was one that talked to me so much and so well that before the year was out I was married, and almost a Frenchwoman myself. My husband had a good place and we were as happy as the day was long for about six years, when he fell into consumption. From that time life was a struggle. We had three children, and, when no more money was coming in, our little savings soon began to disappear. About that time the chance of earning some money offered itself, and as my mother-in-law was free to look after her son and the children I could not refuse it, though it nearly broke my heart to leave my poor sick husband. One of my young ladies who had fallen into bad health, was ordered to the South of France, and nothing would do her but that I should go with her and take care of her. Her parents were rich and generous, and could well afford to gratify her, and the money was sadly needed in our little home, and so we set off. Week by week my charge grew better, but week by week the news from home grew worse, and six weeks after I got back to Paris my husband was dead. When we came to talk things over, it was agreed that the children should stay with their grandmother, and that I should take a situation. This time I engaged to go to Italy with an English family, who spoke no language but their own. I soon picked up enough Italian to eke out my meaning where French would not pass ; and as I enjoyed travelling, and was quick at finding out all that was to be done at railway stations, custom-houses, &c., I got on famously. By degrees my name became known as a capable courier, and from that time to this I have never been out of work. While the children were young, I kept up the little home in Paris, which was my resting place between one tour and another, but when they had grown older and had lost their grandmother, I thought it was time for them to know something of their mother's country, and so I took them over to England and put them to school. 'Twas then I began to go over to America, where I have usually taken out invalids. It has sometimes happened, however, that when I have gone round Europe with American families, they have got so used to me and

my ways that they have insisted on my returning with them to the States, so that they might have no bother about the packing or unpacking, and have some one they trusted at hand in case anyone got ill. Twice I have started to America on a day's notice, and once on a hour's. I don't care much for the long sea voyage to Australia, there is no adventure in it, but I have known it to be of great benefit in cases of lung trouble which was not too far advanced. I am on my way now to Florence to pick up a party for the Italian lakes. That's the tour I prefer to all others; there is not an hotel on the whole trip where from manager to chamber-maid, everyone is not glad to see me. I am welcomed as an old friend by all, and it warms my heart to receive such kindly greetings. Besides the wonderful beauty of the scenery delights me as much now, when I am familiar with it, as it did the first time I saw it. Travelling is always a new pleasure to me. I get on with all kinds of unlikely people, and it is only quite lately that I have found out what being tired means. When I compare the varied life I've led with the dreary lot of most women of my class, who never get a chance of seeing anything, I thank God for the way He opened up to me to bring up my family respectably, and to see so many parts of His beautiful world. Of course, my children are long ago settled; my daughters well married, and my son at the head of a good business. They often tell me that I have been more of a father than a mother to them, and perhaps I have, and many's the rare and curious thing I've brought back to them from foreign lands, just as though I had been a purser or a sea-captain. But now it is all coming to an end; rheumatics don't fit in with a courier's life, and I'll soon have to take to amusing myself with my grandchildren like any old woman. At any rate, they'll need no story-books while I am about, for if I live to be a hundred I'll not have come to the end of telling them of all the wonderful places and people I have seen."

By this time we were nearing the Florence Station, and were reproaching ourselves for having by our own stupidity missed hearing some of the adventures which were to be the delight of our fellow travellers' grandchildren by and by. She certainly possessed the gift which she claimed of getting on with unlikely people, for she had completely won us by her affability and desire to oblige, as well as forced us to acknowledge to ourselves that

though her appearance was not prepossessing, she was a decidedly clever woman, and had shaped for herself a useful and agreeable career. At the same time we were astonished that an intelligence capable of grappling with time-tables and custom-house officers, and of enabling her to master two or three languages sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes, had not improved her table manners nor given her bearing any faintest shade of distinction. But, notwithstanding the absence of these superficial advantages she had for an hour or two beguiled the time pleasantly for us, for which, and for a striking example of energy and courage, we remain her debtors.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

SPRING.

A LAMENT.

THOU art come back, O Spring, sweet Spring!
All last year's sorrows cannot fling
One single shadow o'er thy dawn;
Thou seemest fairer for our knowing
That soon, alas! thou wilt be going,
As other springs are gone.

Thy flowers pass, and so must mine,
But quicker, quicker far than thine,
My faded petals Time will shed;
And, while o'er dead hopes I am weeping,
Thy hopes will be alive, though sleeping
In kind earth's winter bed.

The cruel summer, fierce and strong,
Doth thee, each year, a grievous wrong,
To burn thy fair faint life away;
And yet thou may'st forgive her, knowing
For thee, e'en now, is slowly growing
Another natal day.

But I one only Spring can live,
And passing hard 'tis to forgive
The ruthless hands that lay me low,
Untimely crushing all my flowers
And leaving me chill Autumn's showers,
And Winter's frost and snow.

FRANK PENTRILL.

THE DAISY.

AN ALLEGORY.

IT was in Spring. A clear blue morning, when the dewdrops lay like lost jewels among the grass; when the lark, up in the heart of the sky, sang out silvery; when the soft wind lightly swayed the lately budded emerald leaves; when everything was cool, and fresh, and sweet in the early sunlit hours.

A daisy opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was the sun. He shone bright and beautiful above her, with a few radiant white clouds gathered like angels around his throne. The daisy smiled; she loved the sun. He had made her, and given her the snowy dress with its rosy edge, and the little gold crown she wore. He had set her on a pleasant, green bank, where a wild-rose bush bent over her to shade her in the hot noon, and where crystal waters sang murmuringly at her feet. The sun had been good to the daisy, and the daisy loved him.

She looked at her neighbours. There was a purple violet, with impassioned eyes, that spoke mysteriously of death and pain. There was a delicate, faint primrose, thoughtful, calm-hearted, exquisite, and a little cold. There were the budding roses, dreamy and fragrant, with creamy-white, lovely faces, smiling tenderly, as if they had happy thoughts. "They are all more beautiful than I am," said the daisy within herself, "but that is no matter; we are loved for our hearts, not for our faces." From this it may be seen that she was as yet a very ignorant and inexperienced daisy.

Presently a wind came whispering among the flowers. He told them of all he had seen as he swept over the world; of the shining azure seas, where every wave was crowned with a silvery plume; of the awful solitudes on the heights of the glistening snow-clad mountains; of the undulating plains that were indistinct in the mist of light enshrouding them.

Then the flowers said: "These things thou hast seen, dost thou love them more than us?"

And the wind answered: "The flowers on this bank are the fairest in the world for me." He stooped over the daisy. "Little daisy, thou art lovely," he murmured. Then he went sighing

over the meadow. The primrose and violet smiled at the roses, and the roses blushed.

"Why do they blush?" whispered the daisy to the violet.

"The wind is the roses' lover," said the violet: and the daisy's face grew pale.

The hours went by silently; the roses dreamed of their absent lover; the violet's eyes grew deep and sad in her solemn musings; the primrose withdrew herself into the high places of her own grand thoughts; and the daisy sat on her little carpet of green leaves, lonely, friendless, and forgotten.

Flowers dream their lives away.

The wind comes and goes, the birds fly from tree to tree, the stars travel the immeasurable spaces of heaven; but where the sun calls up a flower, there it grows, there it lives, there it dies. Flowers are of the contemplative order in nature.

Suddenly there was a long, clear, delicious rush of song, a flutter of hastening wings; and a thrush sat swaying on a drooping rose-bough. Oh, but his song was sweet! It flowed like the ripple of crystal waters, full of peace and music.

The daisy's heart beat quickly. Perhaps the thrush would love her. She was very hungry for love; all the more so because she had a vague presentiment that she might hunger in vain. She raised her shy, fair face towards this wonderful singer, with a look that was almost a prayer in its piteous entreaty.

Alas! Alas!

The thrush's eyes were watching the primrose's downcast face, not cold now, nor abstracted, but glorified with a marvellous radiance.

The daisy shrank back, bitter pain gnawing at her heart. Would no one ever come to satisfy this weary longing, to fill up this desolate loneliness of hers? Why did the sun call her forth from the sleep wherein she had lain, quiet in the still deeps of the yet uncreated?

But there came no answer to the questioning. Dark and lurid clouds gathered in the sky, hiding away the sun and the blue. The wind rose in hollow gusts, then fell into dreary silences that thrilled one with a sense of impending horror. Darker and darker grew the heavens; down swept the rushing rain; out flashed the fiery lightning and was gone; and the earth shook in the mighty roar and crash of the thunder.

The violet, lost in her dreams, heeded not the wrath of the storm. The roses trembled and shrank, but the wind whispered to them not to fear. The bird sang bravely for his love, in the breathless lulls between thunderpeal and thunderpeal; and the daisy drew her veil over her gold crown and hid her face.

She felt forsaken utterly. Even the sun had cast her off—he who had made her. He had hidden himself away behind angry clouds. Perhaps he was offended with her. She had rebelled against the burden of living unloved, and therefore deserved punishment.

Everything had gone wrong with this poor daisy. When it was after sunset, the storm drifted eastward. The vesper star gleamed like a jewel in the cool green-blue of the evening sky. He spoke from afar, and his voice was soft and sad as the wail of an Eolian harp. "Beloved, beloved, lift thy beautiful eyes to me."

Up sprang the daisy's hope that would not die, bidding her rejoice for that she was loved at last. Then, terrible as the hiss of a deadly serpent, fell on her ears the gentle whisper of the roses: "Awake, sweet violet, and greet thy love."

The daisy crouched down in the grass, grieving dumbly for the hope that lay stricken to death by the roses' words.

"Little daisy, do not weep," murmured the grass-blades. "We love you."

But the daisy's heart was like a stone.

"The sun loves you, too, white sister," the grass-blades went on speaking softly, "although he has veiled his face from you for a little while. The flowers have need of shade as well as light, and fallen rain-drops turn into pearls."

But the daisy's heart was like a stone.

"The wind is not a faithful lover," whispered the grass-blades, "he wooeth everywhere. The thrush will sing when the primrose fades, and the star will not grow dark when the violet withers." But the daisy heard not, being dead.

ALICE FURLONG.

BALLADE ON SPRING.

RIGHT gaily join the blackbirds bold
 In rondos, triolets, and glees,
 The ravens o'er their building scold,
 The robins chat in minor keys
 Their tender, thrilling harmonies,
 The golden-breasted orioles sing,
 And daisies deck the new-grassed leas
 When winter yields its place to spring.

The bracken fronds are all unrolled
 Above the purple, violet seas,
 O'er the primroses pale and cold
 Whose fragrance scents the passing breeze
 That hurls the snows from cherry trees
 And sets the wind-flowers fluttering;
 The swallows come in galaxies
 When winter yields its place to spring.

The pilewort shines like molten gold,
 The hawthorn dons white draperies,
 The buds on lilac boughs unfold
 O'er tulips, cowslips, and hearts-ease;
 The earliest of the moorland bees
 On heath and gorse is lingering,
 A gladsome world the farmer sees
 When winter yields its place to spring.

Envoy.

Prince, joyous are the memories
 The gladsome sunbright hours bring,
 And we forget our miseries
 When winter yields its place to spring.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XIII.—*Correspondence with Cardinal Wiseman (concluded.)*

THE materials for these notes are so abundant that we regret having allowed an interruption of three months since the publication of the preceding instalment. But the account of the writers of *The Dublin Review*, which we were enabled to give almost number by number for thirty years, was in reality a branch of the same subject, revealing as it did the extraordinary frequency and long continuance of Dr. Russell's contributions to the great Catholic Quarterly.

In January we gave many of Dr. Wiseman's letters to his Maynooth friend before the year 1850. We should wish to print the letters in our possession from that illustrious man; but we have the less difficulty in confining ourselves to what can be quoted this month, as all the documents will then pass into the hands of Cardinal Wiseman's biographer, Father Morris, S.J., through whose great kindness we are allowed to forestal a part of his work.

The following will show the pains the Cardinal took about some of those scientific lectures which a few of our readers still remember with delight.

London, Jan. 11, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND—To-day I have written at some length to Duffy sending the corrected MS. lecture on Glass, having written and sent him the Dundalk sermon, not printed at length in the papers, and the one at Marlborough Street. I have to correct the second lecture, Carlow, Waterford, and the Hanover Square lecture, which is well reported. I hope thus to get through before the spring season.

Hurst and Blackett are going to bring out a volume of my Lectures collected—of course not Duffy's, but two or three which I am going to deliver. It is about the first of these that I trouble you again. I have so little time and so few scientific persons near me that I find it easier to write a few questions than to go about poking after information. Dr. Callan will probably be able at once to say which are the best works and fullest—on Electricity (historical)—on the history of the steam-engine—on that of photography. Is Lardner's work, that I used at Maynooth, sufficient? I forget its exact title.

You mentioned *pepsine*; but I cannot find the history of its discovery. I have asked Doctors, and they did not know of anything particular. It is not in Pereira.*

I must observe that my theme is not so much on *accidental* discoveries as upon the discovery by genius of great things (or the drawing of important results) from the observation of things which hundreds or thousands may have seen before without seeing their results or consequences. The observation of, and reasoning from, a phenomenon which could not have happened before, might be right to quote, but would not be strictly within my purpose. In truth my subject is too much for one lecture, as it takes in science, art, literature, music, etc. Still I shall be thankful for any suggestion.

Can you remember what I have read somewhere, that the gold in Australia was discovered by the same plants being found there as in California? Where would it be found?

Again, the scientific books which I have consulted represent Galvani's discovery to have been made in his laboratory while he was making experiments: whereas the popular account (as I have heard it in Italy) was that it was in his kitchen, preparing a frog for his wife. Do you remember it in any book? A trifle of this sort makes a popular point in a light lecture.

You will think me a bore, but sometimes a line saves an hour's hunt in a book.

What I meant by "Synesius" (in my notes for the other lecture) was in allusion to the apostate La Croze's theory that he forged the works of St. Dionysius the Arcopagite.

Your affectionate friend in Xt.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

The only Wiseman papers that come under our hand for the rest of that year, 1859—but we are rather shunning than searching for quotable matter—are two medical bulletins, one of which, dated Oct. 24, 1859, runs thus: "His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman is improving. He passes good nights; but it is imperatively essential that he should not, for some time to come, be

* We overlooked a letter of the preceding 10th of December which was evidently answered by Dr. Russell in a letter to which the present is the Cardinal's reply. On Dec. 10th he wrote:—

"I have promised two Lectures. One is 'on the important results and consequences derived from the observation of slight facts, &c.' The other is 'on the difficulties of historical and literary forgeries.' I have just jotted down a few heads that strike me. Would you suggest any, and, adding these, send the paper back?"

harassed by business of any kind whatsoever." The following letter refers back to this illness. The opening words allude to one of Dr. Russell's struggles to escape a mitre—perhaps in this instance his native diocese of Down and Connor. "The Church of the Basilicas" was to be a companion tale for "Fabiola," and indeed planned in the preface to that most successful of Cardinal Wiseman's writings. The idea was never carried out.

Rome, Jan. 7, 1860.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I have not failed to comply with your wishes, though against the grain. I have urged whatever pleas conscience would allow me against your appointment, but I see that what has been said on the other side has made a great impression. The two Archbishops have been written to for a further opinion. You must now leave the case in God's hands, and those of the Holy See.

I find Rome so far acting favourably on my health. Though the weather has been far from favourable, it is mild compared with England; indeed, when the sky is clear, we have the temperature of spring.

I should enjoy myself and get more rapidly well, if I were clear of business. But, unfortunately, I have much on my hands, and most of it of a trying character, connected with the cause of my late illness. Otherwise I have nothing to complain of. I am in my old quarters, in the English College, where I have passed so many happy days and years, seated now at the very desk which I occupied many years ago, and wrote so much, at least, for my own improvement.

The reception of me by the Holy Father has been most paternal and affectionate; that of my colleagues kind and brotherly. Indeed at Rome I feel at home, and all around seems congenial and *freundlich*—which is untranslatable.

I am attacked on all sides for "The Church of the Basilicas," and I fear I must try to do something.

Oremus pro invicem.

Your affectionate friend in Xt.,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Though the following letter is marked *private*, it may be published with impunity after the lapse of thirty years. "V. Em." is of course Victor Emmanuel.

[PRIVATE.]

London, 1st Jan., 1864.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL—Many happy New Years' Days to you, and thanks for your kind, good wishes.

Thank God, I enter on this new year in fair health and spirits,

welcoming it as a new gift from God, with its joys or griefs, as it shall please Him to distribute them. For some years now the charcoal-marked days have greatly prevailed over the chalked ones, and even at this moment I have more cloud than sunshine over me.

How gladly I would talk many matters over with you, which I cannot write of ; but patient silence is often one's best resource.

Some one has sent me a recent No. of the *Osservatore Romano*, the official paper, so carefully revised in the *Segretario di Stato* that every word is eliminated from its columns which it is not wished should lead even to conjectures. I was surprised, therefore, to find there stated the rumour or report that I was expected to represent the Holy See in the coming Congress. I had heard about it before semi-officially, but this comes more unreservedly before the world. The Pope told a person who wrote it to me, that, verbally, he had accepted the invitation to attend in person.

This is a matter of great seriousness to me ; it will be impossible almost for the Holy Father to plead as it were before V. Em. the Turk, &c., the cause of the Church. Of course I do not speak with anyone on this subject, but I know I can trust it to your discretion. Pray for me. I have not yet received the Malines address ; thanks to the paper-maker.

I am ever,

Your affectionate friend in Xt.,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Writing from Broadstairs on the 4th November, 1863, the Cardinal does not forget that it is the feast of his friend's patron. " But first let me wish you many happy returns of your Saint's Day, according to genuine Catholic custom." Why did not others make the recurrence of the feast of St. Charles, year by year, an excuse for some such expression of thoughtful affection ? Dear reader, think if there be any one amongst the living to whom you will hereafter be glad to have paid similar tribute.

The last of Cardinal Wiseman's letters that we shall transcribe is dated from Bruxelles, 25th October.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I am here with my friend, Canon Donnet, who is laid up with a broken tendon Achilles. The consecration of the new bishop of Bruges passed off most admirably, particularly his solemn entry. Tens of thousands were in the streets and houses, and I never witnessed a more touching spectacle. Not a word, or smile, or look that betokened levity or indifference was to be seen, even among young men. All knelt uncovered, for the blessings of the

passing prelates. In the evening they all met at the English College, where I was lodged. There were addresses and music in the Aula Maxima; and I enclose a copy of the inscription erected. Only I substituted *gratulantes* for *complaudentes*, after it had been printed off.

My health has gained wonderfully by my trip here, though I have had some fatiguing days. But somehow, I feel more at home abroad than at home. Nothing can be more warm-hearted than the reception which I meet from every one, bishops, clergy, and laity. Sunday I passed some agreeable time with the Bollandists, in their library.

Now for a more personal topic. Since I came abroad, I have accepted an invitation to lecture on Shakespear, at the Royal Institution, on Jan. 27, next. I can scarcely flatter myself that you will be in London at the time. Should this be, I need not say what pleasure it would give me. But at any rate, I should be very thankful for any suggestion or hint from you, on this difficult topic. The names, indeed, of writers *out of the beaten track* on the subject will be welcome. But thoughts, or remarks are what I should most prize. Of course the lecture must not be a compilation, nor a mere following of others. But I shall be glad to hear what others think, so as to correct or amplify my own poor thoughts. I have considered it quite a matter of religious importance to accept, as it has a good influence to see such a national subject thrown into Catholic hierarchical hands. Answer me in London.

Your affectionate friend in Xt.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

The letters we have quoted, a few out of many, are enough to show the regard that Cardinal Wiseman had for Dr. Russell and the confidence that he placed in him. In handing over the correspondence to the Cardinal's biographer, it is well to put into print a few notes at the end which Father Morris might suppress, as they are his own. Father John Morris, S.J., to whom Cardinal Vaughan has entrusted the duty of writing the life of his great predecessor, was then Secretary to the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and watched over his last days. Amidst all his labours and anxieties he found time to "report progress" fully in answer to Dr. Russell's earnest enquiries. The first note is dated from 8 York Place, Portman Square, London, W.

Jan. 27, 1865.

The bulletins given by the doctors of the state of the Cardinal's health are moderately favourable, and he says of himself that he is

better. If to this I add my own misgivings as to the precariousness of his state, I do not know that I can do more to put you in possession of the truth respecting him. Yesterday the gathering over his eye became so bad that it had to be opened with the surgeon's knife. He bore it beautifully, as he always does bear physical pain, but it naturally spoiled his night's rest. His face is now much better in consequence.

I told him of your letter, and he was much gratified by your kindness.

Jan. 30th, 1865.

I am very glad that you are unable to carry out the impulse dictated by your affection for the Cardinal, for the doctors would not allow him to see you if you came.

He continues very low, and I see so far no change for the better. On Wednesday a gathering over the right eye required an operation, which he bore with the fortitude with which he takes all bodily pain. It relieved him, no doubt; but there is the danger that another may form. The diabetes is no worse; though, if it were, the doctors could not attend to it. He sleeps a great deal, and is quite himself when awake, very quiet, but cheerful.

I hope that reports of improvement will not deprive him of anyone's prayers.

February 6th.

You will have seen in to-day's *Times* what the Cardinal did yesterday. In the evening the carbuncle on the right temple, that had been kept down for a while with caustic, had become so bad that it had to be opened with three cuts, "to give him a chance."

He is now very low, indeed. His dispositions are extremely beautiful. "How sweet to fall asleep!" he said to me a moment ago. "I am like a child going home from school," he said when he learnt he was likely to die. He has just said: "My mind is quite clear, and I only wish to go home as soon as God pleases."

Feb. 8th, 1865.

Yesterday there was some improvement. The swelling in the face has gone down somewhat; the voice is clearer, speaking from a clearer throat; and he takes his food more readily. But there are unfavourable symptoms to counterbalance these, and I feel it is only a matter of time. *Nondum statim finis*, he said in the middle of the night before last, and it is still no doubt true. If no new carbuncle forms, he may still pull on for a bit. But I doubt whether the

innumerable prayers are to have any answer but the great and consoling one of the gift of patience for him.

February 10th.

Last night I had a tiny ray of hope, but I cannot see it this morning. All night through, whenever he waked, he wandered, but even his wanderings were edifying. At one time he spoke about unity; at another he must get out of bed that he might make sure he was doing his duty. His first collected words this morning were to ask for Communion. His obedience is unbounded. When told that the doctors would be here in a few minutes, would he wait? he acquiesced at once, and had his stole taken off: and when they had gone, I asked him whether he would receive Communion then, and he said that it depended upon us.

The clearest time that he has had was yes [Father Morris wrote only the first syllable of "yesterday," and there follows in a feminine handwriting] 5 p.m. Canon Morris desired me to finish his note as he cannot. There is no change. The Cardinal continues getting gradually weaker, he has just asked for his Rosary and to be left quiet for a time. His mind is perfectly clear to-day.

Five days later Cardinal Wiseman died. He was born ten years before his friend Dr. Russell, and died fifteen years before him, aged 63 years.

TO MAY.

SWEET May, with dainty flower-crowned head, and eyes
Like dewy violets in the woodland ways,
To greet thy coming gorsy bonfires blaze,
The marigolds in marshy swamps uprise,
A cloth of gold upon the meadows lies
Meet for thy tread; the skylark hymns thy praise,
A blither note is in the blackbird's lays,
In tasselled clover loud the corncrake cries;
The martins gossip of thy beauty rare,
The young lambs bound before thee o'er the grass,
The wild rose wakes from sleep to see thee pass,
Thy namesakes' whispers fill the ambient air,
And joyous sunbeams round thy white feet play
From the red dawn till closing of the day.

MY VILLAGE.

"MY Village" must be the title of this sketch, since the more appropriate one of "Our Village" has been used by Miss Mitford in the days when literary women were looked upon somewhat askance, and when they wrote less and, alas, better than at the present day.

In the march of civilization my village has been overlooked and left far behind. The telephone and electric light are things unheard of, and a resident of the place described a telegram as "a thing that comes when somebody's dead." All we know of the steam-engine is the whistle that comes at times from southward on the still air, telling that a train is entering or departing from a station miles away, and foretelling the coming of rain to the weather-wise ear. Many of us have never left, nor desired to leave, the confines of our own parish, and regard the rest of Ireland, or the world for that matter, as a very indifferent appendage thereof. We reverence and love Leo XIII. as the head of the Church; but, after all, he is a very vague and indistinct personage compared to our own good old parish priest. Only a few months ago, when the collection of Peter's Pence was taken up in our little chapel, a poor woman dropped a penny on the plate and lifted a halfpenny, supposing the collection to be the usual copper collection made on Sundays; later on she was set right, and back she trudged in the afternoon to give an additional halfpenny. "I didn't know it was for the Pope, your reverence, or I wouldn't have lifted the halfpenny," she explained.

Happily we hear little and know less of the newer doctrines that so delight the many-minded editor of the *Review of Reviews*. "God betwixt us an' harm!" a venerable grandsire exclaimed when some strange doings were spoken of, and making the sign of the Cross, as his mother often did, when the fairies were yet a power in the land. Indeed, some lingering belief in those good people still exists. Ancient thorns reign in the centre of many a field unharmed. Woe betide the man rash enough to cut down "a gentle thorn." Neither he nor his belongings shall prosper. A drink of silver is yet a certain cure for bewitched cattle, and Will-o'-the-Wisp, with his magic lantern, perambulates the bog-land, and delights in leading belated travellers astray.

My village has no claim whatever to be regarded as historic; neither has it any health-giving springs to draw invalids thither. There are no ruins in its vicinity to enrapture the eager antiquarian, no holy wells or rivers. It has never been patronised by artists of any school. It is neither very beautiful nor very picturesque, except with the beauty that Whittier says is everywhere—the beauty of sunlight and green fields, and waving woods and rushing waters. It is built on a rocky hill that gives it its name, and consists of a dozen or more houses. The roads leading to it are pleasant pathways to tread in the summer days, for farming is not high, and the hedgerows grow wildly and luxuriantly, and cast a cooling shade over the passenger, while dog-rowsans, violets, etc., thrive in the deep ditches and a hundred bird-notes issue from the green leaves.

The houses of the village are built pretty much alike and are all white-washed, so that, viewed from a distance, it looks perfect, the houses dazzlingly white against a background of larch, or of blue sky. The old inhabitants think my village an ideal one, and in the spring and early summer evenings one is tempted to agree with them. The men sit by the door steps, too tired to make more than an occasional remark, idly watching the fleecy clouds moving slowly across the western arch that is yet brilliant with the red and gold and amber and jasper of sunset. There are no sounds to break the deep silence but the whirring cries of the cornrakes from the fragrant clover fields. White mists rise over the bogland and wrap the far blue mountains. The little churchyard grows undistinguishable amid the trees, and one big bright star peeps out of the deepening blue, and then good-nights are exchanged and hopes are expressed of a fine day to-morrow; and long ere midnight the villagers sink into the arms of Morpheus, as the old schoolmaster, who was responsible for our education, would have said.

Our schoolmaster's acquaintance with classic literature was extensive, and he loved poetry, so his pupils, instead of attending to the programme set them by the Commissioners of National Education, very often sat listening while he read how "Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old," or recounted the many labours of Hercules, or the adventures of Jason, or Paris, or Ulysses. How horrified these same Commissioners would have been to hear him recite to a lot of wondering urchins "Fontenoy"

or "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety Eight?" He is well remembered still, though he has been sleeping in the churchyard for long years, and Irish exiles, returned from beyond the Atlantic, speak of the "old master" with his love of classics and poetry as not inferior in ability to the professors of Harvard or Yale.

In my village nobody ever seems to have a correct idea as to the time. There are several marks and tokens by which the villagers rule the flight of the hours. First, there is the sun. The arrival of her Majesty's mails is announced for eight o'clock, a.m.; but the trim little pony and his rider are variable as to the hour of their coming, and "post time" is somewhat between eight and nine o'clock.

Our postman is the best-natured possible. He carries messages innumerable betwixt friends that dwell on his route, and will wait for a quarter of an hour without grumbling while some laggard writes an epistle. He has grown acquainted with the handwriting of nearly everyone's correspondents, and, when delivering his letters, can also inform the owners as to the writers. "That's from Pat, and this is from Kitty. Tell her when you write I was askin' for her," he says, as he hands his letters round. His departure in the evening takes place in or about six o'clock, and the housewives know when "Bob" leaves the village that they had better see to the preparation of supper for the tired workers in the fields or bogs.

A large tract of bog-land lies south of my village, gay in the spring-time with fluffy masses of white bogwort, gayer in the harvest with clumps of brown and purple heath. In the long summer days "the bog" is a noisy place. Groups of boys and girls are busily engaged in "clamping" the peats that are to make many a cabin comfortable in the wintry days; engaged, too, in merry, harmless badinage. The girls wear the big white sun-bonnets that are steadily losing ground in the popular favour in this era of cheap millinery, and short, bright-coloured petticoats, so that the busy toilers are easily seen from a distance, and form bright figures on the landscape.

My village can boast (as what Irish village cannot?) of politicians. The old men generally refuse to believe in modern legislators, and discourse much of "Dan" among themselves; but the young and middle-aged take a keen interest in matters

political. Foremost of these is a retired soldier, who is the reverse of Kipling's soldier in everything, but "the shillin' a-day," and the number "of places all ending in *pore*," in which he has heard the reveillé. He is very fond of recounting anecdotes of his military career, and likewise of "words of learned length and thundering sound," and often prefaces his tale by the remark, that, at that particular time he was "rusticating on the slopes of the Himalayas," and if not that, then he was "masquerading around Cawnpore." He has opportunities of displaying his knowledge and airing his eloquence each Sunday on his way to and from Mass, and to the line of men and boys that rest along the church-wall discussing the fall in the price of cattle, the latest death or marriage in the parish, or the appearances, maybe, of the women or girls that enter the graveyard to say a prayer by their relatives' graves. The ex-soldier is not always listened to with attention, but he believes in himself and discourses on "the latest movement on the political chess-board," till the bell clangs from the belfry as a signal that the priest comes from the mountain chapel where he has said first Mass. There is a hurried movement in the direction of the church-door—the more hurried if someone chances to look along the white road that leads to the church and ejaculates, "If it isn't the Canon himself!"

M. ROCK.

WINGED WORDS.

It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time. People who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.—*Hammerton*.

Vice is indulgence; virtue, abstinence.—*Manley Pike*.

No concise, unqualified assertion is ever entirely true—not even this one.—*The Same*.

How dentists and dressmakers escape becoming irreclaimable sceptics as to the courage of men and the amiability of women is a mystery.—*The Same*.

Ask only the well about their health.—*The Same*.

I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Everyone must have felt that a friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison. There is, no doubt, some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary; in fancying that we are victims of fate. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves as if we were somebody else.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

It is *not* well always to finish one duty before beginning another. Work helps work. Duties intercompensate.—*M.R.*

Oneness hath power. If any man or woman willeth one thing only, may God preserve me from opposing them.—*Lady G. Fullerton.*

Difficulties in the spiritual life are like nettles which sting if one handles them daintily, but which lose all their viciousness if one goes at them.—*Henrietta Kerr.*

Feelings or no feelings are quite independent of one's will, and God asks for one's will only.—*The same.*

What trouble people do give themselves in order to be happy! They might get it with less fuss if they but sought it in the right way.—*The same.*

All misery is a prayer in the ear of our Heavenly Father.—*F. W. Faber.*

It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Himself.—*The same.*

Precisely in proportion to the high qualities of any given mind, in proportion to its keen insight into the causes and tendencies of things, and its appreciation of truth and virtue, in the same proportion will the distinction vanish in its eyes between things "very bad" and things "only a little bad."—*The Duke of Argyle.*

The secret of our distractions in prayer is to be found in the tenour of our lives. A mighty river carries all before it: the habitual stream of our thoughts breaks in upon our acts of prayer.—*Cardinal Manning.*

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Carmina Mariana* has not actually reached us when we begin these notes ; but, as this is May, we put it first as the fullest tribute that the English muse has paid to the Blessed Virgin. We shall probably return to it a little further on. Another *Mois de Marie* of a very different kind is "Saturday Dedicated to Mary. From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S.J." (London: Burns and Oates). Father Clarke, S.J., in his preface ought to have told us something about the author. Is this Jesuit with an Italian name a contemporary, or did he flourish two hundred years ago? His treatise is not a booklet of devotion, but a solid volume of nearly five hundred pages, produced in the excellent style that we are accustomed to in the Quarterly Series, of which it is the eighty-third issue.

2. "A Mixed Marriage" is a very well written story by the Lady Amabel Kerr, and is brought out admirably by the Catholic Truth Society for half-a-crown, a very moderate price for a book of its size. It makes no pretence of being anything else than a novel with a very decided purpose, but its lesson is taught in such a manner as to make it a very attractive story. It would be interesting to compare this tale with an earlier one having the same object and almost the same name, written about half a century ago—"The Massingers, or the Evils of Mixed Marriages." We recollect getting a good character of it from a reader of sound judgment. Lady Amabel Kerr evidently understands the society of the present day. Her novel is the most important publication of the sort that we have had from the energetic Catholic Truth Society.

3. "The Primer of Church Latin," by René F. R. Conder, B.A., Oxon (London: Burns and Oates) has for its object to enable young Catholics, and converts to the faith; to get a sufficiently intelligent knowledge of the Latin language for church purposes, without the necessity of going through a complete course of classical study. All the words and examples are taken from the ordinary offices of the Church. The plan has been very carefully carried out.

4. From the office of *The Ave Maria* (Notre Dame, Indiana) we have received "Hermigild, or the Two Crowns," a tragedy in five acts, by the Rev. John Oechtering, of the diocese of Fort Wayne. It is arranged exclusively for male characters, and there are sixteen of them, besides officers, soldiers, citizens, and servants. It is very hard to judge of an acting play by the cold text; but this drama seems in literary merit and interest to be much above the average of the academic stage, and especially of what is sometimes called the "théâtre chrétien."

5. A great many souls will draw profit from "Flowers of the Passion" (Benziger, New York). It consists of thoughts gathered from Letters of St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists. Miss Ella Mulligan has translated the little book exceedingly well from the French of a Father of the same Order. The same publishers have sent us a New Month of St. Joseph, consisting of thirty-one short meditations on St. Joseph's merits and privileges of the Blessed Virgin's Spouse, drawn from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, whose life also furnishes the practical examples attached to each meditation. A larger work from the same publishing office is "Words of Wisdom," which is a full concordance of the Book of Proverbs and the other books of the Old Testament which are grouped together as the Sapiential Books. This collection was made in France in the last century, but the American editor of course follows the Douay Bible. The book is admirably arranged and brought out with special care and elegance. Finally, these energetic publishers have issued a stately octavo which ought not to be mentioned in the same paragraph with small devotional treatises like "Flowers of the Passion." It is only intended for theologians and canonists and is a strictly professional treatise on all the ecclesiastical questions that regard Matrimony. It bears the official Imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. Priests in these countries will find much useful information in this learned work, though it is concerned with discipline established in America since the year 1884, as its title-page plainly sets forth: "The Marriage Process in the United States," by the Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D., author of "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," "The New Procedure," "Compendium Juris Canonici," etc., etc. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See). Dr. Smith's previous works have established his reputation as an authority on Canon Law in its contemporary applications.

6. We have before welcomed the magnificent volume, "Songs of the Four Nations" by Harold Boulton and Arthur Somervell (London: Cramer and Co.,) in which Ireland gets for once even more than justice: for out of fifty pieces Ireland contributes fourteen, while England and Scotland have ten a-piece, and Wales twelve. These are the "four nations." There are besides two Gaelic songs from the Highlands and one each from Cornwall and the Isle of Man. There are English words in all cases, but, as a Saturday Reviewer remarks "all the five forms of the Celtic language preserved in these islands—namely, Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, Manx, and Cornish—are represented here." The same evidently competent critic says that in the musical part of the undertaking Mr. Somervell "has shown an extraordinary aptitude for the work."

7. Dr. Kinane, Dean of Cashel, has just added to the long list of his popular books a volume of a hundred pages, telling the life of Dr. O'Hurley. Archbishop of Cashel (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). The Most Rev. Dr. Croke addressed a strong letter of approval to the biographer of his martyred predecessor. Dean Kinane has collected with pious diligence all the particulars that are available. By the way, the Archbishop's christian name is given in three different places as "David," "Dermot," and "Darby." We have heard of the last of these being Latinised into "Jeremias." Books like the present are very useful in interesting our people in the history of the Faith in Ireland. "Of such progenitors are ye," as some speaker says in Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

8. One of the most sumptuously elegant volumes which the Press of the United States has ever issued is certainly Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood's "Dream of the Ages, a Poem of Columbia" (Washington D. C.: *The National Tribune*.) Mrs. Sherwood has a high reputation in her own country, chiefly on account of her volume, "Campfire and Memorial Day and other Poems." Patriotism is also the inspiration of her new poem which recounts in very mystical fashion the history of the United States. The metre varies, the predominant stanza resembling the quatrain of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," but the fourth line is shorter than the second, which rhymes with it, not by two syllables but four. More lyrical and less stately measures are introduced very effectively. Is this *édition de luxe* the first appearance of the poem? We have heard of a rivulet of type through a meadow of margin; but on these dainty quarto pages an islet of type lies in the midst of a White Sea of margin. There are numerous full-page illustrations by J. E. Kelly (is he an Irishman?) and George Breck. Nothing pleases us in this fine poem (but from a personal, not an artistic point of view) more than the dedication "to John James Piatt, and Sarah M. B. Piatt—"

Remembering long, bright days along the river Lee,
And scintillant oars that plashed across the bay;
And walled gardens hanging o'er the sea,
Like hooded pirates watching for their prey;
And noontide strolls adown the terraced wood,
And laughter flying through the solitude;
And roofless cloisters and rent castle steps,
Where shyly o'er the sward the shamrock creeps;
And lamp-lit evenings in the Priory gray,
With childish faces peering through the dim;
And one coy spirit stealing soft away
From noisy jousts of speech high thoughts to hymn;
And morns we watched the out-bound ships strike foam,
And sighed for sweet Columbia and for home.

Though the first of these lines has two syllables beyond its proper share, and though we fear the fourteen lines are supposed to form a sonnet, we quote them as a graceful souvenir of the Priory, near Queenstown, which has just ceased to be the residence of two whom our readers have had many opportunities of recognising as true poets. The United States Government does not ignore the claims of literature: Nathaniel Hawthorne was once American Consul at Liverpool, and Mr. Piatt has just been appointed American Consul at Dublin.

9. A very interesting relic of a great personality removed from the stage of human affairs is "*Pastime Papers*", by Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning (London: Burns and Oates). The pleasantly printed volume is edited by "J. O."; who of course is "John Oldcastle,"—and *him* it is no harm to recognise as Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. We cannot as readily interpret the Editor's graceful dedicatory verses to "M.M.:" but his brief introduction is not only agreeable but very useful in preparing the reader for the only essays Cardinal Manning ever wrote without a directly religious purpose. These "*Pastime Papers*" treat of Honour, Consistency, Pride, Vanity, Popularity, Selfishness, Gossip, the Fourth Estate, Critics, Courage, and the Demon of Socrates. Old as some of these topics are, there is a great deal of freshness and originality in the treatment of them, especially when the reader reminds himself that this is the great Cardinal at play.

10. Another batch of books from the Catholic Truth Society: a penny book of meditations for a month, on Faith and Hope, and another on Charity, by Father Richard Clarke, S.J.; a sketch of St. Anselm by Mrs. Ward; and "*Mr. Collette as an Historian*," by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.—this last a very thorough exposure of the blunders of a rabid controversialist whom happily our readers never heard of. The latest additions to the *Historical Papers* edited by Father John Morris, S.J., are "*St. Bartholemew's Day*," by the Rev. William Loughnan, S.J., and "*The Rood of Boxley, or how a lie grows*," by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Father Bridgett's essay is much longer than the others of the same series, and is indeed a very complete and masterly refutation of a lying Protestant tradition. But a much more important addition to controversial literature is the latest publication of the same accomplished writer: "*The Flag of Truce, or must we fight for ever?*"—which is an extremely interesting collection of Protestant testimonies gathered from all departments of literature as to the intervention of the saints after death, communion with the dead, the use of images, and other points of a Catholic doctrine and devotion. These testimonies are marshalled

and discussed with great literary and theological skill. We rejoice to add that the Catholic Truth Society has printed this admirable essay or collection of little essays, not with a false economy but in a bold and readable type.

11. The hope we expressed at the beginning of these present book-notes has been realised, and our May Number is able to announce the actual appearance of Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*—the richest tribute that English literature has ever paid to the Queen of May, for it contains the best of all, and some of nearly all, that has been written about the Blessed Virgin in England, Ireland, and the United States. Even those who have a right to consider themselves fairly acquainted with the subject will be surprised at the unknown treasures discovered by Mr. Shipley's diligence, from Richard Verstegan of Queen Elizabeth's time, to Richard Wilton of Queen Victoria's. We should be curious to have a rough guess at the number of hours devoted to the researches of which we have here the net result, and also devoted to the securing of the mechanical perfection of this publication. The compiler has been even too careful in specifying the sources from which he has drawn his materials. He has not refused the aid of many outside the Catholic Church—Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey, Keble, Edward Dowden, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Browning, etc. The Irish names largely represented are Gerald Griffin, Aubrey de Vere, Richard Dalton Williams, D'Arcy McGee, Cassie O'Hara, Katherine Tynan, Rosa Mulholland, Denis Florence MacCarthy and his daughter, and many others, beside many of the American poets whom Ireland can claim as her own also. This is indeed a magnificent anthology. We are grateful that several of our own poets have been considered worthy of being ranked among these Laureates of the Madonna.

12. A new newspaper is not a new book ; but it seems so pleasant and useful for priests and ecclesiastical students to get the news of the Catholic world in Latin, that we reprint the prospectus of the *Orbis Catholicus*, which has just begun to appear in Rome, and which will send sixteen pages of news in good Latin twice a month for six francs, or, as we may say in round numbers, six shillings a year :—

Bono alite nuntiamus hodie novam ephemeridem latina lingua conscriptam cui titulus *Orbis Catholicus* editam fuisse. Huic ephemeridi in votis et pro fine est Catholicos quotquot in orbe extant novo quodam vinculo Romæ, quæ veræ Fidei centrum est, colligare et illos tum de rebus quæ hic agantur, tum de progressu Catholicitatis quæ unica populorum quies et felicitas, de statu ejusdem, pugnâ atque triumphis apud singulas nationes, accurate monere. Sacerdotibus et præsertim apud segregata oppida degentibus, nostra hæc ephemeris

dicata est; quæ Roma discedens salutatum eos adit de romanis rebus colloquutura. Nanciscentur enim in hac ephemeride exercitationem quandam latini sermonis, quem Ecclesia ad romanæ majestatis memoriam sibi veluti propriam adseivit atque ex injuria temporum vindicavit; proinde latine conscriptam a Roma excipientes ephemeridem veluti duplici vinculo, Fidei scilicet ac sermonis se cum Roma arbitrabuntur conjunctos. Optimum ducimus opus nostrum inchoare in jubilaribus episcopalibus SS. Domini Nostri Leonis XIII., cui semper cordi et animo sunt et latinæ linguæ studium et bonarum evulgatio ephemeridum.

Precamur tandem urbanitatem tuam uti *citius* indices, *chartula postal*i an nomen tuum in albo sociorum redigendum sit, atque hanc expectantes, omni cultu, reverentiam tibi præstamus.

[Will a journal of this kind be allowed to run the blockade of ecclesiastical seminaries which very properly exclude the distruction of newspapers? It ought to be useful and interesting for young students to see contemporary events chronicled in the language of Licy and Tacitus. The annual subscription payable advance—"in antecessum solvendum"—may be sent "All' Editore del Giornale *Orbis Catholicus*, Via Astalli 19, Roma, (Italia)." No name of editor or publisher is given. Can a foreign money order for six shillings be thus issued impersonally?]

13. Two Irish priests are about to make important additions to our Irish historical literature. From the Very Rev. P. White, P.P. of Nenagh, we may soon expect a history of Clare and the Dalcassians; and the Very Rev. J. Fahy, Vicar General of Kilmacduagh, will publish immediately, at the very moderate price of six shillings, a large volume on the History and Antiquities of that ancient diocese. We have seen the table of contents of the thirty one chapters of this work, and the mere enumeration of the places and persons treated of is enough to excite the keenest curiosity in any one interested in Ireland and the Irish Church. The outlay of cash suggested in this paragraph happens to be the same as that recommended in the preceding paragraph. We should be glad if these lines had the effect of sending a great many money orders of that amount to Gort on the one hand, and on the other hand to No. 19 Via Astalli, Roma. Down and Connor, Kildare and Leighlin, Meath, Kilmacduagh, Ardagh, and Killaloe have now found ecclesiastical historians: when shall the same good fortune befall Raphoe, Dromore, Ferns, Cashel, and all the other dioceses of our faithful Irish Church?

14. We have more than once expressed our admiration for the vigilance exercised on behalf of their clients by the officials of Durrant's Press Cuttings Agency. The most striking example thereof is the following. A new Italian Magazine, *Rivista Internazionale di Scienze Sociali e Discipline Ausiliare*, in enumerating the articles on social subjects in the February Magazines in the English language, mentioned "Il Clero et la Legge Elettorale pel Rev. E. J. O'Reilly nell' IRISH MONTHLY." The Press Cutting agent had no right to imagine that such a Review would mention our Magazine at all; and yet the moment this solitary passing reference is made to our Magazine in the most unlikely of quarters, down upon it pounces instantly the Argus-eyed Press Cuttings Agency, cuts the passage out, and sends it to us.

JUNE, 1893.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

PROLOGUE.

FOR many years I had been thinking of paying a visit to that wild western country, Connemara. I had read innumerable descriptions of its exquisite scenery and of the primitive manners of its people; and I was curious to behold them both with my own eyes. It was only two years ago that I was able to gratify my wish. Every other year, the moment I was prepared to set out, something was sure to turn up to keep me at home; but the delay only added to the keenness of my longing.

I came with great expectations, for I said that nature must have lavished rich gifts on a region which had won such admiration from many who had seen the smiling shores of southern France, the vine-clad hills of Italy, and the wild picturesqueness of the Scottish Highlands. You will say that those who expect very much are always disappointed. Well, I was not. I had not dreamt of greater beauty than I saw, nor so great. I wandered here, and I wandered there; over the mountains and hills, through the bogs and the green valleys, and along by the seashore. These last were my favourite rambles; for the sea has a strange fascination for me, and I envy those who live near it.

In the course of my wandering along the coast, I came to a quaint and pretty village, more prosperous looking than any I had yet seen. I put up at the one hotel it could boast of, and made up my mind to spend some time there. In the course of my walks through the country around this little village, I came across some fine old houses, surrounded by fine old woods of their own. One of these, the nearest to the town, was Blakescourt, the home, I was told, of Mr. Charles Blake. It was my good fortune to make

the acquaintance of this gentleman and his family shortly afterwards. I was introduced to them by their parish priest, who was an old friend of mine, Father O'Connor (Father Reilly, of whom mention will be made later on, had died many years before this). I also became acquainted with Mr. Blake's sister, Margaret Blake, a charming old maid, who lived in an odd-looking cottage at the extreme end of the park in which Blakescourt stood, and this acquaintance very rapidly ripened into a warm friendship. I do not know how it was, but we seemed to have an attraction for each other, and I spent more of my time in her cottage than anywhere else. One day she told me the story of her life, and I thought it so interesting that I begged her to write it all out. At first she refused point-blank to do anything of the kind; but, in the end, she gave in to my entreaties on condition that I would show it to only a very few until after she and her brother were gone. She really could see nothing in her life which could prove of the least interest to anybody. If she had been a fascinating young lady, it might be different; but there was nothing romantic about *her*! Dear, simple-minded creature! I promised to respect her wishes; and that I have kept my promise you will see afterwards. Now I shall ask all who intend to read the story of her life written by herself, in the following pages, to remember that she had not, as she often impressed upon me, any literary style whatever. She simply wrote facts as she remembered them, just to please the whim of her friend, as she delighted to call me; and I give those pages to you to read, because I think you must find something interesting and not unprofitable in the life of a woman, who was high-spirited, noble, and generous, whose whole affection was bestowed on a brother, not unworthy of it—a woman who conquered a passionate temper, and who came forth from the ordeal of suffering, purified and strengthened.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRTH AND A DEATH.

I, Margaret McMahon Blake, known to my friends and family as plain Meg Blake, was born on the 27th of January, 1841. My father, Charles Kirwan Blake, owned a large property in Connemara, which had been in the possession of our family for many hundred years. The year before I was born, he married Eva McMahon,

the reigning beauty of Clare. He was a fine-looking man himself, tall and manly, with the bright blue eyes and dark brown hair which have always been characteristic of our family. I was three years old before a son and heir came to gladden my parents' hearts, and young though I was, I can remember that day well. It was one of universal rejoicing in the neighbourhood; the bells of the village church rang out a joyous peal, and the tenants came from all quarters to partake of the good things prepared for them in honour of the event, to dance round the huge bonfire which in the evening was kindled outside the wall of the park, and ever and anon to cheer for "the Master," and to drink to the long life and happiness of the young heir. Charlie—he was named after our father—was born on a lovely September day, bright and sunny as the day ought to be which brought joy to so many. I often afterwards heard old Nan remark that on that day no wind went sighing through the trees, but the flowers smelt sweetly, and the birds chorused each other from branch to branch, as they sang what seemed to be a joyful song of welcome, while hardly a ripple disturbed the glass-like surface of the sea. All nature seemed to offer a happy omen of the fortune and character of the important babe. I have often wondered since how an ignorant, poor woman, like our old nurse, could take notice to such things; but these superstitious, uneducated people are wonderfully observant, and ever trying to raise the veil of time, and peep into the future by means of omens, charms, and spells, and it is this desire to see the hidden things of life which has quickened their sense of observation, and so worked upon their imagination that they seek to find in the workings of nature an answer to their own inquisitive surmises.

For a whole week the merry-making continued; within and without, there was nothing but bustle and noise, running to and fro, gay laughter, and a regular cessation of all labour. The people seemed bent on making a general holiday. I was completely forgotten, and left for hours to amuse myself as best I could, all alone in the nursery. I usually spent the time looking out of the window, which had a good view of the park, with the avenue winding through it, watching all that I could see, and wondering at the sudden transformation our quiet home had undergone. You think such a young child as I was then would not mind such things, or notice them at all; but that is not so. Children are very quick at perceiving changes, and, if they cannot understand

them, will spend hours trying to find a reason for them when they are too shy to ask it. I was shy and very reserved, both of which qualities have stuck to me during life. Now people make a great mistake in supposing that, because children are too young to understand, they may say what they like before them, quite forgetting that what they do not understand makes a far greater impression on their minds than what they do, and the memory being yet unburdened by tasks, keeps a faithful record of words and things, which in after years will be fully comprehended, when, perhaps, it were much better that they should be quite forgotten.

One morning towards the end of this week I was sitting alone with nurse, when Mary, the housemaid, entered the room. She looked so flurried and frightened that Nan remarked :—" One would think you saw a ghost Mary. What is the matter ? "

" Troth, then, if I didn't see a ghost, I heard one, which is the same thing, Mrs. Ward."

" Heard one ! Arrah, what do you mane, Mary ? You are losing your sinces, I'm afraid."

" Sorra fear of me. As sure as I'm a livin' bein', I heard the banshee last night, cryin' as if her heart would break, just under the mistress's window. Nancy Fogarty can tell you 'tis no lie, for she heard her, too. We went to bed about ten o'clock, and both of us bein' so tired fell asleep in a minute, when just as it was strikin' twelve I wakened up an' heard her ; I was that frightened I was hardly able to draw my breath, but I called Nancy and she woke up and heard her then. I'll never be the better of it. I'm trimblin' and shiverin' with fear the whole mornin', for I know something terrible is going to happen."

" Hould your pratin', Mary Forde, shame on you for a silly colleen. Too much dancin' and gallivantin' you have had this week, an' it has turned your foolish head and made you dhrame of such stuff."

" Dhrame ! Faix it isn't dhraming I was, as Nancy can tell you. *Dhrame* ! I was as wide awake as you are now when I heard her ; an' yesterday, though I didn't like to talk of this, all the day I saw one magpie flying about the mistress's window."

Just at this moment the door opened, and my father stood on the threshold looking very pale and disturbed. He called nurse out, and, Mary quickly following them, I was left by myself to

think over the conversation I had just listened to. "Something terrible is going to happen." Those words of Mary's I found myself saying over and over again; my lips refused to frame anything else, and they floated before my mind until the walls and floor seemed covered with them, and I got so frightened, that I imagined the room became filled with magpies, and the low sobbing of the wind was the dreaded banshee's wail. For a while I was so overcome by fear, that I could neither move nor scream, but at last recovering myself I ran out of the room, crying at the top of my voice, and never stopped until I reached the door of my mother's room, my father was standing there with an angry frown on his face, and clutching me tightly by the arm, he half dragged, half carried me along the corridor, until he reached the window at the end; then, letting me go, he sternly said:—

"Margaret, I am very angry with you for disturbing poor mother with your screaming."

"O Pappy, Pappy!" I exclaimed, "I was frightened. The banshee and the magpies!" I could say no more, I was trembling with fear, and sobbing.

"Banshee! Magpies! What do you mean, child? Cease crying and tell me."

"I heard Mary telling Nurse Nan that she heard the banshee crying last night and saw a magpie outside Mammy's window, and—and Mary said something—dreadful is going to happen."

I was commencing to sob again, when looking up into my father's face, child though I was, I was awed into silence. He had grown ashen pale, and the angry frown had given place to an expression of great fear and pain.

"Pappy, you sick?" I asked. He noticed me looking at him and answered quickly.

"No, child, no. Listen to me. Don't mind what Mary and Nurse were saying. Forget all about it. I shall scold both of them for frightening my little Meg with their silly talk. Now run away out and play about the lawn. See, Shot and Chloe are waiting for you, they do not know what is delaying you. Don't run far; not below the lime trees, and make no noise, for it would hurt poor Mammy and keep her from sleeping."

The corridor window is right over the hall door. I jumped up on the seat as my father finished speaking and looked out. My

two playfellows were stretched on the gravel before the door, sunning themselves, and, as I believed, impatiently waiting for me; the sight of them completely banished from my mind Mary's words and my father's woe-begone face. Kissing him and promising him that I would make no noise, I hastened away to join them. Happy days of childhood, when tears and laughter succeed each other with such marvellous rapidity, that we have barely time to think of the cause of our sorrow before a laugh banishes the tear-drops from our eyes and the pain from our hearts!

For half an hour I romped about the lawn with my pair of companions, quite unconscious of the great crisis at hand, the sad event that I was too young to understand, the loss that I could not feel as I ought, but the shadow of which would extend into my future, making my life in after years so different from what it might have been. I saw, without noticing it much, for I was too busily engaged playing with my dogs, that something unusual was happening. I was not more than ten minutes outside when I saw Peter, the stable boy, galloping Brown Bess down the avenue at a breakneck pace, and a quarter of an hour afterwards old Dr. Ryan drove up to the door, followed quickly by Father Pat Reilly, while Peter and Brown Bess brought up the rear. I paused in my play for a moment, looking after the priest and doctor, and wondering at their conduct, which seemed very strange to me. They were old and special friends of mine, both of them, and yet they had passed me by without a word, with hardly a glance, a thing which had never occurred before. No wonder I was surprised, they had always been so ready to chat with me or even join in my plays. But I was recalled from these thoughts by the fuss Shot made in his valiant but vain efforts to catch his own tail, and by Chloe jumping and barking around me.

Some minutes later I heard my name softly called, and, looking up, saw my father standing on the hall door steps. I ran towards him, laughing joyously, and followed by my frisky little playmates; but when I came near enough, I saw that he had been crying; there were traces of tears about his eyes, and his face looked pale and drawn. The laugh died on my lips, but I did not speak. Taking me by the hand, he said:—

"My poor child, you will be soon motherless. Come now to give Mamma a last good-bye and to receive her blessing."

"Where is Mammy going to, Pappy"? I asked.

"To Heaven."

"And will she never come back to us again?"

"Never. But do not cry," he added, seeing the tears gathering in my eyes. "It would distress her, and she will be far happier in heaven, my Meg, than we could hope to make her here."

I bravely choked back the sobs and wiped the tears from my eyes as we entered my mother's room. Its appearance on that sad day is indelibly fixed on my memory. The drawn blinds, the lighted candles on the little altar, the kneeling figures of the priest, the doctor and Nan, my dear mother lying back calm and motionless among the snowy pillows, not more white than her sweet face, her lips moving in prayer. As my father and I entered, she turned slowly towards us, and letting her eyes rest tenderly on me, said in an almost inaudible tone:—

"My darling, come and kiss me."

My father raised me in his arms and laid me on the bed beside her, and in spite of all my efforts my tears flowed fast as my lips touched hers for the last time in life, and I listened to the last words she would ever speak to me in this world.

"God bless you, my dearest child," she murmured, "and make you worthy of one day sharing his heavenly kingdom. Be a loving daughter and sister, and, when I am gone, take care of your dear father and baby brother."

She sank back exhausted, and, my father taking me down, we all knelt around the bed, while Father Pat said the prayers for the dying. For a time she seemed unconscious, neither moving nor opening her eyes, but at last she raised the crucifix she held in her hands to her lips saying, "My Jesus, mercy!" then one soft sigh and all was over. My angel mother had gone to receive the reward of a short but well-spent life.

CHAPTER II.

THE FUNERAL.

THE days which followed my mother's death were the dreariest and gloomiest I ever remember. I spent them mostly in the nursery, all alone, for I was quite forgotten in the sad preparations for the funeral; nobody had time to think of me, except Nan now and then. My father I never saw during that time; he was utterly prostrate with grief and rarely left the library. His

sister, Mrs. French, who arrived a few hours after my mother had died, undertook the management of the household during those days, and looked after the comfort of the numerous relatives, who had come to be present at the funeral. Aunt Anna was a splendid manager, and I don't know how my father could have got on without her; she attended to everything, taking all responsibilities on her own shoulders, sparing him as much as possible, for indeed he was incapable of transacting any business, so overcome was he by the blow which had fallen on him; it was she who managed all the details of that last sad office and gave all orders connected with it, helped by uncle Stephen, dear mother's younger brother.

For hours I sat by myself in the nursery, lonely and sorrowful, bewildered by the sudden transformation of our quiet happy home into a place of bustle and mourning. I would not go outside the door for fear of meeting some of these strange uncles and aunts and cousins, hardly any of whom I had ever seen before. I was a shy, sensitive creature always, and even so early as then quite conscious of the feeling of disappointment that my personal appearance caused to my relations. The remarks I so often heard passed on myself in my younger days always caused me infinite pain, not that I was in the least vain, for I think I can truly say that I am and have ever been perfectly free from that feminine failing; but it hurt me to know I could never please my relatives: they were always finding fault with my looks, always criticising my actions, which were awkward because of my shyness. I longed to show my love for some of them who were very dear to me and to gain theirs in return; but I never could. My reserved nature prevented me from making any display of my affection, and nobody, I suppose, thought it worth while to win the love of a plain, untalented girl. I had not even the distinction of being *ugly*; I was just *plain*, common-looking, and commonplace in my tastes: could any more be wanting to make me uninteresting? For a time all this caused me much suffering; but, as the years passed, I became hardened and used to it, and long before I reached womanhood the worst remarks that could be passed upon me would fall on deaf ears.

But I have not yet got so far. I was saying that during those first days of mourning I was left almost entirely to myself. The night before the funeral Nurse took me to my poor mother's room, to look for the last time on that sweet face, which was beautiful

and calm in death. I cried, oh ! so bitterly, as I kissed the icy cold lips which would never part again to give utterance to some word of love and kindness, and as I looked on the eyes closed in the long and lonely sleep from which there will be no awakening until the Great Day.

When the funeral was setting out, I sat on the seat of the corridor window, Nan with Charlie in her arms beside me, watching with tearless eyes the solemn procession filing down the avenue. I did not weep, for though I knew what it all meant, yet I could not realize or understand it; curiosity and excitement, too, filled my mind. I had not in my young life seen a funeral before; and the great black hearse with its nodding plumes, drawn by four horses draped in black, the oak coffin carried on the shoulders of six men, and covered with wreaths and crosses of flowers, the long array of grave and silent men, which followed it, with bands of crape on their hats, which the wind fluttered: the slowly moving cars and carriages, the drivers of which wore scarfs and bands of white tied with black ribbon, were a strange and interesting novelty to me. I watched it all till a bend in the avenue hid the last car from my sight and then turning around, I saw that Nurse was crying, but still thinking of what I had seen I asked:

"Nurse Nan, why had Pappy and Uncle Stephen black things on their hats? And what was the big black box with all the feathers? And—"

"O, Miss Margaret, you cold-hearted crature, stop that chatterin' and your poor mamma buryin'. Ochone, O, but 'tis little sinse you have, askin' sich questions. But the day will come, mark my words, Miss Margaret, when your heart will break with sorrow, longin' for the mother you don't miss now. O, my poor mistress! God rest your soul this day, and put some feelin' into the hearts of thim that ought to have it."

Though I did not quite understand Nurse's words, yet I knew by the tone in which they were said that they meant something terrible, and I burst into a passionate fit of weeping, which at once filled Nurse with regret, while she tried in vain to sooth me.

"Alanna," she cried, "don't take on so, sure I never meant anything; whisht now, and bye and bye we'll get apples from Mary."

But I would not be quieted, excitement and fright nearly made me hysterical; promises and threats had no effect on me, and

at last Aunt Anna came running up the stairs to know what was the matter; she sat down on the window seat and took me on her lap, kissing me and talking to me the while. I never remember her to be so kind to me before or since. She was generally a cold, undemonstrative woman, who took everything and everybody coolly and quietly; but I suppose on this occasion she was touched by my piteous moans and sobs, and she severely scolded Nan, who acknowledged having caused them.

"Poor little darling!" she said, pushing back the hair from my burning brow, and kissing me, "you will make yourself ill with all this crying, and then what will Pappy do to all of us when he comes back and finds his little Meg sick? Hush now, and don't mind what naughty Nan said; I have given her a good scolding. We shall have all sorts of grand things when Pappy and Uncle Stephen come home, sugar plums and chocolate, and to-morrow I will bring you to see dear Mammy's new home."

After a great deal of coaxing and many promises I consented to cease crying, but nothing could induce me to go near Nan or stay in the nursery with her. I clung to Aunt Anna the rest of the evening, and would not let her go an inch without me, to her evident annoyance sometimes. I dined that night for the first time with my father, aunts, uncles and cousins in the large dining-room. The dinner, I well remember, was a very gloomy affair; the conversation was very broken and not even the ghost of a smile appeared on any one's face. I watched my strange relations with curiosity, and among other bits and scraps heard the following talk carried on in an undertone near my end of the table.

"Is that Anna's or Charles's little girl?"

"Charles's."

"She is very plain-looking."

"Very, indeed. I wonder whom does she take after? The Blakes and McMahons were all good-looking."

"They were, every one of them. Poor little body, she hasn't got a single redeeming feature; nature seems to have given her only the worst parts of each family."

"Now, now, Jane be charitable, and speak lower, or Charles will hear you. The little thing is not so bad at all, and she may have many good qualities, which are far better than beauty. Besides, she is too young yet to judge how she will turn out. Look what a lovely colour her hair is, and how thick and glossy."

"What good is nice hair to a face like hers? Anyhow, she is likely to be a great heiress. If the baby dies—and it is very delicate—this place will be hers."

"There you are mistaken, Jane; the property is entailed, and if the baby son should chance to die, it passes after Charles's death to young Vincent Blake, of Cherryfield, that fine manly young fellow over there, near Charles Blake."

To my sorrow, I was sent to bed soon after. I should have liked to listen to more of their gossip, which, though I did not understand, being too young, I yet knew related to myself, and being a very precocious child I was anxious to have a faithful copy of it in my memory which I could read over and find out the meaning of, when I grew old enough.

Next morning I rose with the lark. All night long I had scarcely slept, watching for the dawn until I could go to visit my mother with aunt Anna. After breakfast I asked her if it was yet time to go, and she told me to ask the gardener to make me a wreath of white flowers to carry with me. Poor Carty pulled all his choicest blooms for that wreath, saying he only regretted that they were not half good enough for the dear mistress, God rest her soul. When it was finished, we started for Kildangan Churchyard. It is about a mile distant from Blakescourt, and the road leading to it is nearly all the way bordered on one side by the park wall, while on the other, beyond the low hedge, stretches a fertile valley bounded by picturesque hills, which form the chief beauty of that country. The day, I well remember, was a warm, lovely one. My Aunt and I walked slowly along, I chatting away merrily, for I was in a gay mood, happy in the prospect of seeing my dear mother, for I really expected to do so, not understanding in the least what death meant. When we arrived at the churchyard gates, my Aunt opened them, and entering, told me to follow her closely. She walked around the old ruined Church, until she came to a pretty spot in an angle, where the left chancel met the aisle, and kneeling beside a newly-made grave, beckoned me to do the same, saying:—

"Margaret dear, here is where your mother is laid." I looked at her with wondering eyes, then at the grave, the church, and the crosses and headstones about.

"Auntie," I asked, in a quivering voice, going as close to her as I could, "where is Mammy? I want her."

"She is here, darling, underneath this clay."

"O, Auntie, Auntie, take her up. Why did they put her there? I want her, I want my Mammy, I want to give her those flowers."

"Hush, Meg"—for I had commenced to sob—"don't you know that Mammy is dead, and they buried her here, like everybody who dies? Put your flowers beside those other ones, to show you do not forget her."

"Nurse told me God took Mammy to Heaven, and I want to go and see her," I sobbed.

"But you cannot get there, Margaret, until you die. Tell Mother all you have got to say to her here, and she will hear you and understand."

But I was not to be satisfied so easily; I continued weeping passionately, for I was bitterly disappointed at not seeing my mother, and all my aunt's endeavours to quiet me were unsuccessful. She was greatly disturbed, not knowing what to do with me, for I would not go home nor cease crying. Had she been a person accustomed to humour or manage children, the task would not have been such a difficult one; but she was not. I consented only to go with her when I had wearied myself with crying, and a neighbouring woman then offered to carry me, which greatly relieved my aunt.

My next visit to my mother's grave was not made till a couple of months had lessened my sorrow, and my young heart had learned to do without a mother's love. I told Nan that evening that "Naughty Auntie" had said that Mammy was under the clay, but I knew she was in Heaven with God, and Nan would bring me to see her to-morrow. Nurse said "yes," but when to-morrow came she found some excuse for putting me off until I forgot all about it.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE.

DAYS and weeks and months passed by, and soon my mother was only a sweet memory to me. I thought of her sometimes, not very often indeed, except when somebody spoke of her. My father I seldom saw, until Charlie was able to toddle about, and then he used to bring us out about the grounds and play with us,

and in the evening he would have us with him in the library, where he always sat; but for two years, while Charlie was a wee baby, we saw little of him, we were left completely to the care of Nurse Nan and Bridget, our maid. He would come occasionally to the nursery to see how we were getting on and to question Nurse about us. It was Bridget who taught me my first lessons, and took me for a walk every day.

When Charlie was a baby, before he could walk or speak, my chief delight was to sit beside Nan, when she had him in her arms, watching all his movements, and playing with him; I would never grow weary nor feel the hours passing, and if I could only induce Nan to lay her little burden on my lap for a few seconds, my happiness was at its height. When he was lying asleep in his little cot, I would sit beside him for hours, keeping all harm away, as I thought; and if neither Nan nor Bridget was near nothing could move me from my post; neither hunger nor fatigue, nor the more powerful inducement of a sunny day and two impatient playfellows barking for my company. I lavished on him 'all the love that other children divide between their parents, brothers and sisters. There was nothing even then that I would not do for Charlie, no sacrifice that I could not make; and, as I got older, and he grew handsomer every day, my affection went on increasing, until I almost idolised him, and there was hardly room in my heart for any other. I loved my father, too, but in a very different way. He was always kind and gentle to me, but he never tried to win my affection; and during the first years after my mother's death, until in fact Charlie was able to join us, he never took me for a walk or drive, and but rarely spoke to me, so that when he began to have us often with him, I could not help feeling that it was all because of Charlie. He loved him as I did. This neither surprised nor pained me, but rather it drew me closer to him, than anything else could, as all during my life I have cared for everybody who I knew cared for my brother.

The first anxiety Charlie caused me was when he was about three years of age; he got an attack of bronchitis, but was only one night seriously ill, and that night I never slept. I begged very hard of Nurse to be allowed to stay up and help to nurse him, but she would not listen to my entreaties, being anxious to have me out of the way. I spent a miserable night, fearing Charlie might die; every now and then I used to get up and run to the door, hoping

to hear something ; then, I would return to the bedside, and, kneeling there, pray to God, with the tears streaming from my eyes, not to take my brother from me, as I had nobody else to care for, and I could not live without him. Over and over I repeated the Hail Mary, with my eyes fixed on a picture of the Mater Dolorosa which hung near the foot of my bed, which I have yet, and which I regard now almost as a relic, because it belonged to my dear mother, and was a favourite of hers. Another thing which increased my suffering that night was the remembrance of my mother's last hours, and the servants' conversation which I had never thought of since, but which now I could not banish from my mind, and again I thought, as I did that day more than three years before, that the room became filled with those birds of ill omen, flying about silently and unceasingly, and which I seemed to see even with my eyes shut, while the banshee's wail was ever ringing in my ears, sometimes growing so loud I thought it should alarm the whole house, again becoming soft and low like the distant murmuring of the sea-waves, which (if not the creation of my brain) it undoubtedly was.

Towards day-break, Bridget came stealthily into the room thinking I was asleep, but I jumped up at once exclaiming excitedly :

"O, Bridget, how is he now ?"

"Musha, Miss Marget, you frightened me, sure I thought you were sound asleep. O, he is nicely now, the darlin'."

"But Bridget, how can he be nicely, when I heard the banshee all the night, and saw the room full of magpies ?"

"O, Lord ha' mercy on us ! what kind of a child are you at all, Miss ?" and she looked curiously at me while she made the sign of the cross. I was so old-fashioned, a regular little hag, that I used to often astonish the servants, and they all regarded me as an odd child, sometimes saying I was not a "right" child and that the "good people" had something to do with me.

"You know, Bridget," I continued, "the banshee and the magpies came when Mammy died, and now I'm afraid Charlie is going to die, too."

"Musha who in the world put such things into your head, Miss Marget ? Mary indeed ! troth she had very little to do, and if the master knew it, he'd discharge her on the spot. How badly off she was for talking, to be sure !"

"But, Bridget—"

"Now, no more, Miss Marget. Go to sleep like a christian, and never let me hear you talkin' like that again. Master Charlie, God bless him, is gettin' better fast, an' he'll be all right in a couple of hours. I'll shake holy water about the room, and then you needn't be afraid of anything. The Lord betune us an' all harm, I never met a quarer child."

The last sentence she uttered with a shake of the head, and an uneasy glance at me. When she left the room I tried to sleep "like a christian," as she had told me, and could not, and after I had spent a few more hours tossing about in the bed, when I thought it was near my usual time for rising I got up and dressed myself quickly, and then patiently waited for an opportunity of going to see Charlie. I listened for Bridget's step on the corridor, for I was afraid to go out myself or even open my door, as, if it were very early and Nurse should see me, she would surely complain to my father. In a few minutes I heard Bridget coming, and opening the door beckoned her in.

"Bridget," I asked, "may I go to see Charlie now? It isn't too early, is it?"

"Its just eight o'clock, Miss Marget, so come on and see him before you get your breakfast. • He is grand now, and the doctor says he will be quite strong in a few days."

With a light heart I followed Bridget into the room where his little cot lay. Nan was sitting beside him and she motioned us to go quietly, as he was sleeping. I felt so happy at seeing him looking so calm and well that I stooped down and softly kissed his white little forehead, a proceeding which brought an angry frown to Nan's face, and caused my immediate dismissal from the room.

After that day Charlie continued to improve rapidly, and was soon again able to join in all our old games. The following summer, my father got a governess for us, Miss Thyme, a kind English woman, whom we soon grew to love, and who warmly returned our affection. She taught me everything I had a taste for, but my father kept Charlie chiefly in his own hands; which gave me many lonely hours, for after lessons in the library they used to go out together, sometimes for a walk and sometimes for a drive, and very often for a riding lesson in the park. Father had bought a pony for Charlie. a beautiful little black one, named

Kitty, which was his present to him on his seventh birthday. Charlie was delighted with him at first, and nearly all his spare time was spent in the stable, whither, of course, I always accompanied him, loaded with apples and slices of bread-and-butter, of which Kitty was particularly fond; but soon he grew tired of her, she was too small and quiet, he said, and only fit for a girl, he wanted one like Papa's big Roderick Dhù; but Papa told him he must wait a good many years before he could hope to manage a horse like that.

Our father never left Blakescourt from the time that mother died, until I was twelve years old, except for a few days at a time, when he went on business or to attend the Assizes and Quarter Sessions. He lived very quietly, never going to any place of amusement or mixing much with the people around, until the summer, when he seemed to have grown suddenly tired of his seclusion and surprised all his friends and acquaintances by attending the two days' races near the county town, and afterwards going to all the hunts in the neighbourhood (neighbourhood here means the country for thirty or forty miles around). Shortly after Christmas he told us he was going for a few weeks to England. The few weeks lengthened into a few months, and the spring was well advanced before he returned. Then all was confusion and commotion within and without; painters, paper-hangers and carpenters turned the house topsy-turvy, running here and there, until there wasn't a room free from their presence, and the house seemed to be more theirs than ours. If we wanted quietness, we had to go outside to look for it, and even then we could not find it, unless we walked a couple of miles away, for groups of workmen were scattered all over the grounds, repairing hedges and fences, cleaning avenues and putting the gardens into order.

Charlie and I were much astonished at all this bustle, and our curiosity was raised by hearing many significant whispers among the servants, which, however, we could not understand; such as "God help the craters" with a pitying look towards us, "if 'tis an English *colleen* he's goin' to put over them;" or "O begorra, there's an English purse at the bottom of all this;" or, "Faith, the good ould times is gone, I'm thinkin'; an' more's the pity; there is'nt much *brobagh* about those English." Miss Thyme was not able to give us a satisfactory answer, when we asked her the reason of these doings, and we determined to bring our question

to papa himself, who, since his return, was rather unapproachable, being always busy either over papers in the library, or superintending the workers. At last after waiting and watching a long time, we found him one day standing on the hall door-steps, alone and unoccupied, and we walked boldly up to him, our wise-looking little faces perfect notes of interrogation. His answer—"Because I don't want the place to go to ruin"—hardly satisfied us, but we were obliged to be content with it, for he walked away before we could say another word.

In three months' time our old home was completely transformed, so that we could scarcely believe it was the same place; and to us the change was not at all pleasant. We were now obliged to go quietly and carefully through the rooms, for fear of knocking against and breaking some of the fashionable gew-gaws which crowded them. Miss Thyme was continually impressing on us the expediency of confining ourselves to the school-room (which alone had escaped with but few changes) when we wanted to play, instead of romping through the whole house as we had been wont to do. This was at first very distasteful to us, and made us heartily hate all the fine furniture which the servants were never tired of admiring, or showing to curious visitors when my father was away from home.

He went away again to England the moment all the work was finished—it was in the latter part of July—and a few evenings afterwards Nan came into the school-room, while Charlie, Miss Thyme and I were taking tea.

"Did you get a letter this morn'g, Miss?" she asked, seating herself on the window stool.

"Yes, nurse," Miss Thyme answered.

"Well, an' what does the Master say? Whin is it to be, an' will they come home soon after? 'Tis a wonder he didn't send the piothur."

"The letter is a short one. He says the ceremony will take place the first week in August, and they will be home in a fortnight after; he will let us know the date, which is not yet fixed."

"Is it of Pappy you are talking?" I interposed, "and who is coming home with him?"

"God help you *me lannin*," nurse answered, "sure you are gettin' —"

"Hush," Miss Thyme quickly exclaimed, and then added in an

undertone to Nan, which I overheard. "He does not wish them told yet."

I spent days trying to get out of Nan what Miss Thyme was concealing from me, but in vain, though she was not usually a very reticent person, and had the so-called woman's failing of not being able to keep a secret ; but on this occasion she was proof against all my wiles, and I had to content myself with conjectures, which of course fell far short of the truth.

M. E. CONNOLLY.

(To be Continued).

HERALDS.

THE daisies star the meadow ways,
And loudly sing the thrushes,
O'er breezy fells with gorse a-blaze
The gladsome sunshine rushes.
Above the stream the willow bends,
To see her tresses trying,
And from the south the summer sends
Her heralds northward flying.
They come to us from tropic lands,
They've flown o'er mosques and towers,
O'er sacred rivers, desert sands,
And o'er mimosa bowers,
O'er many a storied city's domes
They've come with rapid motion,
O'er lordly halls and lowly homes,
And o'er the trackless ocean.

An ode of welcome blackbirds sing
In joyous key together ;
For them the brown bees' greetings ring
Above the flower-flecked heather ;
And hearts rejoice with birds and bees
Again to see the swallows,
Because they know o'er purple seas
The royal summer follows.

M. ROCK.

LA MADONNA DELLA FINESTRA.

HIGH up in the Alpes Maritimes, just at the point where Italy begins and France ends, is the ancient shrine of the *Madonna della Finestra*, held in high veneration by the simple pious peasants of the neighbouring villages. I use neighbouring in its widest signification, for the nearest village is over the French border, at a distance which I should be puzzled to estimate in kilometres, but which takes three good hours on donkey-back to traverse. The pilgrims from the Italian side have a still longer road to travel, many of them being two days *en route*. No convent or monastery (as is usual at famous pilgrimages) stands on the holy mountain, which according to tradition has been blessed by the visible presence of the Mother of God; but nevertheless on great festivals of Our Lady, and on various lesser days of devotion, the mountain is thronged with pilgrims who come to this favoured spot to sing the praises of Mary, and implore her protection. The only buildings on this Mountain of the Madonna, besides the church, is the presbytery, and an inn where such of the pilgrims as can afford to pay find food and shelter of a primitive description; but such half-hearted and luxurious pilgrims form a very inconsiderable portion of the crowd who congregate on the piazza before the shrine, carrying their frugal provisions from their homes, and passing the entire night in the church, or walking about, chanting hymns; for in order to be present at the early masses on the festival day, even those who live at the nearest village, St. Martin Vésubre, find it more convenient to come up the day before. The Mountain of the Madonna is barren and rocky, with higher peaks behind it, which even in midsummer are covered with snow. An opening between two of these peaks, through which you may almost imagine it possible to peep into heaven, is the *Finestra*, or window, from which the shrine is called. Close at hand, in smiling contrast to this arid mountain, is a lovely valley, with a river which dances over its pebbly bed with much boisterous merriment. In this valley and indeed all over the surrounding country, with the exception of a few barren peaks, are to be found in their native fastnesses flowers which in our country we are accustomed to see cultivated in our gardens. Roses, lilies,

pansies, anemones, larkspurs, snapdragons, columbines, forget-me-nots, phloxes, and a countless variety of other lovely flowers bloom in these wilds as in an earthly paradise, needing no mortal hand to tend them. Many of these hardy Alpine nurslings attain a beauty and perfection equal to the most elaborate specimens exhibited in a flower show, while others are merely the humble ancestors from which have been evolved the cultured and dazzling offspring which adorn our *parterres*, with the family resemblance barely perceptible.

By the time darkness had fallen on the Mountain of the Madonna, on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, now two years ago, most of the pilgrims (of whom I had the privilege of being one) had already arrived. The piazza in front of the church was thronged with at least two thousand souls, and of course the like number of bodies, not a few among the latter being so deformed and distorted as to make it a matter of wonder how they found their way over roads where no vehicle can pass. There they were, however, with their poor twisted misshapen limbs, which would seem to make the fact of their either having walked or come on donkey-back impossible if one were not acquainted with the marvellous patience and endurance of these Alpine peasants, who hardly seem to be made of the same *pate* as that from which the degenerate inhabitants of towns and cities are formed. These sufferers come to the pilgrimage not so much in the hope that the dear Madonna will by a miracle restore them to health, as that she will touch the hearts of their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and move them to help them in their affliction; and in this hope they are not disappointed. "*Pregate la Madonna per me*," whisper the peasants as they bestow their alms on these afflicted ones, and we can well believe that she, who is invoked as *Salus Infirmorum*, will reward with many graces those who show charity to the sick and suffering.

The offices of the pilgrimage were begun by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a sermon (of course in Italian), then the whole congregation left the church in procession, and wended their way to the extreme end of the piazza, where a *feu de joie*, or bonfire, had been erected in honour of the Madonna. This bonfire was solemnly blessed by the officiating priest and set alight, and as it was composed of cones and pine branches, it sent up a glorious fountain of sparks which seemed almost to reach the

clouds. For more than an hour it shot up this golden shower, and even when the sparks no longer flew up, the great camp-fire threw out light and heat to cheer the pilgrims all through the night, and in the morning was not yet extinct. Besides this giant fire there were scores of small ones where the peasants prepared their coffee or soup, and the scene on which we looked out from our hotel window was indescribably bright and foreign. All night long the people streamed in and out of the church, where several confessors were at work from early on the eve of the feast to eight or nine the following morning. Imagine the poor priests sitting all night in their confessionals, while all around were not only their penitents, but family groups of men, women and children asleep wherever they could place themselves. By four o'clock in the morning even the fortunate people who had secured beds in the hotel had to be up and doing; further sleep was impossible. The mountain solitude had become a Babel. The bell was ringing for the first mass. Fresh instalments of pilgrims were arriving, singing hymns and litanies as they came; and all around the piazza little booths had sprung up, full of bright handkerchiefs, of the coloured sashes so much affected by the mountaineers, no matter how out of elbows may be their coats, of reaping hooks, of hats of the men (besides my companion and myself there were not a dozen women in the crowd who wore either hat or bonnet), and above all, of scapulars, medals, pictures, rosaries, and other mementos of the *Madonna della Finestra*. Buyers and sellers in their vehement southern fashion bargained and clamoured as if they were at a fair instead of a pilgrimage, which fact did not prevent them in the intervals of business paying frequent visits to the church and praying with their whole hearts and souls. The men were quite as fervent and free from human respect as the women, walking round and round the shrine, and reciting the rosary aloud, in parties of ten or a dozen. During the course of the morning there were frequent masses and two or three sermons, and almost everyone of the pilgrims received Holy Communion. At ten o'clock there was high mass, the final sermon and a procession. As only about half the people could fit into the church at one time, the selling at the booths went on without interruption. It was a curious sight to see all these people wearing new scapulars, which men and women alike wore over their outer garments. Several fathers and mothers of families wore five, six,

seven or eight scapulars, which they were taking to their children who had been left at home ; and all the young men had a handkerchief or two for their sisters or sweethearts, or for themselves ; for these crimson, amber, green or blue handkerchiefs are equally the mode for women's headdresses or men's neckties. One thing which was very noteworthy was the fact that these peasants, the greater number of whom were unable to read or write, were not ignorant on other points. They knew all the litanies and prayers of the Church in Latin, and could sing the Benediction hymns, *Credo, Kyrie Eleison*, &c., without music or books. Whenever there was no mass or other office going on in the church, someone would start a hymn or a rosary, which would be taken up by the rest.

The last function of the pilgrimage was a grand procession. Not only had each band of villagers brought their own banners, but each of the parishes represented had sent an immense crucifix, the figure of the dead Christ being sometimes larger than life. Several confraternities took part in the procession, the most prominent being the "White Penitents" and the "Black Penitents." These, men and women alike, wore a complete over-dress of white or black cotton, very ugly and uncompromising. The peasants, who work hard and live on meagre fare, have, as a rule, a careworn, oppressed expression ; but if this world has not been too kind to them, neither are they too much taken up with its short-lived pleasures and honours. The spirit of faith seems strong in their hearts, and if they have to toil hard and suffer much, are they not happy at least in knowing that they are treading in the footsteps of the Master and of their ever-loving Madonna, and full of hope of the joy and happiness of the eternity which will set to rights the inequalities and hardships of this life ? To me it was a great joy and privilege to pray with these simple pious people, and to beg with them the protection and help of Mary Immaculate under the title of *Madonna della Finestra*.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

THE SLEEP BEWITCHED.

THE fair was over, the folk were flown,
 Brian Bwee walked home alone;
 Over the fields he followed the path,
 That winds away to the haunted rath.

Over the fields his way he kept,
 There in the moated rath he slept,
 Under the lonely fairy thorn
 Such a sleep as he slept till morn !

There he lay in a dreamy bed,
 Downy pillows beneath his head.
 Round and round on magical feet
 Flew the fairies to fiddles sweet.

Over him, under him, round about
 Gambolled and galloped with song and shout,
 Friksed and frolicked and laughed for glee,
 Jigging and dancing merrily.

Wrinkled witches, old wizened chaps,
 Scarlet mantles and crimson caps,
 Silver buckles on tiny brogues,
 Such a laughter of little rogues !

Round and round while the pipers played,
 In and out, little man and maid,
 Golden tresses and kirtles green,
 Clown and courtier, and king and queen.

Up the middle and down again,
 Here and there to witching strain,
 All night long, till the village cock
 Crowed at half-past three o'clock.

One, two, three !—and the spell was broke ;
 Brian Bwee from his sleep awoke,
 From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe,
 With the feet of the fairies black and blue.

Now in his chimney hob he sits,
 Robbed they say of his five wits,
 Old and feeble and sorry and sore,
 And he hears the music for evermore.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

GOD BLESS OUR POOR.

WE were expecting the Inspector to visit our school for the usual yearly examinations. Our little school stands in a country district. A hill, steep and unclothed, rises at one side of it; on the other there is a stretch of long dreary moor. Sedges grow on the moor, not in great thick quantities that would give the idea of abundance; but standing up lonely in single file—sparse, uninviting, and care-worn, as might have been the seven thin ears seen by Pharaoh in his dream. In the winter time a blueish water laps coldly around these lonely wavering stalks; and the wind, that blows there, across those chilly waters, and over those stalks of sedge—that wind, wherever it comes from, or wherever it travels to, seems to hold all its pinching cold for that sweep of moorland, and to lavish it out upon it pitilessly.

I could tell you about the lonesome cry of the lapwing there when the February twilight is bitter; but you know enough about its desolate appearance. Alas! how sad it is that desolation and poverty seem ever to go hand in hand; as you might see a husband and wife begging along the highway.

"And what will Norah Sheahan wear?" said one little sister to another, as they sat in Bridget's little home. Bridgie was a delicate girl, that supported her aged father and herself by sewing, whenever she could get anything to do in that way from those who had more of this world's gifts than herself. Like many of the other homes in that poor lonely place, her little home was poor, but scrupulously clean; and the children loved to come in and sit by her clean fire, and listen to the sewing machine as she worked it, or wonder at the beautiful things that took shape under her deft fingers.

"And what will Norah Sheahan wear?" Bridgie worked on, but listened.

"She'll have her blue dress."

"And May Smith—what'll she have?"

"Don't you know her red dress? Well, that!" and she nodded her head twice.

"And Annie Flannery?"

"Oh, Annie Flannery will have her *laylac*. And she'll have her white *pinny* with the red braid. And will I tell you what May said—May Smith."

"What?"

"That she'd put paper in her hair, and that it 'ud look fine and fuzzy."

"And what will *you* wear?" said Bridgie to the elder of the two little prattlers. She had, however, no sooner said, than she repented, because she remembered that their father had only eight shillings a week, and there was a "whole household of 'em" there. She was made still further sorry, when the little one bent down her head, said not a word, but for answer made waving figures on the clay floor with the large toe of her little bare foot.

The tears started to Bridgie's eyes, and so, getting up, she put her hands about them, and—"God is good," she said, kissing them. "Who knows?—God is good; who knows?" She hurried up the kettle, and made them a cup of tea, and gave them a slice of home-made bread. While this was going on, the incident faded away from the little children's minds; but not so with Bridgie. Her heart had been touched; she felt moreover that she had pained them, and therefore, she went on ransacking her brain, as we say, to think what could be done.

A bright thought at last struck her. To-morrow would be Saturday, and she would see *her own priest* at the chapel, and would tell him. What a heavenly thing on earth it is to be a priest among the poor! If he does but the least kindness to them—he is *their own priest*. I wonder do you understand the expression? The mother whispers to her children, as she sees him pass by—"that's our own priest, *acree gal!*" The little children whisper to one another, "that's our *own own* priest." And it may be that a little toddler claps its tiny hands and cries: *Dod bless our own peest!* Talk of the gold of the world, heap it high as your highest mountains, and is not this widow's mite beyond it all?

Next day poor Bridgie saw her own priest, and begged for some of the linen that priests in certain parts of Ireland wear at funerals. It was got.

The skilful hands went to work, and little pinafores were made, and washed, and bleached, and smoothed. But there was a difficulty yet. One would think there was no more to be done than to put them on the owners of those little bare feet, that drew Giotto figures on the sanded floor, they would know little of our sensitive poor, who would think so. Poor Bridgie found it easy to beg it; she found it easy to cut it up, sew it, wash it, and make it up; but to get the mother of these little ones to accept, or how to break the matter to her, or how to approach it—*there* was the difficulty.

It was a lonely place; the school stood lonesome and abandoned-like; the sedges grew as if they were never to know company, solitary, apart, and unsocial; the lapwing flapped in airy circles when the sky looked hard and unsympathetic, and gave a lonesome banshee

scream:—desolation was there, and poverty was there; but the nobility of our Irish nature, too, was there. Oh, pray do not talk of nonsensical pride! Leave it to our poor people; it is the only heirloom that remains to them from fathers, and forebears, in whose veins ran gentle blood in the past; it is as the sacred abbeys and castles of our land—beautiful in decay.

On the evening of the day before the examination, Bridgie at last plucked up heart of grace to broach the subject.

“Ah, sure, Bridgie,” said the poor woman, “it is well for me to get ’em. And I am thankful to you, Bridgie, it was kind of you to go to all that trouble; and they are lovely. But I’m sorry—I’m sorry I didn’t know it. I’ve just taken one of the sheets off the bed, and tore it up, to make ’em a pair.”

R. O’K.

THE LOST BELL.

A LEGEND OF LIMERICK.

PAST is the day’s long toil and heat,
 Come is the sunset hour of rest,
 Her husband lies beside her feet,
 Her babe is sleeping on her breast.
 Ah, theirs a life as pure and true
 As is the soul in her sweet eyes,
 As cloudless as the cloudless blue
 Of their Italian skies.
 The twining vines above her head
 A welcome whisper to the breeze;
 The sun, from skies of blue and red,
 Is sinking into golden seas,
 And through the sweet, still, summer air
 Rings out the clear voice of the bell,
 That calls the village hearts to prayer,
 And bids to day a soft farewell.
 The wife her smiling face upraises,
 To give the bell he made the praises
 That glad his heart: “No tones so sweet
 “As these; thy bell may well compete
 “With those that ring cathedral hours,
 “And still the palm be thine—be ours.”

And he with laughter low replies :
"Methinks our bell hath ears and eyes,
"And that its iron heart can feel
"Grief with our grief, weal with our weal.
"Its welcome was the first to greet
"The coming of my young bride's feet ;
"Dost thou remember how on high
"It flung its joy as we passed by ?
"And how it sang a lullaby
"To soothe our child's baptismal cry ?
"When comes the sun, when fades the light,
"To us it says : 'good morn—good night !'
"I could not live, nor love, nor laugh,
"I often think, without my bell ;
"For me and mine I feel it hath
"A mystic, magic spell."
He paused, then with a smile and sigh he said :
"Twill ring for me, sweet one, when I am dead."

II.

Across the snow-clad hills he came,
With summer sunshine in his heart ;
For he had won both gold and fame
Since May's bright skies saw him depart ;
And now, returning to his home,
Ah me ! thought he, I would not sell,
For all the glories of their Rome,
My wife, my baby, and my bell.
His eager steps danced on the way,
For home—dear home—was near at last ;
Night spread the pall of dying day,
As o'er the last, long hill he passed,
And yet no bell its greeting rang.
"The sun before his time hath set,"
The wanderer cried, and eager sprang
To where his eyes the valley met.
Alas, poor wretch ! can these charred ruins be
What once was God's own paradise to thee ?
A shadow from the shadows crept,
An aged crone with face of stone :
"The soldiers came," she said, "we slept,
"They all are dead—I live alone.
"Like wolves they came in the night-tide,

" And put the village to the sword ;
 " Our people in their sleeping died,
 " Without a prayer—without a word.
 " Accursed fiends of blood and theft !
 " They took our gold, our food, our herds,
 " They took our all—they only left
 " Our corpses for the carrion birds.
 " The chalice from the church they took,
 " And golden clasps of our Mass Book ;
 " Thy bell they took—I heard them say
 " 'Twould ring at home their victory."

III.

Once more across the hills he went,
 A winter heart—a winter sky !
 But soon to earth would spring be sent,
 For him all springtide had passed by :
 The sun to him no more was bright,
 Nor bird-song sweet, nor flower fair ;
 No joy had day, nor peace the night—
 They had but memory and despair .
 One only wish his heart still bore,
 One only hope on earth was left :
 It was to hear his bell once more,
 Ere in death's arms he slept.

For this he wandered up and down,
 Through long, sad years, in a vain search,
 From land to land, and town to town,
 And tower to tower, and church to church.
 Worn out at last, helpless, undone,
 He lay upon a northern shore,
 Watching the ships that in the sun
 Sailed out, and then were seen no more.
 " Alas ! " he said, " the ships go bye,
 " And leave me here in helpless pain.
 " O, God of pity ! must I die
 " Before I hear my bell again ? "

Forgotten and forlorn he lay,
 Till one that passed in haste that way
 Found time, by swift compassion moved,
 To raise him up, as one he loved,
 And slowly, gently to the shore
 The burden of his pity bore.

In strong, kind arms he took him down
To where the ship impatient lay,
Eager to leave the alien town,
And take her homeward way.

On smiling summer seas they sailed,
Until from Shannon's calm, wide breast,
With cries of joy the sailors hailed
Their green home-nest.
And then—'twas sunset's solemn hour—
The bell rang from the old church tower;
Low bent was each uncovered head,
" 'Tis our sweet Limerick bell," they said ;
And hands stretched out friends' hands to meet,
And weather-beaten faces smiled
To think how soon they now would greet
A wife, a mother, or a child.

With kindly pity one hath turned
To him, the stranger on their deck,
The poor old man who ever mourned
O'er his life's wreck.
But he is kneeling far from all
With joy-lit face, for that sweet sound
Is like an angel's trumpet call,
To break the chains by sorrow bound.
Yea ! 'tis his own lost bell that rings,
And wakes the joy of long past days ;
Once more his wife's dear voice re-sings
Her simple hymn of love and praise ;
Once more his child in his embrace
Is nestling like a little bird ;
The vines that o'er his head inlace
Are by the evening breezes stirred.
"The bell rings weak," the sailors said,
" Old Dermot's arm is growing slow,
" Or some poor soul at home is dead,
" God grant it be not one we know."
A song of joy ? A mournful dirge ?
Ah ! both to him the bell doth sing,
For hark ! he hears its music merge
In that of angels, welcoming.

FRANK PENTIL.

WHAT IS THEOLOGY ?

ALL arts and all sciences have this in common that they demand a special training or discipline in their votaries. If they did not make this demand, they would not be worthy of the name of art or science. They are products of cultivation and do not grow wild. To attain to any degree of mastery in them demands years of earnest toil, and without such attainment of mastery a man's judgment is not considered of any value in his special art or science. When, therefore, I say that Theology is a Science, I thereby assert that no one can become a theologian without years of labour, and that without being a theologian no one's judgment in matters of theology is of any special value.

Yet there seems to be a natural prejudice in man that he is able without previous preparation to pronounce dogmatically on all moral and theological questions. He does not think so about music or painting; nor about mathematics or astronomy; nor about botany or chemistry; only about ethics and theology. This was the great prejudice that Socrates of old set out to overcome in the world around him. He spent his whole life over it, and was obliged to admit his failure at the end. "When it is only a question of cobbling or carpentry," he used to say, "you know where to send your sons to learn it, and you do not consider that they are ever likely to acquire it without such apprenticeship; but when it comes to the vastly higher art of soul-forming, you seem to fancy you know it by instinct." This prejudice has by no means died out of the world. People still profess to find moral and theological questions easy, often the more easy the less they know about them. Take for example the question of Truthfulness, which every chatterer will settle for you off-hand, but which every moralist of every creed finds to be exceedingly difficult and involved. In the Catholic Church the prejudice has always been kept in check by Christian humility. Our attitude in the confessional ensures this to both clergy and laity in the domain of morals; and in the domain of faith, even our greatest theologians always hold themselves as learners in the theological school with a Teacher above them. St. Thomas or Suarez obeyed the laws of Theology just as carefully as Mozart or Beethoven obeyed the laws of Music or as Euclid obeyed the laws of Geometry. Hence

within the pale of the Catholic Church, and there alone, have the Theological and Moral Sciences had their due position. Elsewhere they seem to be thought unnecessary or at least unimportant. Indeed, this non-regulated instinct of prejudice is sometimes even raised to the rank of dogma under the name of Private Judgment. In everything else, however, we hold that it is foolish for men to attempt "to measure the universe by the few accidental notions that have drifted into their mind." Therefore, so also here, or rather much more so here. And we put aside this foolishness once and for all when we say (if we mean what we say) that Theology is a Science.

Of course, what I have said of Science does not exclude respect for the valid and useful knowledge of common sense. A clerk may cypher quite well enough for all business purposes without being a mathematician; it is quite possible to sing in church (and that not unto disedification) without being a professed musician. So we may have quite enough knowledge of morality and religion for perfect guidance of life, without setting up as judges or teachers. We were all intended to be saints, but we were not all intended to be theologians. Indeed, so far is Theology from being necessary to good religious life, that in itself it may militate against this. Being a science it has an absorbing power and a drying-up effect on the affections, against which those who study Theology have to be put upon their guard. There are Abelards, as well as St. Bernards, in the ranks of theologians. What, therefore, I have said in scorn, does not concern those who are not learned and are aware of the fact, but those who without due preparation in any branch of learning set themselves up as authorities. As I said before, this type is almost unknown in the Catholic Church in matters of Theology; but it is common all around.

I will even go further than the proviso of the last paragraph, and say that there is a deeper knowledge than scientific, a knowledge which seems to be almost instinctive or at least intuitive, a knowledge which can in many cases supply for science and often transcends it. Such for instance was the genius of Mozart in music. And since in the theological world genius spells sanctity, such was for example the instinct of St. Aloysius in things divine. St. Thomas Aquinas, our greatest theologian, recognises this form of knowledge and names it with his usual clearness. "There are two ways," he says (*IIa IIæ, q. 45, a. 2*),

“in which a man may come to have rightness of judgment: one way is by a correctly trained use of reasoning power; another way by a kind of natural affinity (*propter connaturalitatem quamdam*) to the things in question. Thus a man may judge rightly of matters pertaining to chastity by reason of having correctly learned moral science; or on the other hand he may judge rightly of them by possessing in himself the virtue of chastity, and by thus having established a kind of kinship with the virtue.” But then we must remember that this intuitive kind of knowledge is not science. It is of vast importance to the possessor of it, but it is not of much use to anybody else. It cannot be communicated, at least not by language. It is not current coin in the kingdom of science. Rossini was able to say, “this pleases my ear, therefore it is good music;” but if he wanted to teach others what good music was, he would have to put it some other way. There was a boy at school with me who could solve by instinct arithmetical questions which used to cost us great labour; I have repeatedly seen him when put to the test extract square roots mentally to seven places of decimals. He had a kind of *connaturality* with the principles of numbers. But he was not able to communicate his power, and we begged it of him in vain. Indeed he nearly failed in one examination in Arithmetic because his methods were so incomprehensible, though he got every answer right. Using this example, I may say, that if in any subject matter (Music, Mathematics, Theology, or any other) you can “get your answers right” without knowing how, you have a supra-scientific knowledge of intuition; but that it is only when you can give both the answers and the reasons for them that you can be said to have the knowledge of Science. St. Thomas himself is a brilliant example of intuitive knowledge perfected by cultivation into science. The thing for us to remember is that while in every department genius is allowed a wide latitude and enjoys an authority of its own, yet genius is rare, and for ordinary men it is only science that is available and teachable. Leaving genius, therefore (in this case sanctity) to take care of itself, we may lay it down as a good average maxim that it is mere presumption to wish to be regarded as a judge in matters divine without a special intellectual preparation.

These exceptions and provisos being made, our course is clear for describing what kind of science Theology is, and what rank

it has among the sciences. Every science has a range of facts which it has to discover, to investigate, to elucidate, to describe, to arrange, to unfold, and to explain. In thus dealing with facts, every science proceeds upon logical methods, and aims at perfection and completeness of system ; and as an accidental, but invariable, result of this it develops a nomenclature of its own. For instance, Geometry discovers certain fundamental facts of space ; it observes them in a few cases, and intuitively knows them to be universal ; it compares them one with another, and unfolds the meaning implicitly contained in them (shewing, for example, that a Triangle, which at first sight only meant a three-angled figure, has concealed within itself, and, therefore, includes in its meaning, the essential fact that its three angles are together equal to two right angles) ; all the meanings thus unfolded are arranged into systematic form, as in the famous text-book of Euclid. According to the stage in which a Science is, and according to the nature of its facts, does one part or another of the Science's work come into prominence. A science in its infancy is wholly taken up with separating and labelling its facts, as Astronomy once meant simply being able to tell one star from another. At a later stage, it is engaged in comparing facts and guessing at their relations with one another, as when Astronomy was still Astrology, and talked about the "firmament" and the "seventh heaven." At length when a Law is discovered, Science enters upon its true life of Order, and explanation begins to be possible ; such has been the history of Astronomy ever since the discovery of the Law of Gravitation. This explains the apparent difference in method between one Science and another. Biology is in its infancy, Chemistry in its early youth, Geometry in its full maturity. The result of this is that in Biology and Chemistry fundamental discoveries may still be made, but in Geometry all we can do is to continue the full-grown development. All the Sciences go forward. It would be ridiculous for each generation, still more for each individual, to begin Geometry all over again. "Other men have laboured and we have entered into their labours ;" we take our heritage thankfully, and endeavour to hand it on with interest to those who will come after us. Now Theology is a full-grown Science. Its facts were all given forth long ago ; generation after generation meditated on those facts until the principles of law and order underlying them became the common property of the Christian

world ; after hundreds of years, and after thousands of attempts, these principles came to be shaped into recognised system, which was not the work of one man but the combined result of all the schools of the Science utilising all the traditions of the past. The Science will go on developing, putting forth branch after branch, but it will never become a seedling again. And to us the theory that every man must discover all his Theology for himself by reading the Bible, sounds as ridiculous as a theory that every schoolboy must take the elementary figures and discover Geometry for himself.

Further, besides having various grades of development in themselves, the Sciences have various external relations one towards another. Facts are awkward things and have a habit of coming into collision. In such a case there must be compromise or submission. What then when Sciences clash ? In mere theory of course it does not matter, but most Sciences have their practical side. Political Economy, for example, and Philanthropy (which has become almost a separate science) have differed largely on the distribution of alms. Of course they yield to each other to some extent. Political Economy tones down the crudeness of its materialism and Philanthropy puts a bit and bridle upon its generous impulses and harnesses them into useful work. But when all is said and done, there come cases where Philanthropy says yes and Political Economy says no. Which should yield ? Uncle Scrooge would say the latter ; Nephew Scrooge the former ; wanted a Christmas time of reconciliation for the two. So, Medicine may conflict with Duty during life, with Religion at the death-bed, with Ethics in the case of child-birth. Obviously there must be a hierarchy of the Sciences. As soon as this is stated, the position of Theology becomes evident. Sciences rank according to their range of facts. The moral welfare of man is higher than his material ; his intellect more than his possessions. Take an instance. If (as Pope Leo has been impressing on us) starvation wages are incompatible with the freedom necessary for moral life, and if Protection (as the Americans say—I do not commit myself to it) were the only way of avoiding such starvation wages, then evidently the moral life of the nation would demand Protection, though Political Economy, the science of material wealth, were dead against it. Ethics is above Political Economy. Now the facts of Theology are divine ; therefore if any other

Science clash with Theology, then a human fact comes into collision with a divine fact, and it is obvious that the former must yield. Theology therefore heads the hierarchy, whatever the subsequent order may be. This, according to Cardinal Newman, is one of the most important functions of a University, namely, to bring all the Sciences and Arts together in the persons of their ablest exponents, so that by the mutual contact of discussions they may learn the limitations of their respective spheres and be organised into a true hierarchy, a *vera universitas*, of knowledge. In all Catholic Universities, Theology stands first, Ethics second.

Stated simply, the facts with which Theology deals are the things which God has revealed. But a great deal lies behind that simple statement. Every Science is deeply concerned in the security of the foundation of its facts—so that for instance we find Geometers anxiously discussing the metaphysics of their fundamental axioms. In order then that “the things which God has revealed” may be able to show a secure scientific foundation, it is necessary for Theology to interest itself in the investigations :—

- (1) That there is a God to speak.
- (2) How He can and does speak.
- (3) How we can be sure of His having spoken.

These questions are not Theology proper, but they are the necessary preliminaries to it; and the Science is so deeply concerned in them that it cannot afford to let them out of its hands. They are questions of Philosophy. Hence it is essential that every theologian should first become a philosopher. The ordinary course in a Catholic Theological College is, after the Arts course is completed, three years of Philosophy followed by four years of Theology. They are also questions of Historical Evidence; and as the Bible claims to be the Revelation of God in so far as it was written, and as the Catholic Church claims to be the organ of that Revelation in its full extent, it follows that all History throwing light on the Bible and on the development of the Church becomes part of the preliminary preparation of a theologian.

Preliminaries over, and its course cleared, Theology takes up the subject matter of Revelation. It has already proved where it ought to seek this subject matter; all its concern is now to go forward, examine, describe, arrange, and systematise. It finds its

facts in Scripture,—and for this an additional science of Interpretation or Exegesis is a necessary help; it finds material also in the doctrinal and practical teaching of the living Church in all ages, in the common consent of the Fathers and Theologians, in the instinct of the faithful. This magnificent array of fact is subjected to all the laws of logical development. If God has revealed fact A and fact B; and if fact C is implicitly contained in A and B; then we claim C as also part of Revelation. If, however, facts D and E do not implicitly contain F, but F follows logically from D and E, then F may not be part of Revelation, but it is an irrefragable truth, and being derived from Revelation enters into the Science of Theology. Thus we shrink from no logical process, but follow up every fact and every set of facts to their due conclusion. It is only those who dare use their reason thus in things of faith, who really believe.

Amongst the conclusions of Theology none are more important than the practical ones. God having spoken, His word was intended to have a practical effect on human life. Theology follows this out, studying human nature in every shape and form, especially by means of the confessional, and watching the effects of grace upon that nature. This results in the practical branches of Theology,—Ascetic Theology, the guide of life as it ought to be; Moral Theology, the guide of those who are trying to heal life when it is not what it ought to be; and Mystic Theology, transcending the limits of nature and soaring into the regions of the special and exceptional operations of grace.

To sum up then, Theology being a systematic knowledge of things divine is a Science, with all the privileges of a Science. It cannot be fully learned except in the schools of the Science. No one has a claim to be a judge or a teacher of it, who has not thus fully learned it,—unless he is possessed of an intuitive knowledge which only comes from the highest sanctity. It is a Science and an Art in which we are all bound to be amateurs, but not all to be professionals: we ought all to study it in proportion to our abilities and to our opportunities. Therefore the children learn catechism: therefore whole libraries are written for the instruction of the laity. And lastly, when we have learned all, we must ever remember that we are but learners, and have only dipped a shallow shell into the boundless Ocean of Truth.

FREDERICK C. KOLBE.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XIV.—*The Graves of a Household.*

THE last five instalments of these notes have given, before their proper time, copious samples of the correspondence of Dr. Russell's two most illustrious friends, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Wiseman, and even these five instalments were spread over more than five months, for they were in turn interrupted by long lists of articles in *The Dublin Review* during many years, assigned for the first time to their respective authors. We have, therefore, to go back eight months to the point we had reached in Dr. Russell's uneventful story.*

He had already been appointed to the Chair of Humanity and had acted as professor for four months, when he was ordained Deacon on the 13th of June, and Priest on the 19th of June, 1836; for in the college calendar his professorship dates from the 15th of February in that year.

We have before mentioned that his mother† had the consolation of seeing him a priest four years before her death; but his father

* *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. XX., page 486. We may turn from Cardinal Wiseman by quoting in reference to him a letter which Dr. Russell received from the late Lord Houghton, father to our present Viceroy. He had published in a periodical a kindly account of the deceased Cardinal, afterwards reprinted in a volume of his Sketches:—

“London, April 28th.

“My dear Sir,

“I am much pleased by your kind appreciation of my little tribute to the late Cardinal. I should like to have expanded it, but I felt unwilling to go beyond my personal experience in dealing with a personality which must have been affected by many impulses and motives to which I was a stranger, and which I probably would not comprehend. I hope you will look me up the next time you come to town.

“Believe me, yours very truly,

“HOUGHTON.”

I chance to be able to claim for Dr. Russell the small merit of having saved Lord Houghton from repeating in the newest edition of his *Life of John Keats* a mistake about the three rival sonnets on the Nile by Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt. “*Ozymandias*” had previously been given as Shelley's representative in the competition, though it was not a Nile sonnet at all.

† The only surviving member of his family circle, a Sister of Mercy in Dundalk for more than forty years, tells me that the alb that he wore in his coffin was the alb that he wore at his first Mass at home in Killough. It was made by his eldest sister, to whom the letter next quoted was addressed.

had died in 1828, the second year of his college course. We quoted at page 272 of our twentieth volume several passages from Dr. Russell's letters home, containing most loving allusions to his father, year after year, as the anniversary of his death came round. That would have been the proper place for the following letter, which came later into our hands. It is dated Maynooth, Oct. 29, 1837.

This day with all its recollections, naturally, though painfully, brings my thoughts to home and all the loved members of my family, the living and the departed. This morning at the holy altar, all, all were brought together in one general prayer that God in His merciful wisdom may extend to each the degree of mercy and of grace which He may deem necessary, and that as in life we were and still are one, so in death we may be all united, never, never to separate.

Nine years have passed since we lost that parent whom we knew only to love, and whose only thought for us was for our happiness and our peace. I feel in the mercy which God has since shown to us, when prospects were blackest and least cheering, the assurance that he is long since established in the possession of happiness, and that his prayers, as fervent as his love, are and have been heard at the throne of mercy. Oh, may we never be unworthy of his intercession!

And then he proceeds to fill his remaining three pages with the most minute enquiries about everybody; and into his last corner he squeezes a startling bit of etymology:

I have discovered the derivation of our name Russell. It is German, and means "a snout," "a nose." I think no one will doubt our claim to it. But I am keeping this *snout* business a secret. It would ruin me here.

A passage in this letter shows that he was already a subscriber to *Chambers' Journal*, to which he was faithful for some forty years, his last number arriving the week after his death.

The rude postmark on the large unenveloped sheet which I next transcribe shows it was written from Maynooth on the 12th of March, 1839. His mother's health had failed, and it was with serious misgivings that he parted from her after the Christmas holidays, which for Maynooth students do not begin till January is far advanced.

DEAREST GEORGE—I have blessed you over and over since I returned for your punctuality in writing to me, which has to some extent made me forget the necessity which keeps me, during these

days of anxiety, from the home where all my thoughts have been. But never so much as for your last letter, which I have not received until this last moment. Oh, if I could tell you the state in which I have been for the last three hours! I sent the messenger as usual this morning, and it was not till after five o'clock your grateful, blessed letter arrived. From anxiety to fear, from fear to despairing certainty—but, thanks be to God, a few hours of anxious, miserable fear have been succeeded by the most consoling hope; and I will trust in His good mercy it is not without foundation.

I did not write. How could I? I had some thought of going down last night and returning this night; but I have determined to defer it to this day week or rather Saturday [he wrote on Sunday], when, with the blessing of God, I hope to find the improvement in my dearest mother decided and lasting. I have offered the holy sacrifice ever since for her and for you all, and God will not reject our prayers.

Give my most affectionate love and blessing to my dearest mother, to my dearest Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Kate. I will not write again until I go down, which will, I trust, be upon this day week. Heaven grant that our meeting may be full of consolation and hope.

Your affectionate brother,

C. W. RUSSELL.

But six days later, March 18, 1839, the good mother died. Her remains were taken a long, and at that time a difficult journey, from Dundalk to the burying-place of the family at Rosglass, some six or seven miles from Downpatrick, where her husband had been buried eleven years before. The young priest, then twenty-seven years old, left the following letter of consolation behind for his sisters:

My dearest and best Sisters.—When you read this, we shall be upon our last sad journey with all that remains for this world of the mother who loved us and whom we loved. We leave you for the first time in your complete orphanhood. We leave you alone—and yet not alone—for God is with you—the God of the fatherless, the protector of the unprotected, whose graces are ever most abundant when our necessities are greatest. To that God I commit you—to that Father's care I commend you.

I do not ask you not to weep. I know that it would be idle to refuse to nature the tribute which she claims as her own. Do not seek to restrain your sorrow, but let it be the sorrow of the Christian. Let it be sorrow of Augustine over the tomb of Monica, the sorrow of

the believing disciple of a God who gave his blood for Israel ; not the despairing sadness of them " who have no hope."

We have lost our father and our mother, lost them as far as earth is concerned ; but if virtue and religion are a ground of hope, we have been but parted for a time. We shall have a " Father who is in Heaven." We still, though in a different sense, have a mother in the Mother of our God ; for in St. John's person, He gave her as a mother to us all. May she comfort, may she protect you ! Your own piety and your own conformity to His holy will are my confidence and my hope. I have seen you in the hour of trial, and I know that God will reward affection so devoted, so disinterested.

God bless you, dearest Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Kate. He whose grace alone is the balm of the bruised heart will not desert you.

Your ever attached and now more devotedly than ever,

CHARLES.

The second paragraph of the foregoing begins with the precise words which a young Englishman, Alfred Tennyson, whose name had not yet reached Maynooth, used about the same time in a poetical letter of consolation to his friend, J. S., on the death of his brother—

I have not looked upon you nigh,
 Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.
 Great nature is more wise than I :
I will not tell you not to weep.

Pursuing the very unconventional method according to which, not quite by choice, these notes are stealing leisurely into print, we may disregard chronological order and follow up this letter of filial piety and fraternal consolation by some extracts from letters called forth in later years by the various deaths which one by one thinned the ranks of this numerous and singularly united family. I have before me a memorandum of such anniversaries, beginning with 1828 and 1839, the death-years of Dr. Russell's parents ; and then two brothers in 1854 and 1861 ; and then almost every year marked by a death—1863, 1864, 1865, 1868, 1869, 1870, and three deaths in 1876. Some of these were the children of his only married sister, who died in 1878, two years before himself. We may preface these letters of consolation with a letter of congratulation ; namely, the letter written to his sister by her student brother when the news came to him that she was preparing to receive the last of the seven sacraments. The reader who has

already been introduced to the writer of the following as the correspondent of Cardinals will bear in mind that we are now going back to his inexperienced youth.

Maynooth, October 20th, 1833.

MY DEAREST MARGARET—I never before sat down to write a letter to you under such a combination of feelings. What between surprise, pleasure, and anxiety I really do not know what to say to you. You are now called upon to decide upon a matter, which will materially, if not altogether regulate the happiness of your life, and which of course will enter very considerably into the great question of your eternal lot. In a matter which concerns yourself so exclusively, it is not for anyone to dictate, but as I am sure you will attribute my interference to any cause rather than officiousness, I will say to you a few of the things which rushed into my mind to-day when George handed me Anne's letter. You know as well as I could tell you the obligations of the holy state in which Mr. K. wishes you to bear him company. You know how completely dependent on each other for their happiness it renders the parties who are engaged in it, and what a union of heart or at least assimilation is necessary to ensure the attainment of that end. There cannot, therefore, be too much caution used in examining the feelings before taking a step so decisive, and I cannot sufficiently commend the prudence of the answer which was given through Thomas to Mr. K. I myself know nothing personally, nor can anything be better known than through Arthur. With me, however, it weighs considerably and more than considerably in his favour that he has made a proposal so generous and so unlike the cold calculating spirit which marks the usual conduct of the world in such matters. The feeling which could dictate such a line of conduct evinces a desirable quality in a connection of any kind, much more of course in one which is to endure for life. It proves at least that his attachment is disinterested. Give my most affectionate love to my mother, and tell her that a new duty devolves upon her now, one perhaps the most serious a mother has to discharge. Her own prudence and the grace and assistance of God will light her through. Believe me, dearest Margaret, I feel the liveliest interest in your decision, and I will not forget you in my prayers till I hear what it may be. I will write very soon.

Your loving brother,

O. W. R.

On the birth of each child the young mother received from her young brother-priest a sheet of affectionate congratulations and counsels. When the first daughter came fourth in the family

hierarchy, the grave professor sends "his best blessing to the little lady and all the rest of the wee flock." But the wee flock had already seen one dead lamb, the eldest of little Annie's predecessors, whose death called forth the following letter which may perhaps comfort the heart of some other Rachel. The "little Charles Russell" mentioned towards the end was a young visitor from Newry, who has been heard of since:—

Maynooth, Good Friday, 1838.

MY DEAREST MARGARET,—When I last wrote to you, I little anticipated that "He who had given" would so soon "have taken away," that the language of congratulation should so soon be changed for that of christian sympathy and condolence. So it has been, however, by the inscrutable will of Him in whose hands are all our destinies from the cradle to the grave. And I little thought—that is there was a time when I little thought—the death of any child, innocent and unstained by the breath of evil, and therefore transferred at once to that home towards which he had scarce begun his pilgrimage, could have caused me a pang beyond the mere passing emotion which must accompany the loss of any object to which we have been accustomed. But alas! the ties by which the artless innocence of infancy and the endearing playfulness of lisping boyhood bind themselves to our hearts, are as strong as they are delicate, and if I had but natural motives on which to found the consolation which I would seek to offer, I should find it slight indeed, because I should be recommending an insensibility which I cannot myself command. But how different, dear Margaret, are the views of the christian from those on which the light of faith shineth not! How happy the condition of the bereft christian mother, believing and hoping with a strength of hope proportionate to her belief, compared with that of the despairing parent, "who hath not hope." With what holy though mourning resignation can the pious catholic mother, as she looks upon the pale face of the child whose every glance was wont to bring joy to her heart, reflect with the holy and heroic mother of the martyrs in the second book of Maccabees: "I know not how thou wast formed in my womb, for neither did I give thee spirit and soul and life; and thy members I myself framed not. But indeed the Creator of the world who hath formed the nativity of man and hath found out the origin of all, will restore again with mercy unto thee spirit and life." Oh! if we had not this hope, bitter indeed would be the separation of death. But the mercy of our God, to which religion summons us to raise our eyes, dim with the tears of natural affection, removes its bitterness because it assures us that it is but temporary.

And, after all, when we reflect what a world it is from which the poor child has been called to his Creator, how countless the dangers to virtue and to happiness from which he has been (happily for himself, afflicting as it may be to us) withdrawn—however much nature may repine, whatever may be the struggle of the parent's heart, the sober judgment enlightened by faith cannot long repine "that he was taken away lest malice should change his understanding, and lest any guile should deceive his soul." May that Mother whom this day saw heartbroken and desolate beside the cross of her expiring Son inspire you with consolation by procuring that peace which her Son bled to obtain for us all! I cannot tell you what a shock the sad news was to me. But how much more so must it have been for you all who were present at all the poor child's sufferings. The very circumstance which Peter mentioned, the glee with which he enjoyed himself playing with little Charles Russell the evening before—I cannot tell you how I felt it, but at the same time how consoling that reflection that the very innocence which we loved is the best foundation of our confidence. And how different your feelings, dear Margaret, from those of a mother who loses her son in the bloom of youth, but it may be also in the blossom of his sins. May your own sense of piety be your best consolation, and may this trial teach you to wean your affections from what is at best uncertain. Offer up the sacrifice at the foot of the cross of Jesus; 'tis little in comparison of what He endured for us. Give my most affectionate love to my dear John, to my mother, and all the rest. May God comfort you all. I wish I could, as Peter hoped, go down to see you all, but I have a most particular reason for not leaving college this week. God bless you, dear Margaret, and John.

Your affectionately attached brother,

O. W. RUSSELL.

As another revelation of the affectionate nature which these notes are attempting to depict, I venture to put into print the letter which the Maynooth Professor sent home to another little niece on the occasion of her first Communion.

MY DEAREST MARY—I was so occupied yesterday that I could not find a moment to write to you. But I will not let this day pass without writing to you on the happy event of yesterday. God grant, dear Mary, that it may be a source of joy and blessing to you during your whole life. It will be a happy thought for you hereafter, when you grow older and will know more of the troubles, and alas, too, of the wickedness of life, to think that, however weak you may feel yourself, you are yet able to say that you have always striven and

desired to keep unbroken, the pledges which you yesterday made, and of His acceptance of which our dear Lord gave you so precious a token. May you always have this happy consciousness. It will be the best blessing which life can bear for you ; and still more it will be the most cheering reflection at the approach of death, which, young as you are, you must always try to keep before your mind now more than ever. You must try to be pious and dutiful, that you may be a source of good example to your brothers and sisters and of comfort to your father and mother, and, above all, that you may show your gratitude to our dear Lord, to whom we owe so much. May you always do all this and more, my dear Mary, and may the memory of yesterday be always fresh in your mind.

Your ever affectionate uncle,

C. W. RUSSELL.

The next of these letters of consolation has survived for more than fifty years, for it refers to the writer's mother as living, and we have seen that she died in 1839. The first-born, called after the young priest, had died previously ; and a second little boy follows him home.

" Poor dear child ! I cannot tell how my affections were wound up in the little creature. Delicate and helpless as he was, I became even more interested for him ; and the resemblance to poor Charles, together with the knowledge that you regarded him with the love of both united, convinced me that to you the trial would be doubly severe. But God in His wise way has terminated at once your hopes and your anxiety. He has anticipated by a few years the summons for which the dear child, in common with us who survive him, was created, and has called him to share the happiness to which his brother was called before him. Dear Margaret, it is hard to view the trial in this its true light, and perhaps with regard to him it is more difficult ; for the very delicacy of his constitution had as it were hardened one against the fear of death for him. But it is another of those lessons which Providence from time to time places before us to teach us that our home is not here and that we must journey, like pilgrims to their rest, embracing the cross of this world in the happy and certain prospect of the crown of another and a better. The same God who strengthened you before will not forsake you now. The suffering Mother of Jesus is peculiarly the mother of the afflicted. May she comfort you, for nature will weep.

Some Christmas Eve, many years later, Dr. Russell wrote to the same sister :—

"I hope to see you all on Monday evening. I write to-night to send you, one and all, my most loving Christmas prayers for all God's best and most precious blessings. It has pleased Him to send to you and to John and to us all, both for your sake and for our own personally, many trials; but He has given in compensation many blessings, and especially He has given you the comfort and the blessing of seeing your children rich in all that is best, if not for the world, at least for heaven, affectionate towards each other, dutiful and loving to you and to their father, and faithful in their service to Himself and His holy religion. May He preserve this blessing long to you and to them."

Another Christmas he was prevented from paying his usual visit to the home circle by an accident which had injured his knee. The following was written at this time, but not to one of those at home.

"It is a great disappointment to me to think that you are not to be here during the holidays. I had made quite sure of it, and I was planning to have Arthur Hamill and George to meet you. Up to this I could not have been going about with you, as the wound of the knee (the only injury I sustained) has kept me tied to the arm-chair. But I shall soon be as well as ever. You will not expect a long letter, nevertheless, and I shall content myself with returning most affectionately all your affectionate wishes and greetings.

"It has not seemed Christmas to me at all for want of the accustomed home-visit, short as it has been of late years.

"I saw poor J. M. the day of his leaving, on which I chanced to call. I found his mother and Rosa bearing up bravely; but I should have liked to be able to come to them during the days after the parting. I think they seemed as if it would be hard.

"Farewell, my dear Matthew. I have had, during my enforced solitude, time to think of you all, and to form hopes and prayers that God may enable you, each in his or her place, to do His holy will. With His good blessing I have no fear for you."

The present instalment of these notes, borrowing its title from one of Mrs. Hemans' poems, is intended to show the tender-heartedness of the subject of them, and this chiefly as evinced at the death of several kinsfolk, old and young, buried for the most part in Castletown graveyard, near Dundalk. Before quoting some more of the letters called forth by these deaths, let me give another Christmas letter. It is dated simply "Christmas Day," but I think it was the year 1876 :—

MY DEAR MATTHEW,—I am afraid that I have no chance of seeing you during the holidays, and for security I think it best to write my most affectionate greetings. The circle of those I love is gradually narrowing, and I thank God that, in taking from me the dear ones of my own generation, He has given me the blessing of loving and trusting substitutes in the younger one which is replacing it. I may thank God's mercy especially, dear Matthew, for the comfort and support which I have always found in you. Poor dear George's loss was a great trial; but we should be selfish were we to repine at it.

May God bless and preserve you for your holy work, my dear Matthew. This is the best Christmas prayer of

Your affectionate uncle,

C. W. RUSSELL.

The judicious reader will guess that certain insinuations in this letter were in reality nothing more than the amiable exaggeration of this tender and generous heart that was grateful on the slightest provocation and attributed to others its own unselfishness. The "poor dear George" was of course not the child already alluded to, but another child of the same household, who succeeded to his name, and lived to be a holy and zealous Vincentian Father, the Rev. George Kelly, C.M. We may return to him again; but let us now betray a part of Dr. Russell's feelings at the loss of one of the dear ones of his own generation that he has just referred to. We hope to be forgiven for venturing on such a proof of our present thesis—how very far the reserved and dignified President of Maynooth was from being obnoxious to St. Paul's reproach against certain pagans of being *sine affectione*. When the youngest of his sisters was suffering from the grievous ailment which was soon to cause her death, the feast of her name-saint came round, bringing from Maynooth this letter, which bears no date except "St. Catherine's Day."

"I need hardly say that I did not forget my darling sister this morning. I offered the Mass, begging the intercession of your holy patroness for you, that our Heavenly Father may grant you every blessing and every grace to accomplish His holy will. I shall have the prayers of the community for the same intention, and our good nuns will join us in the prayer. I know, my dearest Kate, what your own feelings are, and I have longed earnestly to speak to you; but, when I am at your bedside, my voice fails me, and I am powerless to say what my heart is full of. What I would say as a priest, my feelings as a brother will not suffer me to utter. I can

but trust to your knowledge of my heart that you will understand me, and to your own tender sense of religion that no words of mine are needed to comfort and strengthen you. God is very good and merciful to us, and it is only the sense of this that can support us in the struggle of nature with religion. May He vouchsafe to hear our prayers and restore our dear sister to us. God bless and guard you, my darling sister."

This holy and happy death—every holy death is happy—was a lingering one; for "St. Catherine's Day" is the last day of April, yet Rev. George Crolly's letter after the death is dated from Maynooth College, June 20th, 1875. Some of our readers will be curious to see how the eminent theologian, whose strong legal mind chose the theme of his learned volumes *De Justitia et Jure*, managed to write a letter of sympathy and consolation. We give this relic of a gifted Irishman for Mr. Crolly's own sake and as a proof of his affectionate intimacy with Dr. Russell.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I say with all my heart with you : God grant we may all die such a death as dearest Kate has died. No one could have known dear Kate without loving her most devoted and affectionate nature. Poor Pat ! to whom she was at once sister and daughter—may God comfort him. I do most truly believe that she is already in the bosom of her God and most loving Father in Heaven. Although I am certain that she had no need of it, I offered the Holy Sacrifice for her this morning on this most auspicious and appropriate day, on which the Church honours the most pure heart of the Mother of God. Of course no other creature's heart can be compared with *hers*, but dear Kate had also a most pure heart. I did not forget to commemorate poor desolate Pat and all of you ; for the loss of such a sister leaves a blank which never can be filled until you shall all be reunited for ever in Heaven. I am certain that her pure spirit will be constantly about, and watching over, all those whom she loved so well on earth. For if even the rich glutton did not forget his brethren on earth, what must be the love with which they are watched over by those who dwell in the infinite love of God !

Unless I shall hear something to the contrary, I will take for granted that the funeral will take place on Tuesday. Should this not be the case, perhaps you would get some one to send a telegram ; but, if it be on Tuesday, there will be no necessity.

I will offer the Holy Sacrifice again for the dead and the living—I mean all of you—to-morrow. God comfort you all. With affectionate remembrances to all, I remain, my dear Charles,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE CROLLY.

These letters of consolation, however, which some pious hand preserved as relics of the President of Maynooth, seldom regard the dear ones of his own generation—to use his own phrase again—but rather the younger kinsfolk who one by one “fulfilled in a short space a long time.” Not only the deaths but the various anniversaries of death called forth expressions of this watchful and faithful affection. On some Holy Saturday he writes to his only married sister :

“This day always makes me think of dear Annie, and I write to share the thought with you. God took the dear child and our dear John from a world of trouble and anxiety; but He will reward the patience and resignation with which those who remain behind will have borne their share of the trials which He has spared to those who have gone before us. May God grant you this reward, my dearest Margaret. May God bless you all.”

To the same well-tried mother he wrote on some 15th of August, after the year 1864 :—“I cannot think of the anniversary of this time without thinking of you and of the trial as well as the comfort which it brought to you and to us all. Poor dear John! how merciful God was to him as well as to those that loved him, in the disposition of his end, which by the long and truly christian preparation which preceded it, not only prepared us for what was inevitable but made dear John's own daily life the surest pledge that his death was happy. It is one of the greatest sources of comfort for which I personally am grateful, that after my long wandering I was permitted to return just in time to witness once more his gentleness and the patient and cheerful resignation with which he submitted to his painful trial; and to share with you all the grief as well as the consolation which attended his being taken from you. I write to tell you that on Thursday at 8, I hope to offer the Mass for our dear boy. I know you will like to join me at the time in spirit.”

The “long wandering” here alluded to was probably an extended holiday trip to the Danube and as far as Constantinople. In this same letter he says : “I am grieved to hear from Kate that our dear Mary is not so well as she was. She is a dear good child, whom God has peculiarly blessed from her infancy. May He bless and protect you all.” She, too, went home in a year or two. She was the “pious and amiable maiden” whom a little book called *Moments before the Tabernacle* refers to as “one is dead for many years, and concerning whom if I had a

revelation, my surprise would be to learn that gentle Death, calling for her after a long and kind warning at the close of a short and innocent life, with plenty of patient trouble and unselfishness in it, had not found her soul pure enough at once for the companionship of the angels."* I find in this bundle of old letters one in a handwriting that is too familiar to me, in which the same remark is made about the other sister, who was first to come into this world and first to leave it. "God has chosen a hard cross for you. Well, He knows what is best for us. We shall all be the less tempted to say: 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.' However sadly you miss one so affectionate and amiable and gentle and unselfish, I trust that you have all learned already to look at our loss from God's point of view and Annie's. She is consoling us herself; she is praying for the friends she loved and loves so dearly. Even the Poor Souls in Purgatory can do that; and surely her patient sickness and early death were more than Purgatory enough for such a stainless creature. What good friends we have! There is not one among the blessings conferred upon me (except one) for which I can thank God with such real earnestness as I can for that—having such friends as Uncle Charles and the one that has just gone to Heaven."

Before she had gone to heaven, when she was on the point of setting out, Dr. Russell prepared her mother for the trial by the following letter, which ought to have come before his memento of her anniversary, quoted on the preceding page:—

"The accounts of poor dear Annie are so disheartening that I have managed to come away earlier than I had intended. I do not attempt to say a word to you, my dear sister, in this great trial with which it pleases our good God to visit you and us all. You have learned by long and painful experience of the sorrows and anxieties of this world, to accept them in the spirit in which it pleases God to send them, as from the hand of a Father who loves us most when He most painfully chastens us. If it be His will to take our dear, innocent child to Himself thus early, we know that it is for her good and for ours; and our only desire in regard to the trial ought to be that we may use it in such a way as to make ourselves worthy to be reunited to one whom our common Father has but chosen early for

*She figures again with her brother and sister who died a few days before her, in the garden scene described in "Monotony and the Lark" in *Erin, Verses Irish and Catholic*.

happiness. I know it is hard to realise this lesson ; and I know that, in the face of this lesson, Nature will still repine ; but God's grace, and the consolations of religion, will make this very struggle a source of merit and happiness. God bless you, my dearest Margaret."

These perhaps too domestic details may be brought to an end by a few words written by another member of the family circle of which Charles William Russell was the centre:—"I cannot call it sad news. Death would not be a sad or a terrible word if every death were like Mary's or Annie's. It is perfectly plain that they were and are both angels. Mary's was a peculiarly saintly character. Inside or outside the cloister, I don't believe in the existence of any purer or more devoted spirit. I think she did God's will day by day, and corresponded with God's grace with very special perfection ; and God will reward her now, besides, for all that her sincere heart longed to be able to do."

(To be continued.)

A WILFUL WOMAN.

She'll be a nun ; a girl with many a grace,
A tuneful voice, and winsome Irish face.
Her great, grey eyes seem lighted by the sun,
They often sparkle with the fire of fun,
Yet gathers she the cross to her embrace.
In her heart's shrine no idol has a place,
Her lamp's clear rays the darkest shadows chase,
By earth's worst woe she cannot be undone—
She'll be a nun !

Of fashion speak, she makes a slight grimace,
Or with grave lips, on which no smile we trace,
Tells of a robe of white with trappings dun
More coveted than the most costly one.
What fashion-plate shall this heart-print efface ?
She'll be a nun !

JESSIE TULLOCH.

WINGED WORDS.

While praise is more agreeable than blame to all of us in public and in private, a man is not worth his salt who is deterred by censure from doing that which he knows is right.—*Lord Granville.*

It is right and very profitable to enter into prayer and every other duty with a great soul and with liberality towards our Creator and Lord, offering up to Him our will and our whole being, in order that His Divine Majesty may dispose according to His most holy will, both of ourselves and of all that belongs to us.—*St. Ignatius.*

The beauty of genius, the force of talent, are measured only by the duration of the work ; for all imperfection is a principle of destruction.—*De Bonald.*

The finest oil is that which is most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour. So the most perfect soul is often the most hidden—nothing to attract notice or even to edify violently.—*Dr. Pereira.*

A little thing gets one a character when gossips are by to talk.—*Rosa Mulholland.*

Oh ! how much better to be in dryness and temptation with the will of God, than to be in the highest contemplation without it.—*Ven. John of Avila.*

Spiritual reading is the vestibule of prayer. When the temptation comes to the over-wrought labourer in our Lord's vineyard to seek recreation in the world or worldly news, and to fall back upon creatures for support and for repose, how often do the lives of the saints step in and keep him quietly to God and holy thoughts—*F. W. Faber.*

Trying to be good is dry work in the long run, when the effervescence of sensible fervour has done singing and sparkling. Only they who try can tell what a rigid unamiable master is perseverance. It makes life like a perpetual waiting all day to go out and watching for the dismal rain to have done, when in fact it is not going to clear up at all.—*F. W. Faber.*

S. Ignatius, starting from Paris like a knight-errant in search of spiritual adventures, is tame to me compared to S. Ignatius preparing his points for meditation over-night, years after God had given him the gift of infused contemplation.—*F. W. Faber.*

Mental prayer is worth very little if it does not lead at once to mortification of the passions and the acquisition of solid virtues.

Oh, the power of one community, one only, flourishing in strict observance! God only knows its might and the Day of Judgment alone can adequately reveal its far-spreading unsuspected benedictions.

The lives of the Saints are a world of their own. There the axioms of the Sacred Heart are the standard of all deeds; and there is a fragrance of Paradise, though we see not its flowers, and a spirit in the air which is health to the soul, for it is fresh from the heights of Sion.

Why not turn all our prayers into one, and pray early and late for more love of God?—*F. W. Faber.*

How many a man's daily communion with his Angel, or his Patron Saint, or even the founder of his Order, is nothing more than an ejaculated *Ora pro me*, or even less than this.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The stateliest and most valuable work that has issued from the Irish press for some time is the History of Clare and the Dalcassian Clans of Tipperary, Limerick, and Galway, by the Very Rev. Patrick White, P.P., V.G. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). This fine, well printed, and well bound tome of some four hundred large octavo pages is a most solid and agreeable contribution to Irish historical literature. Though Father White of course takes a special interest in religious matters, his work is not of the character that we attributed to it last month before it came into our hands: the diocese of Killaloe has not yet found a Catholic historian. The County of Clare is minutely described in its natural features in the opening chapter; and then all that happened within its borders since Irish history began is set forth century by century in a clear, correct, vigorous style. The interest of the narrative, which never flags for the general reader, must for a Clare man be extreme. Two maps, not drawn on a meagre scale, set before us Clare in ancient times and to-day; but the ancient map only gives the general divisions of the district. The summaries of the twenty-eight chapters, prefixed to the volume, enable the reader to pick his steps pretty carefully; but for all that there ought to have been an alphabetical index at the end. Some misprints

have crept in, two of them very curious: the patriot Lucas of the last century is called Frederick Lucas (after the brilliant convert who founded the *Tablet*), and a ballad of Michael Joseph Barry's in *The Nation* is quoted as "Pope's well known lines." Father White has done justice to his theme, and his publishers have done justice to his work.

2. We gave last month a brief but very cordial welcome to Mr. Orby Shipley's "*Carmina Mariana, an English Anthology in verse in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*" Inside and outside it is a noble volume, and we think the compiler has reason to be grateful to his printers. As for our obligations to the compiler, they are very much greater than most readers will be aware of, even attentive and appreciative readers. Mr. Shipley's preliminary labours were enormous; and he has spared neither time nor trouble nor expense in the proper marshalling of his materials and in exhibiting his treasures in the most effective fashion. To tell the truth—which sometimes it is a rather rude thing to do—we suspect Mr. Shipley has taken too much pains. In this fallen world of ours rough readiness has its advantages. The table of contents is no doubt the result of a great deal of thought and care; but it is so complicated that one has some trouble in discovering that the order is mainly alphabetical. Sometimes the initial which determines the alphabetical rank of a translated piece is that of the author, and sometimes that of the translator, and there are several other uncertainties in the following list, which confines itself to the word in each title that is supposed to have alphabetical force and which at all events will illustrate the wealth and variety of the collection:—Adam of St. Victor, Alighieri [but who would look for Dante under A?], Alphonsus, American, Arnold, Art-Studies, Austin, Authors, Aylward, Ballads, Barrow, Beattie, Blew, Bullen, Bullivant, Bowles, Bridges, Bridgett, Browning, Camoens, Campbell, Caswall, Chaucer, Constable, Contemporary, Crashaw, Donne, Donnelly, Drane, Dunbar, Earle, Egan, Eliot, Field, Fleming, Goethe, Gongora, Hawker, Hemans, Hill, Jacopone, Irish Monthly, Italian, Keble, Kelly, Kent, Kenyon, Lament, Lee, Legend, Leo, Lullaby, MacCarthy, Manzoni, Middle-Age, Morgan, Morris, Moultrie, Mulholland, Murillo, Nineteenth Century, Odes, Old, Oxenham, Palgrave, Patmore, Petrarch, Pictures, Poetry, Potter, Procter, Prologues, Raphael, Rawes, Rossetti, Sarbiewski, Schiller, Songs, Southey, Southwell, Stothert, Syriac, Tintern, Talitha, Tennyson, Tynan, Typical, de Vere, Verse, Versteegan, Vision, Walworth, Williams, Wilton, Wordsworth. It will be perceived that these are not always the poets' names; and out of the title of certain divisions (which sometimes overlap) the word whose

initial is honoured in this classification is chosen now and then very arbitrarily. At any rate, Mr. Shipley would have been better advised, we think, to have given us at the end an index of authors, even if this would have necessitated the omission of the index of first lines. But this little bit of fault-finding has taken up too much time 'if it had not enabled us to prove very strikingly the vast variety of sources, many of them very recondite, from which this admirable collection is drawn. Some, indeed, of the names we have given represent ten or twelve poems each; and the reader must not be afraid that Charles Lamb's beautiful tribute is omitted, or Father Swainson's, or many others not included in this long catalogue. The book opens auspiciously with an excellent translation by "A," from Adam of St. Victor, in the metre of the original. This, we think, appears here for the first time, and is worthy of such perfect translators as Wackerbarth and Judge O'Hagan. Few who read the translation by the latter, at page 241, will guess how literally he keeps to the old French original. The minute accuracy of Mr. Shipley's editing may be illustrated by the line prefixed to this poem. "Translated (1874) by John O'Hagan 1822-1890" giving the year of his birth and the year of his death, and the year in which he published this translation in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. So, too, at page 293: "29th Ode of Petrarch, 1304-1374, translated by C. B. Cayley, B.A., 1823-1883: from 'Sonnets and Stanzas of Petrarch,' 1879." Do we habitually think of Petrarch as so long before Shakespeare, with his year 1600 in round numbers? We are grateful for the condensed information given here about the translator of this magnificent ode, which most fitly is preceded by one worthy even of such company—Coventry Patmore. One who reads Rossetti's exquisite "Ave," at page 334, will not wonder at his death-bed cry reported even by the wretchedly unsympathetic William Bell Scott: "Send me a priest—I want to be absolved from my sins." Among the new Laureates of the Madonna to which this Anthology introduces us is the Rev. Arthur Morgan, who describes the childhood of Jesus in sonnets very devout in feeling, poetical in expression, and skilful and accurate in construction. Another discovery is Clarence Walworth, an American convert-priest. The first of three excellent samples given here resembles Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Unknown Eros" in form, and is almost equally elevated, though borne up by a much less ethereal inspiration. But we cannot at present linger any further over this rich and (strange thing to say of a compilation) most original collection.

3. Besides a new and very practical prayer book called "The Manual of the Holy Family," compiled by the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F., Messrs. Benzige, of New York, Cincinnati, and

Chicago, have sent us a remarkable little book by Maurice F. Egan, called "A Gentleman." It is a collection of small essays intended for the use of young lads entering the world after college life. The subjects are the need of good manners, rules of etiquette, what makes a gentleman, what does not make a gentleman, how to express one's thoughts, letter-writing, what to read, the home book-shelf, Shakespere—and then two concluding lectures to boys on talk, work, and amusement, and on the little joys of life. Mr. Egan writes well on all subjects, but we prefer his literature to his etiquette. There is always something comic about rules of etiquette. "Soup should be taken from the side of the spoon if the guest's moustache will permit it, and not from the tip. Soup is dipped from the eater, not towards him." Is it true that "the title Esq. really belongs only to those connected with the legal profession"? Our contributor, Mr. R. P. Carton, Q.C., was taken to task by some critics for his enthusiastic estimate of Aubrey de Vere. What would they say to Mr. Maurice Egan's dictum: "No dramatic writer of the last two centuries has come so near Shakespere as Aubrey de Vere." We thank him for his fine appreciation of Denis Florence MacCarthy. In his excellent paper on the Home Book-shelf, he recommends Brownson's "Views" and the "Characteristics" of Wiseman and Newman. "Wiseman" is here perhaps a slip of the pen for "Manning." No such selection has been made from Cardinal Wiseman's writings. Though this bright, manly little book is peculiarly suited for the United States, it would give many a useful hint to lads in the Higher Line at Clongowes and elsewhere.

4. We owe to the pious care of the widow of Mr. Healy Thompson the publication of the second volume of his translation of "The Letters and Writings of Mary Lataste, lay-sister of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart" (London: Burns and Oates). The first volume was published twelve years ago. The same zealous and accomplished man, who did so much for Catholic literature, published also the Life of this holy lay-sister. With this saintly book we may join "The Client of the Sacred Heart of Jesus" by a Redemptorist Father (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.). It consists of devotions and prayers chiefly of St. Gertrude, St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, and St. Alphonsus. It is translated from a German book, of which 117,000 copies have been sold. It will be a favourite in religious communities.

5. We ought before to have called the attention of such readers as are able to appreciate such a work to the fine reprint by Pustet of Ratisbon of the Sermons of Blessed Albert the Great *De Sacrosancto Corporis Domini Sacramento*. Father Kenelm Digby Best of the

London Oratory has reissued his "Victories of Rome and the Temporal Power" (London: Burns and Oates), inspired by his ardent devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff. We are forced to conclude our notes on new books by merely naming an extremely interesting pamphlet by the Rev. Thomas Kelly, S.J., on the First Principles of Voice Production in Song and Speech (London: Burns and Oates). The author's name might mislead some of our readers; his sphere of labour does not lie in Dublin or Ireland. Clear as his instructions are, it would be hard to use them without a master.

6. A very tasteful book for half-a-crown is "An Architect in Exile, and Other Essays" by Bernard Whelan (London: Burns & Oates). Mr. Whelan is a London architect with an Irish name, and he very properly makes his essays turn chiefly on points about which he knows more than the general public, though his treatment is literary rather than professional. "The Gothic Renaissance" is the best of these papers, giving a good idea of Pugin's life and character. The second, "Sermons in Stones," is a mere paragraph and ought to have been omitted or slipped in towards the end. But "The Glory of Height," which comes last, is the most ingenious and lively of the whole. This pleasant volume is in form the exact counterpart of Cardinal Manning's "Pastime Papers," which we noticed last month. We mention that wise and delightful volume again for the purpose of putting on record that those bright little essays were contributed by the Cardinal to the *Weekly Register* when Mr. Orby Shipley was its editor. With that unselfish zeal for giving a chance to the good work of others which has given us *Annus Sanctus* and just now *Carmina Mariana*, Mr. Shipley put these essays into the form of a book and urged their republication in a substantive form; but the author could not at that time be induced to give his consent.

7. How do those United Statesmen manage to illustrate their magazines so admirably? *Donahoe's Magazine*, which used to be as plain and unpicturesque as ourselves, swarms now with well engraved portraits and pictures. Even an amateur college magazine, *The Fordham Monthly*, is richly and artistically illustrated. The April number is full of well executed portraits of all the most distinguished Jesuits connected with Woodstock College and pictures of its bridges, chapels, corridors, etc. But staid folk like us, who eschew these lighter graces, make compensation of course by solidity of matter and picturesqueness of style. At least let us hope so.

JULY, 1893.

THOMAS HARRIS MacDERMOTT.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE late Mr. T. H. MacDermott's claim to be commemorated in the pages of an Irish Magazine rests upon the fact that he was an Irishman who excelled in an art in which Ireland does not seem to be at present maintaining her traditional fame. Somehow we imagine that music now-a-days does not hold its proper place in any grade of Irish society; and indeed, considering the troubled course of Irish history, it is a wonder that Ireland was ever able to sing merrily. Yet fifty years ago Thomas Davis was able to begin one of his essays in *The Nation* with these bold words:—

‘No enemy speaks slightly of Irish Music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without a rival. Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O’Byrne, O’Donnell, Alestrom, and Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; and you are borne with them to battle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wail make man’s marrow quiver, and fill his nostrils with the breath of the grave, like the ululu of the north or the wirrasthrue of Munster? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, their “Boyne Water,” and “Sios agus sios liom,” their “Michael Hoy,” and “Gallant Tipperary.” The Irish jigs and planxties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic and make the marble-legged prince in the *Arabian Nights* charge like a Fag-an-Bealach boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yelp of the “Fox Chase”; the historian hears the moan of the penal days in “Drimindhu,” and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in “Limerick Lamentation”; and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go with “Savourneen Deelish” and “Lough Sheelin.”’

To popular music such as is here referred to, Mr. MacDermott did not contribute much, though we shall see presently that he sometimes sought his inspiration in the scenery and poetry of his native land.

Thomas Harris MacDermott was the youngest son of Mr. Edward MacDermott and was born in Dublin on the 29th of December, 1827. His father had a fine tenor voice, and his mother, Katharine Bolton, had also an exquisite voice and great musical taste. Some of our readers will remember his elder brother, Alderman MacDermott's excellent singing, especially of the Irish melodies. Thomas showed a special capability for music as a child. When he was a boy of eleven or twelve years, he possessed a rich soprano voice. He received his first regular instruction from Mr. Terence Magrath, a well known musician of the day and vicar-choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This gentleman induced Mr. MacDermott to allow his son to sing on several occasions at the Hibernian Catch Club; and the members of the Club were so pleased with the boy's voice and musical talent that, through their President, Chief Justice Blackburn, they presented him with a gold watch and chain, bearing a complimentary inscription.

The lad's voice was so exceptionally fine and his musical talents so remarkable that Mr. Edward MacDermott was strongly urged to take him to London to receive the best professional training. He resided in London with his father for upwards of two years from 1843, being under the musical care of Mr. Thomas S. Cooke, who was musical director of the Royal Opera House, Drury Lane. During this time he became well known in musical circles in London and was remarkable both on account of his rare voice and also his wonderful accuracy and purity of tone and his discrimination between tones. On one occasion at a large musical gathering this power of discriminating between tones was observed by Mrs. Anderson, who had been the musical instructress of the Queen and of the Royal Family, and she called the attention of those present to the fact that while as many as eight and nine notes were being played on the piano with both hands in the treble and bass cleff together and without seeing the instrument, he being in the adjoining room, the lad could tell exactly what notes were played: a feat which very few even amongst finished musicians could perform.

Mr. Cooke's high opinion of his young pupil may be judged

from two letters, of which copies have chanced to survive through half a century. The first is addressed to Samuel Lover, the author of *Handy Andy* or rather (as we should call him in the present context) the author of "The Angel's Whisper," and "The Four-leaved Shamrock," and many a pathetic or humorous song.

92 Great Portland Street,

15 March, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—This will be handed you by Mr. MacDermott, a countryman of ours, whose son is a pupil of mine and possesses such a voice and vocal ability as I hope you will agree with me (when you hear him) ought to be known. As I consider his voice and style would be well calculated to produce for you full effect in illustrating national airs, it occurred to me that probably you might find an opportunity of introducing him in the course of your lectures. Master MacDermott is a good musician, composes not badly, and altogether has a musical tact of the best sort. He has sung in one or two places in London, and has always produced a *sensation* of the most gratifying kind.

I am, truly yours,

T. COOKE.

S. Lover, Esq.,

Charles Street,

Middlesex Hospital.

Four days later Mr. Cooke wrote as follows to Mr. J. R. Planché, who, as a dramatic author, occupied in that day something like the place now filled by Sir Arthur Sullivan's coadjutor, Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

92 Great Portland Street,

London, March 19th, 1844.

MY DEAR PLANCHE—I have a very clever and interesting pupil (a boy.) It occurs to me, that as his singing is of a superior order, there would be a great probability of his making a *hit*, could he be well brought before the public in some piece expressly written for the purpose. As I know you have a true taste for music, I am very anxious you should hear the boy and judge for yourself, for which purpose I should be glad to see you here on Sunday next, after church time, if you please, or on Monday morning from 10 to 11; perhaps to-morrow (Wednesday) at 2 or 3 would suit you. The sooner the better. Drop me a line.

Ever yours,

T. COOKE.

My pupil's name is MacDermott.

Thomas MacDermot retained the boy's voice until he was almost eighteen years of age. During his residence in London he met at Mr. Cooke's most of the principal musicians and sang occasionally with some of the first singers of that day, such as Madame Dolby. Towards the close of his last year in London he spent a couple of hours one morning with Mendelssohn at the house of the latter, playing and singing for him. Mendelssohn admired his voice very much, but told him that he did not think that on changing to the usual man's voice its beauty could be retained. He strongly advised him, however, to devote himself to music and study in Germany.

He returned to Dublin in the year 1845 or 1846 and continued his practice of music, though his voice had begun to fail. About this time his father took a deep interest in the gifted poet, Clarence Mangan—best known perhaps for his "Dark Rosaleen"—and had him for a month or so on a visit at his house. Young MacDermott wrote some pretty compositions at the time to words which were written for him by Mangan.

About 1847 he went to Germany, which in those days was considered much more remote than now. He took with him several useful letters of introduction from Sir William Wilde to literary persons. He went through the musical course at the Conservatory, and for private instruction was placed as a pupil under the then famous Moscheles who had also been the instructor of Mendelssohn, and who ranked as one of the most finished pianists and piano-forte composers of the day. He had resided in London from 1820 to 1846, and the writer of the account of him in the English Cyclopaedia says: "He was probably the most successful teacher we have ever possessed." Many, like young MacDermott, followed him to Germany, so that the number of students at the Conservatory was gradually trebled. The following letter has been found among his Irish pupil's papers:—

Leipsic, December 20th, 1863.

DEAR MR. MACDERMOTT,—I am happy to see by your letter of November 24th that I still retain a place in your memory; and I am much obliged for it and your photograph. I read your compositions with great pleasure as being written soundly, with good taste and well expressed intention, besides having the additional interest of being the work of a well esteemed former pupil. In your vocal quartets No. 3, "Stars of the Summer Night," is my great favourite.

Allow me to observe that the bass in the second bar must be— [here follow some criticisms which we are unable to reproduce]. I mention this because in your correctly written four parts the above can only be an oversight.

I share your enthusiasm for Mendelssohn's immortal creations, but have neither leisure nor the power to write his Life. His own letters, however, published in two volumes, speak better for the noble character and development of his genius than the best biographer could do. They might probably be called "Lessons for young men and young artists," showing them how to live and how to compose.

In answer to your enquiries about my only trio (dedicated to Cherubini) op. 84 for pianoforte, violin and cello, I beg to say that it was published in London by Cramer Beale & Co. F. Kistner in Leipsic has published the same, as well as a complete thematic catalogue of my compositions up to the present time. [He then mentions his latest publications from opus 126 to opus 139.] The last two works I recommend to your notice, the former for the new effects it offers, the latter for its brilliancy.

Our conservatorio is flourishing. Some of your countrymen and women distinguished themselves. Mr. Allison, from London, is a very clever student. The Gewandhaus concerts maintain their established renown under Kappellmeister C. Reinecke and concert meister David—who, by the by, has published a most clever violin school.

I remembered you to all the musical friends you knew here, and they are as glad as myself that you are doing well, professionally, and enjoying good health. Pray accept the enclosed card with my own and my family's best wishes for the season; and believe, my dear sir,

Sincerely yours,

I. MOSCHELES.

Whilst in Leipsig, where he resided for nearly four years with Dr. Naumann, one of the Professors of the University, Mr. MacDermott devoted himself diligently to the culture of his art and made many musical and other friends there. Leipsig was then the centre of a great deal of musical talent, and fine concerts and other musical performances took place several times in the week. During his sojourn in Germany in 1850 he wrote two nocturnes for the pianoforte (published in London in 1852), a "Romance," two very beautiful "Melodies," and an impromptu entitled "In Quietude." He also wrote four German songs which were greatly admired by Herr Schleinitz, the Director of the "Conservatoire,"

to whom they are dedicated, and at whose instance they were afterwards published in 1852 by Messrs. Ewer & Co., of London.

Herr Schleinitz asked leave to retain the four manuscripts, as a memento, for the library attached to the "Conservatoire," where they still exist. He wrote also at this time a song called "The Violet," and set to music the words of Uhland, known as "The Child's Dream."

In 1852 he returned to London, where he intended to adopt music as a profession. He wrote some excellent songs there; among others may be quoted a very fine recitative song, being a setting of Longfellow's "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns."

During his residence in London also he made many musical acquaintances, such as the late Mr. MacFarren, Osborne, Staudigl, the famous basso, and also Sims Reeves. He also became the friend of the famous German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, who was then a refugee in London on account of some political poems which he had published in the year 1844. Freiligrath took great pleasure in his compositions and wrote the German words for Sir Walter Scott's "Troubadour" and also a version of Barry Cornwall's song "The Owl," which Mr. MacDermott had just composed for Herr Staudigl. Another song composed for the same singer—to whom a melancholy allusion is made in a letter which we will quote just now—is thus mentioned in *The Musical World* of June 4th, 1853:—

Herr Staudigl gave most effectively, at Mr. Chatterton's Concert on Wednesday, a very clever song "The Mariner," the composition of a young and accomplished musician, Mr. T. H. MacDermott, who has for some years studied in the Conservatoire of Leipsig, and whose recent publications, for their original style and masterly finish, give promise of a very brilliant career for the youthful composer.

Though it is separated from the preceding by a score of years, we may cite here another criticism on Mr. MacDermott from *The Drawingroom Gazette* of March 2, 1872, in which "Belphegor," after naming six of his songs, just published by Augener & Co., of Newgate Street, London, pronounces judgment as follows:—

In the abundance of composers of ballads who rush into print for no other reason than a wish to gratify their own vanity, it is positively refreshing to meet with a gentleman like Mr. MacDermott, who has evidently studied his art conscientiously and in the spirit of a lover as

well as an artist. A composer who knows how to write and why to do so is by no means common.

The critic then goes on to appraise each of the songs in turn, judging one to be "a scholarly and ably written composition," and another "rich in melody and pathetically tender."

None of the six songs to which this critique refers seems to be the subject of the following letter which Mr. MacDermott received from Aubrey de Vere in the first month of that same year, 1872.

Curragh Chase, Adare, Jan. 12, 1872.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to return you my best thanks for the beautiful music which you have had the kindness to send me, and which has given me great pleasure.

I am myself, unfortunately, not a musician, much as I love music, and especially the pathetic and exquisite music of old Ireland. For this reason I am unable to remark upon the pieces which you sent me, *in detail*, as I should have otherwise wished to do. But I had great gratification on hearing them played, and on hearing several of them sung. I envy you the power of transcribing to music the feelings with which the beautiful scenes of Ireland inspire you as you visit them. The enchanting scenery of the Blackwater is well worthy of all manner of homage—musical or bardic.

My ignorance of music renders it impossible for me, of course, to write words for music. A few of the songs in my "Inisfail" have been set to old Irish airs—one for instance called "Plorans Ploravit," and another beginning "A March wind sang."

I have requested Mr. Duffy to send you a copy of that work, of which I have to beg your acceptance.

Yours faithfully,

AUBREY DE VERE.

From our Irish Poet let us go back to the German Poet, Freiligrath. Out of several "amicable letters," as he says himself—one of the few funny phrases that crop up in his excellent English—we may give two. The first was at Christmastide, 1855.

3 Sutton Place, Hackney, London, Dec. 22, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will think me a very lazy correspondent for not having acknowledged your kind lines of last spring and the many numbers of *The Nation* and *The Tribune* you were pleased to send me. And I cannot but plead guilty. But though I have been silent, yet I have not forgotten you; and the sweet tunes you left us have recalled you very often to our memory. Mostly [especially] that

delicious one to Tennyson's words "Tears, Idle Tears," which has quite become a household treasure with us.

The fact is that ever since last spring and summer I have had very much to do and to care for, and was but very rarely in a disposition to write amicable letters. Neither was it possible to come across St. George's Channel and have a look at Green Erin. But I hope for another, as likewise for your forgiveness for my long silence and apparent neglect [after enquiring about the chances in Dublin of a great trombone-player, Nabich, whom he wished to serve, he continues thus]. Dr. Siegfried, whom I saw last autumn on his passage to Germany, told me to my great satisfaction that you were quite well and happy. Let me hope that you are so now too. And how are you going on with your music? No doubt but that you are still quite so productive as when we saw and admired you here. My wife and children, I am thankful to say, are in good health and spirits, and beg to be kindly remembered. To-morrow night we have the grand affair of the Christmas Tree—tapers, gilt apples, and all!

But oh! the Horned Owl! I have tried often enough, but I despair of doing it well. To adapt this measure, in a translation, to the music of the original is a most difficult task indeed. I must still mention [as another excuse for delay] that our piano is, for the most part, still quite as much out of tune as at the time when your fingers were doomed to waken its discordant sounds.

But now enough of chat! If you see Dr. Siegfried, please remember me kindly. I shall write to him soon.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Believe me, my dear friend, always yours truly,

F. FREILIGRATH.

The Dr. Siegfried referred to here was a German who filled for some years the post of Assistant Librarian in Trinity College, Dublin. "The Horned Owl" was a song by Barry Cornwall (Adelaide Proctor's father) which Mr. MacDermott set to music. It was published by Augener & Co., and sung with great success by Herr Standigl.

Freiligrath's next letter shows that he had formed a project (never carried out) of imitating the example of his compatriot Dr. Siegfried and trying to become one of the public institutions of Dublin. "I want not to tell you" means of course "I need not say."

3 Sutton Place, Hackney, 12th May, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have to thank you still for your kind advice on behalf of my friend *Trombone*. He continues to try his good

fortune in London, and intends to come out next month with a grand concert of his own under the patronage of some high person. If he succeeds with this concert (and I most heartily wish he may), it is perhaps the best means "to blow his own trumpet," and to forward his ulterior views. He is indeed more than a common performer on his instrument.

Many thanks also for *The Nation*. I have read with great interest many of the articles contained in the number you were obliging enough to send me—mostly so the clever letters referring to Mr. Sadleir's *forgery of himself*. The thing is hardly credible, however, *se non é vero é ben trovato*. The principal reason for writing you to-day is to tell you that in consequence of an advertisement of the Society's in last Saturday's *Athenaeum* I have become a candidate for the Librarianship of King's Inns, Dublin. There will be no doubt a great many candidates, and I hardly expect to be the successful one. However, there is no harm in trying, and so I have made up my mind to give fortune a chance. I should really think it a piece of good luck, if a congenial occupation of the kind (for which I have been on the look-out ever so long), should enable me to emigrate from Hackney Downs to the Banks of the Liffey. If you should happen to know any of the Benchers, or to have friends connected in that way, pray will you be good enough to exercise your influence in my behalf? I want not to tell you how thankful I shall be for any thing it may be in your power to do in my favour.

My wife and children are all well. So am I, and so, I hope, are you and yours. I have been busy three last months, to translate Longfellow's "Hiawatha," which is less difficult work than that most obstinate "Horned Owl." Have you read that poor Staudigl is in a lunatic asylum? How often now-a-days that saddest of lots is shared by the follower of art!

Good-bye, dear friend! Mrs. Freiligrath unites with me in kindest regards.

Believe me yours always truly,

F. FREILIGRATH.

Thos. H. MacDermott, Esq.

These letters show that Mr. MacDermott had returned to his native city. In 1854 the Catholic University was begun in Dublin, and Dr. Newman appointed Mr. MacDermott the Director of the University Choir in Stephen's Green. Subsequently he presided for several years as Organist and Director of the Catholic Choir in Marlborough Street, in which position he made every effort to promote the cultivation of a suitable style of church music

according to the recommendations of the Cecilien-Verein. He continued for some years to practice music as a profession in Dublin; but, though very much devoted to it as an art, the professional practice of it was somewhat uncongenial; and not having the spur of necessity, he soon retired from it, and gave himself up to the private indulgence of his artistic tastes, not publishing a tithe of his work.

A list of his compositions lies before me, comprising some seventy pieces of pianoforte music, a hundred and forty-five songs, a sacred cantata (*The Prodigal Son*) containing thirteen items; seventy-two pieces of sacred music, including two masses and thirteen *Tantum Ergos*; forty-two vocal quartetts and only three duetts. These three last were published by Augener & Co. of London, as were also six melodies in Irish style under the title of "*Recollections of the Blackwater*." To these Aubrey de Vere's letter, already quoted, seems to refer. Besides other pieces whose publication has been mentioned incidentally, we have counted up some thirty or forty of Mr. MacDermott's compositions in the catalogues of Novello Ewer & Co. and other musical publishers. The latest of these appeared shortly before Mr. MacDermott's death, from the press of Novello, Ewer & Co. of London and New York. It is more generous than music-books of this large size are usually, giving for a shilling the words and music of six English Hymns: the *Cradle Hymn* of the Blessed Virgin, *Dormi Jesu*, with the words in Latin and English; the Rev. John Keble's famous "*Ave Maria, Blessed Maid*"; "*To Christ, the Prince of Peace*," one of Father Caswall's translations from the Breviary; *Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu*, "*Heart of Jesus, All for Thee*," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.; St. Thomas's *Adoro Te Devote*, which curiously enough is bracketted with English words of quite a different meaning; and finally "*Art Thou Weary?*"—Dr. John Mason Neale's fine translation from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite, of which Mr. Gladstone has given a still finer version in rhyming Latin.

We have insinuated already that one of the reasons why Mr. MacDermott's eminent qualifications as a musician were not brought forward more prominently was the absence of motive drawn from necessity or those pressing claims which the poor mendicant once expressed by the phrase, "*her and three childhre*." Mr. MacDermott never married. Besides, he was personally the most

modest of men, very simple, amiable, and unassuming in his character and dispositions. His cheerful and gentle nature made him be loved by all who knew him. A holy and happy death was the fitting close of such a life. He died at 64 Mountjoy Square, Dublin, on the 27th of April, 1893.

PSALMS BY THE SEA.

A MASS of foliage flitting by,
All budded fresh and new,—
A waving branch against the sky
So softly, warmly blue—
A bird upon the lowest spray,
A fern-leaf at the root,
A scarlet poppy in the hay,
A primrose at my foot.

These made me joyful sing all through the morn :
“ Bless, O my soul, the day when thou wert born ! ”

The sea-pink swinging from a rock,
A tuft of purple heath—
Above, the curlews’ wheeling flock—
The splash of waves, beneath ;
The golden cloud that zones the sky,
A foam-flake ’mid the shells,
The boat that paddles idly by,
The ring of shepherd bells ;

These chanted music all the sultry noon :
“ In heaven, O soul, ’tis one eternal June ! ”

A wild hop trailing o’er a hedge,
Tangled with blossomed weeds ;
A lily by the water’s edge,
Nestled among the reeds ;
A sea-gull perched on the wet sand ;
With shadow faint and far—
A red flash on the western strand,
And in the east a star.

From these my soul hath learned its evening psalm :
“ Creator, thanks !—I was not, and I am.”

A. D.

“LOS TOROS.”

ONLY those who have lived in Andalusia can understand what interest is aroused, or how animated the people become when the time for the “feria” draws near. Visitors come to Cordoba from all the neighbouring towns, either for business or devotion or pleasure, and from whatever motive they come they are not likely to go away dissatisfied. Just now the “feria” is going on, and of course “los toros” must be seen by everyone. This evening as we start for the “Plaza” through the narrow streets of the quaint old town, the sun shines gloriously in a clear blue sky, so cloudless and serene that one doubts if it be the same old king Sol we used to catch glimpses of in Dublin. The streets, houses, people, and even the horses have on their holiday attire ; all are gay with the bright colours so dear to the Spanish heart.

As we drive along, we pass rows of people sitting at little tables, under the shade of the trees in the “paseo,” drinking “agua fresca” and smoking. All look so happy and free from care that one cannot help thinking that their faces reflect some of the brightness of their sky.

At last we reach the “Plaza” and make our way through the waiting crowd, amid the exclamations which either the faces or dresses of our companions arouse. It is not quite four o'clock yet and we have time to look round before the fight begins. The “Plaza” is a circular building built of white stone ; in the centre is an immense arena, round which there is a wooden partition about five feet high. Behind this rise tiers of seats, one above the other. These are roofed to keep off the rays of the sun which blazes unmercifully on the centre part, it being unroofed. The ladies are all brilliantly dressed, and how pretty they look in their white mantillas, which throw out in bold relief the olive skin and dusky eyes, so different from those of colder climates ! Flowers are scattered everywhere, so much so that one would be inclined to think that it was to a flower fete that one had come. Looking at the happy young faces, one feels what a mask after all the human countenance is. To judge by them, we would say their owners would not willingly hurt a fly, and in a few moments they will applaud and cheer when a poor dumb brute is first cruelly tortured and then killed for their amusement ! Then there

is always danger for the men. But a few days ago in Madrid two men were killed and six wounded. The only remark their sad fate elicits is: "they were not good toreros, they were only aficionados."

There is one box or "palco" adorned with the national flag, into which the President now comes. As he does so, the band strikes up the "Marcha Real," and by a side door in the partition enter ten or twelve men on horseback, the "toreros," "banderilleros," etc. They are dressed with great taste, all in their own colours, some with pale blue, red, or green trousers reaching to the knee, a short loose jacket, entirely embroidered in gold or silver, opening over a vest of another colour; a large black velvet hat, long plait of hair (which is considered *the* beauty of the "torero"), light silk stockings and black shoes complete their attire. All march round once or twice, and acknowledge smilingly the cheers of the people. Then they all leave, except three men on horseback, who are armed with long poles, at the end of which there is a sharp steel, and a few banderilleros who carry large coloured banners. Now a bolt is drawn and out rushes a large bull straight on until he reaches the centre of the "plaza"; where he stops dazzled by the strange sight. His attention is drawn to a man waving his banner; he rushes towards it, the banner is waved in another direction, causing the bull to make for one of the men on horseback, who is ready for him, and, as the steel is buried in the shoulders of the bull, he thrusts his horns once, twice into the sides of the horse. The horse rears, staggers, tries to free himself, and in the effort falls, the rider with him,—O Dios mio, the bull is making for the man! It is a moment of sickening suspense; and as one closes one's eyes from what looks like certain death, there is a cheer, and we see the bull at the other side of the "plaza." The man is helped to his feet, being dressed in armour, he cannot rise of himself. Another horse is brought him, the first being dead. In a few moments the same happens the second and third.

The President makes a sign to the "picadores," who now leave; and again the bull is played with by the "banderilleros." Now come others who carry two short sticks, at the end of which are sharp pieces of steel. These stand within arm's length of the now maddened bull. One strikes him with his hand between the eyes, the bull darts at him, and the man coolly drives his knives into the

animal's neck, and then runs quickly to the partition and vaults over it amid loud cheers. This goes on till there are eight or ten such weapons fastened in, the blood pouring down from the wounds.

Now the "matador" comes with a scarlet banner deftly concealing a long sword. He plays with the bull, watching his opportunity; if he lets one pass, the crowd hoot and groan. Now he raises his arm and plunges his sword in, but oh! it has struck a bone and falls out again. The other men divert the bull's fury while the sword is given again to the "matador." He tries again, and this time plunges it up to the hilt in the back of the animal's neck. The bull staggers; the blood flows from mouth and nostrils; he groans loudly, falls on his knees, rolls over on his side, dead!

The people cheer wildly, all rise to their feet, ladies wave their handkerchiefs till the "plaza" is one mass of moving white. The "matador" bows; and hats, fans, flowers, and cigars are thrown to him. The dead animals are removed by pretty mules with gay ribbons, and when all traces of blood are effaced, another bull comes out. So we see eight bulls and fifteen horses killed, it being impossible to get away. The doors are closed to prevent disturbance.

How glad one is at last to be at least physically away from such a sickening sight! The memory will cling to one for many a day; with the sad thought of the inadequacy of centuries of civilization to change that innate cruelty which drew Rome and Byzantium to the gladiatorial sports, or to the martyrdom of Christians, and which till now dishonours the christian and chivalrous traditions of Spain.

M. B. M.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER IV.

▲ STEP-MOTHER.

“**M**MARGARET and Charlie, come in quickly. I am tired calling you.”

We two were sitting under the beeches, resting after our play, the two dogs lying at our feet; when Miss Thyme appeared at the door. We had heard her calling us before from the school-room window, but we went on playing as if we did not hear her, for we were in a wilful mood that day. It was late in August, the weather was beautiful, and we had our mid-summer holidays, which we were bent on enjoying in our own way, which was oftener than not the path of disobedience; but we thought little of that when there was no punishment to follow, for our father was still away, and our governess, poor, gentle creature, would not as much as dream of such a thing.

Seeing we did not answer her summons, she came towards us, first spreading a white handkerchief over her head to protect her from the sun's blaze. Then we conceived the mischievous design of running away from her. It was Charlie who first thought of it.

“Meg,” he said, “let's give her a race; 'twill be great fun, and she won't be able to catch us. 'Tis a pity to go in on such a lovely evening. We will run down towards the lake and climb up Crooked Jack.”

Suiting the action to the word, we scampered away, and I always ready to follow where he led, was soon by his side. When we reached Crooked Jack, which was a gnarled old oak-tree on the border of the lake, I helped Charlie to mount, and he pulled me up; then, finding a nice seat among the branches, we contentedly sat there, delighted with the commotion which we had caused. Poor Miss Thyme, seeing us run towards the lake, and fearing we should fall in and be drowned, ran screaming after us; her cries attracted nurse and Bridget, who came running also, followed by Mary, with a sweeping brush in her hands, while cook, red and panting, brought up the rear, brandishing a huge frying-pan. These were met half-way by a contingent of the workmen, headed by Peter, hatless and

coatless, waving a horse's bit with one hand and a piece of chamois leather with the other, while he kept shouting to Jim to "hurry on with the rope or they'll be drowned before we save them."

The servants were in such a state that day that I don't know what would have happened, if our escapade had not occurred and proved a safety valve, by which they could let off some of the steam of excitement which filled their breasts. When they reached Crooked Jack, from which we were complacently watching their proceedings, and found that we were safe, oh! such a babel as there was, each one telling what she or he thought on hearing Miss Thyme's screams. They were sure we had fallen into the lake, or that the dogs had suddenly become mad and bitten us, or that the Master had come home earlier than was expected, and that the post-horses had bolted at the turn, upsetting the carriage. Peter took us down from our elevated seat, and we were brought home surrounded by the talking crowd, which made us feel rather ashamed of our work.

Miss Thyme took us immediately up to the schoolroom, and having placed us on a seat in front of her chair, gave us first a lecture on disobedience and its consequences, and then told us that our father would be home that evening, at which joyful news Charlie jumped up, and began dancing around the room until caught by Miss Thyme's bony hands and replaced on his seat, with a warning not to stir again until she had come to the end.

"Your father will be home this evening, but not alone."

I caught my breath in amazement. Who could be coming with him? Now we were going to hear what they had been concealing from us, what Nan had so nearly told us. Miss Thyme had paused, as if she feared to tell the rest, and I impatiently exclaimed:

"Not alone! And who is with him, Miss Thyme?"

"A new mother he is bringing to take care of you, and love you and Charlie."

"*A new mother!* But we don't want a new mother; we have our own mother in Heaven, and we love her and she loves us, and we won't love the other one, and she *shan't* love us. You and Nurse can take care of us as you always did, and Pappy *must* send her away again, for we don't want her. Sure we don't, Charlie?"

"No, we don't. She must go back again."

"But, my dear children, you don't understand: that cannot be. She is coming to remain here for ever, and you must learn to grow fond of her, or Pappy will be angry. It is six o'clock now, and they will be here at seven; so it is time you were preparing to receive them. You, Meg, will wear your white dress and pink sash, and Charlie his blue velvet suit."

We were both weeping passionately, and she could do nothing with us for a long time. But at last, after a great deal of coaxing, I consented to let her dress me, and afterwards she helped Charlie with his toilet. Nan came in when we were ready, and began praising our appearance.

"Master Charlie is a grand little gentleman, God bless him, and the very image of the Master, an' faith you look fine, Miss Meg. Himself will be very proud of ye before the new Missus."

The reference to my step-mother raised again the smouldering fire of my temper and I broke out into loud wailings, stamping my feet against the floor with vexation, and trying to tear off my dress and sash, for I did not want to look nice before her.

Charlie, who was a tall, manly, little chap for his age, was standing with his hands in the pockets of his blue velvet knickers, eyeing me curiously, and rather enjoying my exhibition of passion. Nurse and Miss Thyme looked on amazed, not knowing what to do or say. At last, when I had dragged my hair all out of curl, and made a pretty mess of my dress, Charlie burst out laughing.

"Oh, I say, Meg," he exclaimed, "look in the glass and see what a picture you are."

But I did not. I sat down, crying more bitterly than ever, but too tired to continue my work of destruction. Miss Thyme at length spoke.

"Margaret," she said, speaking very gently, "do you know that God sees you, that he has heard your angry words, and witnessed your disgraceful actions? My child, your life will be a miserable one if you do not try to curb your passions."

Her words frightened and humbled me. Yes, I knew God was looking at me, but I had forgotten it, forgotten myself, forgotten everything in my anger. I looked at my pretty dress all soiled and torn, my hair tossed, my face red and swollen; and I was sincerely sorry for my conduct. Still I continued to weep, but now there was no temper mingling with my sobs; my tears were tears of sorrow for having offended God and distressed my kind governess and nurse. Seeing that I was penitent, Miss Thyme said:

"Go on your knees, my dear, and ask pardon of Our Lord for your sin, and implore His Holy Mother to obtain for you the grace to overcome that temper, which, if allowed to go on unchecked, will soon become too strong for you."

Very humbly I did as she told me, and then asked forgiveness of of herself and Nan, who both kissed me, and hoped I would be a good obedient girl for the future. I bathed my face and tried to give myself a decent appearance by smoothing the folds of my crumpled

gown, and then I accompanied Charlie and Miss Thyme to the drawing room, there to await the arrival of my father and his bride. Miss Thyme gave us many a lesson as to how we were to receive her in order to please our father, and I, remembering my recent display of temper, kept praying all the time for strength and help, while gay, light-hearted Charlie danced and whistled around the room, to the great consternation of our poor governess, who feared he would do some mischief.

Soon, however, a carriage dashed up to the door, and a moment afterwards we were both folded in our father's arms. Poor Pappy looked thin and weary; days of travelling had knocked him up. He presented us to our new mother. She was very tall and stout, good-looking, with thick dark hair, and light grey eyes. She stooped down and kissed us both very affectionately, smiling all the time, and saying some sweet words; but there was a look in her eyes which I noticed and did not like. Great was our surprise when she called two girls who had come into the room unnoticed by us, and introduced them to us as *our sisters*. The elder girl, Florence, was about my age, reserved and quiet-looking, with flaxen hair and mild blue eyes; the other, Victoria, was very different from her in every way, in fact she was a perfect edition of her mother, without the mother's sweetishness of manner.

The evening passed off fairly well. At dinner our stepmother was very talkative, asking father all sorts of questions about the house and place, and making many inquiries of Miss Thyme about Charlie and me, our studies, amusements and habits, saying she hoped and felt sure that we and her girls would soon be fast friends; but Charlie and I did not echo the hope. Afterwards she insisted on going over the house, and spoke so graciously to the servants, that they were all quite charmed with her except Nan, and the faithful Bridget, who confidentially whispered to Miss Thyme that night in the school room, that in her opinion the new mistress was much too sweet to be wholesome.

When the inspection of the house was finished, she returned to the drawing room, and played and sang for us. My father asked me to play. It was the one thing I could do well; music was almost a passion with me, and Miss Thyme, who was a splendid musician, helped me to make the most of my one talent. My stepmother was in raptures over my performance, and declared that her two daughters could never hope to play one half so well. I played a pretty duet with Charlie again, and Miss Thyme contributed something; but the two Gordons (that was their name) excused themselves on the plea of being too tired.

I was delighted when bed-time came, and rushed off to the school-room, pulling Charlie with me, in the hope of having a quiet chat there over the events of the evening, but to our chagrin we were hardly seated at the fire, when in walked the two girls with Miss Thyme; their mother sent them up in order that we might get acquainted with each other as quickly as possible. But this was not our wish, and we hardly opened our lips. Miss Thyme, to cover our rudeness, tried to talk to the little girls, but only getting monosyllabic answers to all her questions she soon wearied of the task, and proposed that we should all go to our rooms as it was beyond our usual time for retiring. All the servants, under some pretext or other, came into the schoolroom one after another for a few seconds while they were there, which added to the shyness and embarrassment of the newcomers, and I think they, no more than ourselves, were not sorry when that bad half-hour came to an end.

CHAPTER V.

OUR ESCAPE.

ALAS! our free and happy days were over. Everything in and around our old home was changed, and more than all, ourselves. The stream of life was turned away from its old course, and made to flow in the straight and barren bed of conventionalism and tiresome order. No longer could we study and play at our own sweet will, run wild through the house and grounds, or walk, and ride, and drive when we wished. Our stepmother divided our day into hours, and to every hour she gave its own duty. When in the house we could not leave the schoolroom without her permission, and sometimes we took all our meals there; in wet weather especially it was dreadful to be cooped up in that one room from morning to night, we who had been used to run into and out of every room and play where we willed. We walked and rode and drove when and where it pleased her; at regular times she took us with her in the carriage, when paying visits, and that was more hateful to us than anything, we were obliged to sit bolt upright in our places, not to move for fear of tossing our best clothes, and not to laugh nor even speak, except to answer her questions, because "children should be seen, not heard."

Her daughters shared all our comforts and discomforts, our studies, recreations and sometimes punishments, but they perhaps were used to the routine of such a life and did not feel nor mind it. Besides, they had many advantages over us and more freedom: they could always, when weary of Miss Thyme's and our society, go to

their mother, and sit and talk in her room; and very often she used to take them to walk in the gardens and park, while we were left in angry discontent, revolting secretly against such treatment, and resolving that we should get our own privileges too. With that intention Charlie and I sought Papa one morning, and finding him in the library alone, went boldly in, and declared our new Mamma was not nice at all, and we did not like her, and would he send her away again, and we would promise to be very good and do everything Miss Thyme asked us? He looked very sad while we were speaking—I can remember still the expression of his face, as he stooped down and kissed us.

“Why do you not like the new Mamma I have brought to take care of you? Is she not good to you? Now tell me when she spoke crossly to you and why?”

But that we could not do. She never said an angry word to us. We rarely saw her without a smile on her lips.

“She never said anything cross to us, Papa,” I answered, “but she won’t let us stir outside the schoolroom, except to go for a walk with Miss Thyme, and she often takes Florence and Victoria out, leaving us studying within.”

“And she won’t let us play with Shot or Chloe, or take them anywhere with us,” Charlie added. “We never have a bit of fun now, Papa, and she won’t let me ride my pony when I like. Can’t you send her away

I think my father already regretted his marriage. Undoubtedly he thought at first that it would be a good thing for us to have a mother’s care, and Mrs. Gordon had deceived him as she deceived everybody. The people around who visited us used to say that Charles Blake was a fortunate man to have got such an accomplished and good-looking woman to do the honours of his house (and I must say that she did them in a royal if rather extravagant way) and such a kind and affectionate mother for his children.

Well, to please us that day, he promised to take us both for a daily walk in future to commence on that evening. We were overjoyed at this good news, and ran off joyously to the musty schoolroom to tell it to Miss Thyme. When the appointed hour came, while Mrs. Blake was taken up with visitors, we set off for our ramble with Papa in high spirits, and we quickly forgot in our present happiness all our troubles.

All along the road Charlie and I kept up an incessant chatter, making up for the enforced silence of the last few weeks. We laughed and talked about this and that, and gave Papa time to say hardly a word; but he seemed quite content with just listening to us.

Strange to say it was to our mother's grave he took us. The sight of it now had no saddening effect on me, I had gone so often with Miss Thyme to place fresh flowers upon it and became used to it. But my poor father was greatly moved and remained a long time kneeling on the sod, while Charlie and I scrambled about among the tombstones, reading the inscriptions on them, and trying to trace with our fingers the moss-covered letters on the old ones.

The September sun had long sunk behind the mountains before we returned home. Our stepmother met us as we entered the hall with a smiling welcome, and declaring that she was delighted with Papa's thoughtfulness in taking us out, as she was so bothered from horrid people she had quite forgotten us; but really it was shabby of us to steal away from Florry and Vic, who, poor girls, had to mope alone the whole evening and would have given worlds to be with us. I am afraid we had little compassion for them, and would not have grudged them the loneliness and moping, which however had not been their share. Our stepmother was never over scrupulous about the truth of her statements; her conscience was not a very delicate one, and it gave her full scope, when she chose to take it, and little trouble afterwards.

We could afford to be agreeable that evening. We made the old schoolroom ring with our laughter, and we played and danced and sang until poor Miss Thyme's head ached. Florence, forgetting her habitual reserve and quiet manner, joined us with evident pleasure, and the haughty ill-tempered Victoria for once forgot to be disagreeable.

Next day the thought of our evening walk helped us through the dull morning and the wearisome hours of study. Charlie kept continually looking out of the window, surveying the sky and the mountains, to see if there was any fear of rain—he had learned how to read the weather from Peter—and when the schoolroom clock struck four, we hastily threw all our books upon the shelf, and ran off to put on our out-of-door "things," going over all the bits and scraps of news we had picked up during the day to amuse Papa with. Oh! how delighted we were to have him all to ourselves for a couple of hours! Alas! we were reckoning without our stepmother. When we came running into the hall, whom should we see standing beside our father ready dressed for walking, but those two girls? Our bright little dream had vanished.

That walk was one of the dreariest I ever remember. Charlie and I never opened our lips, our father and Florence but seldom; so Victoria had the whole talking to herself, and surely her tongue did wag. At first she snarled at my brother and me, and then, when rebuked by Papa, she confined herself to making ill-natured remarks

on the people we met. The walk was a short one ; nobody enjoyed it, and nobody, not even Victoria I think, was sorry when it came to an end. For a whole week, those evening walks went on, each one more disagreeable than the preceding one, and then they suddenly ceased—my father every evening making some excuse or other. One time he had business to attend to, again he was not feeling well, or he had letters to write or papers to read ; and the walks were never resumed.

Towards the middle of October, Victoria's birthday came ; and to commemorate it, her mother invited all the young people around to an evening party. The two sisters got pretty dresses for it, but Charlie and I got nothing. We were sorely vexed at this treatment, and we determined that we would not appear in the drawing room that evening ; knowing, however, that if we were in the house, we should be dragged down, if we did not go easily, we stole out unperceived in the morning, when everybody was busy with the preparations.

It was a lovely day, the sun was bright and warm, the sky cloudless, birds were singing as sweetly as if it were the springtime, late flowers were blooming in the garden, and the woods wore their beautiful autumnal dress, which for beauty of colouring and artistic blending of shades, far surpasses their fresh spring greenery. Nature in autumn resembles the noon of human life, when the budding virtue of youth, struggling in manhood for a bare existence, has reached the full height of its strength and beauty ; so the seed sown in April, if it escape the blighting influence of frost, east winds and overmuch rain, will in the noon of the year repay the labours of the husbandman by the abundance of its fruit. Oh, the beauty, the majesty of autumn, when the pale green leaf of June is clothed in the royal purple and gold ; compared with it, the alluring sweetness of spring, the seductive charms of summer, are nothing. It seems as if nature then unites all its forces to make one grand display of strength and magnificence ; and, having exhausted itself in that one supreme effort, sinks weariedly down upon November's couch to await the final dissolution.

Charlie and I that day paid no heed to nature, nor mused upon her charms ; we only thought of getting as quickly as possible out of our stepmother's reach. We never paused in our flight nor spoke a word to each other until we came to a wood some distance away from the house, where for a time we were safe ; then we sat down on some stones to discuss the position of affairs and form our plans for the day.

"Meg, we must go far away from the house, for the moment

they miss us they'll send the servants out searching for us ; if we remain here, we'll be found and brought back."

"Let us get out on the road, then," said I.

"O that would not do at all, for the people we should meet would know us and might go up to the house and tell where they had seen us go."

"But where then shall we go, Charlie?"

"We must go to some lonely spot, where they'll never think of looking for us, some place far away."

"But we might get lost, and what should we do then? I think we ought to return home again, Papa will be so angry with us."

I already regretted our mad action and I was very anxious to get back before they missed us. I knew what anxiety and trouble it would cause, and how frightened Papa would be, not knowing what had happened to us ; but as usual I was over-ruled by Charlie, who, restless boy, was longing for some adventure. A brilliant idea had struck him.

"I have it, Meg," he exclaimed vehemently, "I have it. We'll walk along by the river, and when we are tired we can turn back, and there will be no fear of our going astray, for we shall have the river for a guide. And oh ! won't it be jolly the surprise we'll give them at home? Miss Thyme will think we have got drowned." And he laughed and clapped his hands with glee.

With many misgivings I followed him along by the river bank, through rocky glens and woods, over walls and hedges. After walking for a couple of hours, feeling hungry and fatigued, we sat down to rest. As for food, Charlie for the present was quite content with blackberries and sloes, and was in high spirits, laughing and talking all the time, thinking of the fright our disappearance would cause to all at home, and the cloud it would cast over the evening's amusement. You must not imagine from this that there was anything either malicious or cruel in Charlie's character ; he would not willingly hurt anybody, but he was gay and thoughtless, and sometimes in his passion for wild adventures forgot in his own pleasure the feelings of others. I, being older and more sensible, saw those things and could often have prevented many of his reckless deeds, but my love for him made me weak, I shrank from causing him any disappointment, and so at the risk of pain to others and remorse to him, I let him go unchecked on his wilful way, when one word might have turned him aside.

The spot where we sat to rest was a mossy bank, sheltered by a group of hawthorns, and I think there is nothing more beautiful—not even themselves in their May-time dress of sweet-scented

blossoms—as a cluster of these, when the autumn sun lights up their golden-brown and blood-red leaves; it is a picture I should never grow weary of gazing on, and I have often wished for the power of a painter to take a copy of it on which to feast my eyes, when the winter's frost and wind have robbed the branches of their regal crowns. But what hand or brush could depict all the beauties of one single bough, the lights and shadows, the imperceptible shading of the leaves, their brilliant hues?

We had not been sitting long in our mossy nook, when I was startled by hearing a noise in the wood behind us. Looking around I saw a woman emerging from it with a fagot of sticks on her back. She came towards us with long strides. She was a tall, strong-looking woman of uncertain age, with a weather-beaten face, and hair which had once been of a fiery red, but the brilliancy of which was now dimmed by a too intimate acquaintance of many years' standing with turf-smoke and rain.

"Welcome to yer honours," she said, when she had come to within a few yards of us, "for sure unless me eyes desave me ye'r the Masther's childer, God bless ye. An' what in the world would be bringin' ye this distance from Blakeescourt all alone?"

"We are taking a walk," Charlie promptly answered. "You are right in thinking we are the Blakes,"—and he gave a proud toss to his head as he emphasised the name—"and now tell us who you are."

"Troth an' I will an welcome, sir. I'm ould Cauth Maguire and I live in that little house beyant with me husband Shamus Maguire, an' many's the good bit an' sup I got from the ould misthress, God rest her soul, 'tis she was the good lady. She'd never let anyone to bed hungry if she could help it, an' 'tis little call the Masther had to put an English widdy in her place, not that the likes o' me should say it, but thim English bate the divil for tightness, all they have is little enough for themselves, an' 'tis only the smile and the soft word they have for the beggars. Musha maybe yer honours is thirsty this hot day, an' if you come up, I'll give ye a drink of fine goat's milk."

The offer was a tempting one, as we were really thirsty, and we gladly accepted it. Cauth's little cabin was built on the side of the mountain at the base of which ran the river we had followed; it was not far up, and we soon reached it, though the path was a rough and rocky one. It was the poorest looking place you could see; rough and unplastered walls, scraw thatch, unglazed windows and an ill-fitting door, formed the exterior of Cauth's home. The furniture within we could hardly see, for the one room of which the house consisted was filled with a thick impenetrable smoke when we entered; but by-and-bye, when she kindled a good fire of the dry sticks she had gathered,

the smoke cleared away a little, and we were rather surprised to perceive that the place was more comfortable than we had expected, and very clean. Cauth's husbaud was sitting lazily by the fire, smoking a very black clay pipe. He rose at our entrance, respectfully saluting us as he offered us two "sougaun" chairs. He was a big, strong-looking man, but laziness was written on every line of his face. He had a hooked nose, small half-shut eyes, and a drooping mouth.

"Get up out o' that, you lazy dog," was his wife's first greeting to him. "Here is Miss Marget and Master Charles; set them chairs at once. Then, turning to us, she continued, "me heart is broke from that *bouchal*; he's the idlest, good-for-nothingest fellow that ever drew breath. The hottest summer day he's hangin' over the fire, fallin' asleep, an' sorra a bit he does from mornin' to night but lavin' all the work to me."

"Jyeh listen to her now; musha don't believe a word she says, Miss Margaret. I dunno what 'ud become of us thin, if I didn't work; 'tis in the workhouse or the grave we'd be long ago. Who sows the potatoes, an' tills them, an' weeds thim, tell me, Cauth?"

"Troth it is little trouble you get by thim, you bare-faced liar, Little 'ud make me give you a clout of this broom"—and she caught the article in her hand, with (as I thought) the intention of doing so; but she only used it to sweep back the burnt embers from the hearth-stone. I had yet to learn, what few around them did not know, that Cauth and Shamus, whenever a third person was by, could never agree, but they seemed to get on well enough together when alone, although the whole burden of support fell on the woman's shoulders. Her husband never worked except when he could not help it; he slept and idled his life away by their smoky fireside, while she was out in all sorts of weather, and at all hours, labouring for both.

She gave a mug of milk each to Charlie and me, and a few slices of brown bread, which we ate greedily.

The sun was now low in the heavens, and we thought it was time to be starting homewards. Cauth ordered Shamus to escort us beyond the wood; but he said it would be better not to go by the river bank back, the road would be shorter and easier for us, and he offered to show us the way.

He came a short distance, then paused and said: "You are on the road now, you've nothing to do but go straight on; when you come to the cross-roads, take the one with the privet hedge an' 'twill bring you straight to your own gate. I need'nt go any farther, for you don't want me, an' I'd only be delaying you with my slow walk; so good evenin' to yez, an' safe home. Keep on the straight road an' there's no fear o' ye."

The cross-roads were much further off than we thought ; and when at last we reached them, we were puzzled more than ever. Shamus had told us to take the road lined with privet hedges ; now we found that two of them going in opposite directions were thus bordered, and we could not tell which to take. We were bewildered, frightened ; night was coming on, and we were alone in a strange and lonely place, not a house nor a person in sight. Oh, how we regretted our mad venture now ! What would we not give to be safely at home ! At Charlie's suggestion we ran a short way along each road, hoping that one of them might assume a familiar aspect further on, but no, they were both unknown to us, and we dared not go far for fear of losing ourselves. Weeping and thoroughly disheartened, we returned to the spot where the roads crossed, and, trembling with fear, sat silently there for some time. I would not speak, for I was afraid of saying something reproachful to my brother, for certainly I would not have gone away from home if he had not urged so hard ; and he, conscious that he was the cause of our misfortune, was so filled with remorse that he could only blubber and sigh. At last he said :

"Meg, I think we ought to go back to Cauth, she might come home with us by the river, or we could stay in her house until morning."

"Stay until morning ! O Charlie, think of father and the state he will be in if we don't return to-night. As it is, I am sure he is distracted. Why did we ever go away ? Indeed I think Shamus might have come with us as far as this, at any rate. We must wait here watching for some person who will show us the right road ; but if nobody comes before it gets dark, I suppose we must go back to Cauth."

We waited for half an hour or so, and nobody came ; but, just then, as we were thinking of retracing our steps to Cauth's cabin, Charlie's quick ear detected the sound of an approaching car, which could be heard a long way off, on account of the calmness of the evening. We watched until it came into sight at a turn in the road, and then joyfully ran forward to meet it. The car held but one occupant, who pulled up the moment he reached us, and, recognizing us at once, called out :

"Margaret and Charlie Blake ! My God, what is the meaning of this ? What has brought you here at such an hour, and all alone, too ?"

"O, Father Reilly"—for it was our good old parish priest—"will you take us home ? We are afraid here in the dark, and we don't know how to get back, and Pappy will be dreadfully frightened about us."

"Get up, get up quickly, my children."

We clambered into the high old-fashioned gig, which for nearly half a century had carried the kind-hearted priest over those roads on many an errand of charity. When we were safely tucked in by his side, and his great frieze coat wrapped around us, he urged the horse, brave old Larry, into a brisk trot; and we felt so happy in being sure of soon reaching home, and we thanked God in our hearts for sending the priest to our aid. We gave a full and true account of our day to Father Reilly, and our reasons for running away from home. He grew very grave when he heard them, and said to us :

"My dear children, I am pained to hear you speak of your mother in that strain. It is not what I would have expected from you; and I tell you very seriously you are both unjust and uncharitable. Your mother was, perhaps, quite right in acting as she did. I am sure she was. She saw, I suppose, that you required no new clothes, and very sensibly got you none, while to your sisters she gave them only because they were needed. Heaven knows what suffering and anxiety your foolish and wicked conduct has caused your poor father and all at home. I am shocked at the unchristian spirit you have shown. Anyhow, I think you have received a lesson you will not easily forget. If I had Shamus here, I'd horsewhip him, that I would, the lazy, good-for-nothing clown," and Father Reilly looked that minute as if it would have been a pleasure to him to administer a good thrashing to poor Shamus.

Having received no sympathy, we were very silent all the way home after that, thinking ourselves the worst treated, most misunderstood beings in existence. We much resented the priest's rather frequent allusions to our "mother" and "sisters." We were not sorry when the house was reached at last; for all the time Father Reilly did not cease lecturing and advising us, and, though we were very fond of him, we felt a little indignant at his kindly-meant and well-deserved scolding. But we were glad to have him with us at our first meeting with our poor father, who forgave us more readily all the anxiety we had caused him.

When our disappearance was noticed by Miss Thyme, in the morning, he had employed the servants in searching every inch of the park and woods, and in making enquiries at every house along the neighbouring roads. Mrs. Blake had tried to convince him that we were old enough to be trusted, and we were sure to turn up in the evening, safe and sound. And so everything went on as if nothing had happened. All the young people invited arrived at the appointed hour, accompanied by fathers, mothers, or other elderly relatives; and our absence from the festive scene did not prevent a single one of

them from enjoying the evening. Our father, indeed, did not join the merry-makers, but went out by himself to make a further search, while the hostess spoke of our disappearance with such a sweet, melancholy expression in her eyes that all her guests were profuse with their sympathy, and heartily pitied her in her difficult task of trying to manage two troublesome children, whose delight was to cause anxiety to the woman who had their welfare so much at heart.

When we two truants turned up, father said not a word of blame, but his reproachful look had more effect on us than a burst of anger. Mrs. Blake ran into the hall the moment we arrived, and, catching us in her arms, nearly smothered us with kisses, which greatly edified the lookers-on, and raised her considerably in their esteem.

CHAPTER VI.

MAGPIES AGAIN.

WE were very quiet and obedient for some time after our escapade; as Father Reilly said, the fright and sufferings of that day had taught us a salutary lesson. Our father never reproached us for the anxiety we had caused him, though we knew our prolonged absence had been a terrible shock to him. But we were obliged to put up with a great deal of banter from our stepmother and her daughters over our running away from home; Victoria's remarks were often very ill-natured and vulgar, and we had great difficulty in keeping down our tempers, but we overcame ourselves for our father's sake.

Young as we were, we noticed a sad change in him. His handsome face had grown pale and thin, and wore a haggard expression. He looked fully ten years older than he was, I heard Nurse whisper to Miss Thyme.

The winter passed off gaily, at least for Mrs. Blake and the numerous visitors she invited to share her solitude. Dinners and balls followed each other with alarming rapidity, pleasantly filling the long Connemara evenings; while the days were given to walks and drives and attending all the "meets" which took place in the neighbourhood. It was wonderful to see what a gathering could be brought together in that "wild country," many of them coming such long distances and going home in the frosty night air over lonely roads, for a few hours' amusement.

These gaieties gained for the Mistress of Blakescourt a certain popularity, which was exactly what she craved for. The good-natured people in return for such hospitality, which they could

not hope to imitate, made of her a local queen, at whose throne they paid a sort of homage, which was very gratifying to her vanity.

Early in March, a certain Mr. Howard came to stay some weeks. He was a member of a Manchester firm of solicitors, a man of about forty-five, tall and corpulent, with a face by no means pleasing in spite of its perpetual smile. He was an old acquaintance of my father's but Mrs. Blake had not met him before—a fact which Charlie and I had much difficulty in believing. We thought they must at least be cousins, his smile bore such a resemblance to hers. He was not fond of out-door exercise and spent nearly all day in the house, wasting his time in trying to get us to play with him, but we and the two girls did not like him, and the more we knew of him the less we cared about him, though he tried to make himself very agreeable. I believe our dislike for him and our love for chocolate were the only things in which we four agreed; while discussing the bad qualities of one and the good qualities of the other, we were the best of friends and never quarrelled.

About the 20th of March, the spring assizes are held in our county town, and my father, being a grand juror, was of course summoned to attend them. I remember hearing him say, a few days before, that he would be obliged to go a day earlier than usual, as there was a great deal of business to be got through. He took Mr. Howard with him, and that gentleman pretended to spend his time in admiring all the interesting places in that old Spanish city; the great granaries and stores, still standing, mute witnesses of the ability of the ancient architects and of the prosperity of the merchant princes of old; that curious memorial of the triumph of magisterial justice over paternal affection, the story of which reads like a page of Roman history in the stern republican days; and the primitive community of fishermen whose manners and customs the years have changed so little, who live contentedly in poverty in the veriest hovels rather than leave the homes of their forefathers. Those simple people are staunch Catholics, and the opening of the fishing season every year witnesses an interesting ceremony among them. On a fixed day they all set out in their fishing smacks accompanied by one of the white-robed priests from the Convent near, who solemnly blesses the bay, while those faithful souls unite in praying that the Lord may send them an abundance of fish to enable them to live and support their families. Does the Master of land and sea hear their prayers? Well, none of them die of hunger, or suffer much from it, let us hope.

During the week of the assizes, Charlie and I were never out of hot water; our stepmother and the two girls, but especially Victoria found many means of tormenting us, and we, now that our father

was away, no longer saw the necessity of restraining our tempers. Charlie was not so hot-tempered as I was, and he quickly cooled down, while I was a little demon for hours together.

On the morning of the day my father was expected home, I was sitting reading at the school room window, where my step-mother came smiling in with a bundle of clothes on her arm.

"Margaret," she said—she never would call me Meg—"you are getting a big girl now, and Miss Thyme informs me, you can sew but badly, and you know what a necessary and useful accomplishment this is for a girl; so you must try to learn. You waste a great deal of time in useless reading, and in running about like a boy; don't you think it could be more profitably employed in some needful occupation, the knowledge of which may be of service to you in after life? I have brought you a few things which I wish you to mend neatly and carefully." And she laid a large bundle of clothes—"a few things"—on the seat beside me. I looked at them sulkily, and, fingering them gingerly, asked:

"Whose clothes are those? They are not mine."

"They are your sister's."

"I have no sisters," I answered, pretending to return to my book.

She paused for a moment, then looking down on me with that smile I hated—smile! it was a horrid contortion of her features, which made her most repugnant-looking, her steel-grey eyes glittered with a cruel, uncanny light, her lips parted, showing her whole set of white, even teeth, tightly closed—she said or rather hissed, though her tone was calm as usual:

"You are a brazen, forward minx, and you deserve a severe punishment for your impertinence: but I will leave your father to deal with you, he shall know of your disgraceful conduct when he arrives this evening. In the meantime I insist on those garments being mended."

"They are not mine nor Charlie's, and I will not mend them. I am not going to work for Victoria; she may do her own things."

"You shall do them. Miss Thyme come in and be kind enough to see that this stubborn girl does the work I have given her."

Miss Thyme, who was passing down the corridor when she was called, came in, looking uneasily around, and my stepmother, having pointed out the heap of clothes, left the room. The governess looked at me anxiously and asked:

"What is the matter, Meg? You look so flurried. What have you been doing to annoy your mother so much?"

"My mother! Oh, I wish my mother had not died."

"Hush, Meg dear, do not speak like that. Try to check your

temper while you are yet young and before it masters you. Dry your eyes now, my child, and take this sewing, I will help you, and we shall have them finished soon."

Charlie made his first appearance at this moment, and of course he quite approved of my disobedience and was very indignant with poor Miss Thyme for asking me to do those girls' work, while they themselves were out playing. He then proposed that we two should go out for a long walk. This was exactly what I wanted, to get away from the house, to get away where I could breathe freely, and in spite of Miss Thyme's remonstrances I ran off for my hat and cloak and prepared to accompany Charlie, while poor Miss Thyme did all the mending, in the hope of shielding me from blame.

"Now, Charlie," I said when we had walked a good way down the avenue and were out of sight of the house. "Let us not go in any direction that we do not know well for fear of getting lost as we did last October."

"We shall go down to the seashore, Meg; it is jolly there, and we know the road well; and we won't come back until it is quite evening, and near the time Papa will be home."

It was rather a long walk to the seashore, but a very pleasant one; the road ran through the little village of fishermen's houses, past the churchyard where our mother's grave was, the modest chapel, and Father Reilly's pretty straw-thatched cottage. We went in to say a prayer at dear Mammy's grave, and to place upon it a bunch of wild violets and early primroses we had pulled in the woods.

We stayed on the shore for several hours, gathering cockles which we ate, and seeking for pretty shells and rare sea-weeds, of which we had a goodly collection already at home. The day had been like many preceding ones, dry and fine but with a parching east wind, but suddenly towards evening a change set in, one of those unexpected changes which are so characteristic of our Irish climate, the wind growing stronger veered quickly round to the west and the much-needed rain came down in soft refreshing showers, which were greedily drunk by the dried-up land, and which seemed at once to change the appearance of nature, brightening the woods and crowning the opening buds with a pearly diadem. The air, which had been close and oppressive before, had become light and life-giving in that short time.

At first we did not heed the rain, but continued scrambling about among the rocks, until at last I noticed Charlie's frock getting very wet and the showers becoming heavier. Then I urged our speedy return home. When we reached Father Reilly's little cottage on our homeward journey, the good old priest was at the gate, returning from

a sick call, and would on no account allow us to go any farther in the rain; so we went in with him through the pretty green wicket, and along the gravelled walk, bordered with sweet old-fashioned flowers, to his cosy sittingroom, where a bright fire was burning in a brighter grate near which was a table invitingly laid for tea, while the delicious odour of buttered toast wafted from the kitchen reminded us that we had not eaten anything since morning except cockles, and that we were prepared to do full justice to Peggy's homely dainties. She, good old soul, was only too glad to place two cups more on the tray, and get ready a huge plateful of her appetising toast, which she warned us we should finish, but meanwhile she insisted on taking off our outward garments, and drying them before the kitchen fire.

When we and the rain had ceased, we set out again for home, Father Pat accompanying us as far as the gate lodge.

Oh, how well I remember that evening! Everything connected with it is so marked on my mind: the leaden sky, the dripping trees, the damp gravel on the avenue, the low, wailing sound of the wind, and the occasional note of some bird in the yet leafless branches: how often since I have seen and heard those things and have lived that evening over again.

The moment we parted from Father Reilly, a sudden fear, for which I could in no way account, seized hold of me and do what I could I could not shake it off. I felt that some misfortune was approaching us, and my fear grew into terror when a flock of magpies, frightened at the sound of our footsteps, rose in the park, and flew across towards the house, those horrid birds, since my mother's death, have always seemed to me the warning shadow of some great trial which is sure to follow their appearance. I spoke to Charlie of my fears but he laughed and called me a silly, superstitious girl to be frightened by harmless magpies. What could they do? What indeed? I have often since been ashamed of the terror I have felt at the sight of those poor birds, and I have thought very harshly of Mary, who first caused me to regard them as harbingers of ill; whenever I meet them (and that must be often, for they are very plentiful here) a pang of fear shoots through my heart, and, do what I may, I cannot prevent a feeling of dislike towards them, though Mary has often told me since that it is only when I meet one *alone* I may expect to hear some unpleasant news, or experience some misfortune.

As we came within sight of the house, my fears were confirmed by seeing Dr. Ryan's well-known pony and trap at the hall-door. We hurried on to enquire the cause, and the first that we met was Dr. Ryan himself standing at the library door. He beckoned to us to

follow him there; with beating hearts we went, and then he told us quietly that our dear father was lying upstairs on what he feared would prove to be his death-bed; he was injured, seriously injured. Coming home from the Assizes with his friend, he was driving two very spirited horses, of which he was rather proud. All went well until, within a few miles from home, they shied at some men breaking stones on the roadside, and then they bolted, my father and Mr. Howard were powerless to hold them, they flew madly along a dangerous road, close to the sea-shore which in that particular place was composed of large rocks and caves. At a sharp turn in the road my poor father was thrown from the car, down upon the steep, sharp rocks some fifteen feet below. He was fearfully mangled, but it really was a miracle that he was living at all. Mr. Howard escaped with a good shaking and a fright from which he did not soon recover; luckily for himself he was sitting on the other side of the car, and he managed to hold on, until the horses were captured near the gate by Peter and another servant who were on the look out for their master.

Charlie and I cried long and bitterly after Dr. Ryan had told us all, and good Miss Thyme hearing us came and brought us away to the schoolroom, where she tried ineffectually to calm our grief, telling us that tears could not cure our father, but if he saw them or heard our weeping would only disturb and injure him. She tried to get us to pray, but I was mad with grief, and I could only weep and complain, and I even dared to reproach God.

We were not allowed to visit our father's room that evening, as he was too weak to see us. Our stepmother we did not see either, but Dr. Ryan told us that she was watching by the patient's bedside, and that she had proved herself to be an efficient and cool-headed nurse and she had given him invaluable assistance. Florence and Victoria were in the schoolroom when we went there, their faces pale and frightened-looking, and indeed they were very kind to us and seconded Miss Thyme in her efforts to quiet us both. When we separated for the night, they came into my room, and insisted on seeing me to bed, helping me to undress and saying kind words all the while. Having succeeded in drying my tears, they kissed me "good-night" like two fond sisters, and I almost loved them as such then.

After they left, I was alone in the dark, with little inclination to sleep and plenty of time for thought, and I began then to see how sinful I had been and to what a dreadful state my temper had reduced me. I was sorry, oh! so sorry, for my bad conduct now for refusing Miss Thyme to pray and for reproaching our Lord for sending me such crosses. I felt that I was very wicked, and I began to get afraid. I looked towards the part of the wall where the picture of the Mother

of Sorrows hung, and I thought through the darkness I saw the beautiful, sorrowful eyes gazing reproachfully on me. I murmured a short and fervent prayer and burst into another fit of weeping—this time tears of penitence for my fault mingled with the tears of grief at my father's condition; and while I wept I prayed for him and myself. Then, tired out, I unconsciously fell into a deep slumber.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISSA NATURÆ.

The sun has drawn along with him the noise
And striving of the day, its eager life.
The birds are silent now. A silver pureness
Fills all the air, then deepens into grey.
The distant city is a cloud; the mists
Like incense float across the fragrant earth.
With bent heads and with folded leaves, the flowers
Are worshippers. The silence and the twilight
Pause, rapt with expectation. Like a prayer
A light wind sighs to the sea; the dark trees sway;
And lo! from out the chalice of the deep
The great moon riseth like a golden Host.

HENRY ABRAHAM.

A JUNE DAY.

IT is a perfect June day, as the blackbird high in the oak branches is trying to tell in sudden, broken snatches of song. From his perch he has a fine view of the azure sky, that requires to be seen through green boughs to be properly appreciated; such an expanse of cloudless, brilliant blue tones itself down when one looks at the open sky. The blackbird's song to-day is full of notes of exclamation. Only in that way can he express his keen delight and appreciation of earth and sky; of the buttercups that make far more magnificent fields of gold than the standards of France and England did when their monarchs met; of the scented meadows, the far blue mountains wrapped in hazy mists, the first June rose on the green hedges where the briony and convolvulus begin to climb; of the pleasant, flickering shadows the beeches throw; of the white clouds, "snowy as curds," that lie on the eastern horizon. Even the greenfinches cease their love-

making, that requires, like other love-making, a great amount of alking, and hop about, uttering sharp, quick noises, where the sorrel is ripening in the meadows, and the thrushes sing louder than in early spring. By-and-bye, when the roses are in full bloom—white and red on the hedgerows, yellow and pied, crimson and scarlet, beneath the gardener's care—the birds will know full well that the sun has come as far north as possible, and that, though months of sunshine and warmth are still to come, something of the spring's freshness will be lacking, and they will be silent for a time, and when the throistles try their voices again they will have a plaintive sound; but to-day blackbirds and thrushes, finches and swallows, and all the crowd of smaller birds, are fluttering about and making merry.

From the hill on which I stand there is a wide stretch of undulating meadow land to be seen, where the grasses are already becoming white. The young birds find excellent meals there. Big moon daisies, on which love-sick damsels try the old-world daisy charm, and from which damsels who are not love-sick seek to discover if their future partners will be "tinkers, tailors, ploughmen, sailors, butchers, bakers, or candlestick makers," stand in the grass, and mayweed thrives on the edge of the little stream that meanders along, half-choked by flag, watercresses, and wild forget-me-nots. An ardent disciple of Isaak Walton is patiently waiting for the "bite" it is vain to expect on such a sunny day. On a gentle slope a crowd of children are finding out the "time o' day" from the white dandelion balls that give the field its soft, silky appearance. Like many other time-pieces they are not particularly reliable, for one little maiden counts the length of eight ere the last little fluffy sepal is borne away, and yet the sun is not three hours past his meridian.

The hawthorn blossoms are beginning to turn pink, but there is still a sufficiency of flowers on the gorse to make a brilliant show on hills and fells. The corn is not very high as yet, and here and there is a turnip field with the earth dry and red. I wonder how many different shades of green one could count now, beginning at the golden green of the beech, and ending with the dark green of the Scotch fir? The chestnut's stately, upright flowers are in full bloom, and a crowd of bees are humming over them. After a time these thrifty brown-coated fellows must go further afield and seek for honey in clover meads and on mountain

Therefore came Thy son to die,
After living for my sake.
Why, then, doth my heart not break
With the joyful pang of love,
With a rapture far above
All the sad delights of life?
'Mid the stress of sin and strife,
'Mid temptations, pain and grief,
All my comfort, strength, relief,
This sole secret thought shall be :
I love God, and God loves me.

God loves me, and I love God.
Therefore hath my Jesus trod
Such a weary path of pain :
Shall it be all, all in vain ?
No, such love my love must win—
Ocleanse my heart and enter in ;
Reign there, Lord, as on Thy throne,
Keep it for Thyself alone.
Fill this selfish heart with love
That may raise it high above
All things earthly, mean, and base ;
Fill it with Thy love and grace,
That there may be room for nought
Save this grand abiding thought,
As in duty's path I plod :
God loves me and I love God.

M. R.

SURREY LANES, HEATHS, AND WOODS.

THE older we grow the more fatiguing become long railway journeys ; and so we find ourselves disposed to spend in the country, near London, the short holidays that occur now and then during the Session. The beauty of much of this country has been quite a revelation. One of the many advantages of age is that we can fully appreciate, and allow that we appreciate, the beauties of other countries, and the merits of other peoples, without the less loving our own country and our own people.

Countries are so different; and each has its own beauties and its own merits.

In descanting, therefore, on Surrey heaths, lanes, and woods, I must not be taken as being less true to my own island "of broad valley and of rushing river," whose I am, and which I seek to serve. I could not have conceived that any country without sea, mountain, lake or river, could be so interesting as the country round Albury, in Surrey, where we are spending our Whitsun recess—but twenty miles from London, and yet as completely rural as if it were ten times that distance. A country of rolling hills, never rising to more than five or six hundred feet; of chalky downs, and sandy, heath-covered commons; of sombre, odorous pine-woods, beneath which the sod is springy with the accumulation of pine-needles; of fresh beech woods; of sweeping lawns, dotted with noble oaks, chestnuts and hawthorns, where graze the mild-faced Alderney cattle, which, in the distance, might almost be mistaken for deer.

Shall I say that the farms are interspersed with commons, or the commons interspersed among the farms? They melt insensibly into each other. I can think of no such country in Ireland, where all is wild mountain and boy or enclosed land. One of the special charms here is that there are open paths everywhere. The demesnes are enclosed only by oak staves four feet high. The gates are on the latch without guardians, and there are rights of way through almost every field.

The general aspect of the country is that of one vast wood interspersed with commons. Wide acres there are also, laid out in corn or turnip fields—the flints, with which the soil is strewn so thickly, giving them in the distance, before the corn is fully up, an appearance as if they were covered with a light hoar frost. The lanes are winding, narrow, deeply embowered in trees, and often some feet below the general surface of the land. For the most part, the country is lonely. We have walked for hours without meeting more than one person to the mile. Every village has its green and horse-pond; every cottage has its large garden, full of flowers.

If in England there is much country like this, it is easy to understand why here the gypsies have survived in such numbers. With us, in Ireland, they would be confined to the roads.

By day the cuckoos are calling from every side. In the even-

ing the nightingales are to be heard by meadows and gardens. If I had been brought up on nightingales I suppose I should appreciate them more. As yet I have heard none to equal in charm of song our old friends the blackbirds and thrushes, which here also make the woods vocal all the day long.

Close by here is the Pilgrim's Way, part of the old route upon which passed the pilgrims from London to Canterbury; and on a height, a few miles off, is to be seen St. Martha's, an ancient pilgrimage chapel.

My first acquaintance with an Albury was forty years ago, on the Murray river, in Australia—a few wooden houses scattered about amongst gum trees, a small encampment of native blacks, a punt by which to cross the river. Here is the original Albury, a pretty village of red-brick houses. We came upon Martin F. Tupper's grave in the churchyard. His *Proverbial Philosophy*, so much in vogue thirty years ago, is now almost forgotten. Under the shadow of the tower of the old parish church of Shere, two miles in another direction, we chanced upon the grave of Mrs. Grote, whose last years were passed in the parish. Her husband's work is not likely to be forgotten in our day and generation.

Part of a wild and lonely heath hard by, surrounded by pine woods, was once, perhaps for centuries, a Roman encampment. Antiquarians have long since swept it clear of all possible "finds" in the way of coins and antiquities. Broken tiles and pottery in profusion are still scattered about among the heath, furze and broom.

This is a place of simple pleasures. One of the principal show spots in the Silent Pool, a pond of bright clear water welling up from the chalky soil, embosomed in a grove of box trees, where swim a shoal of lazy trout which, whenever human shadows are cast upon their domain, come up to be fed. At the custodian's cottage tea, or ginger-beer, and cakes are dispensed in a pleasant arbour.

It would be easy to explain why things here are different from what they are in country districts of Ireland—why the people look so comfortable, why there is so much common land, why rights of way have been conserved, why a board-fence, instead of a stone wall, is sufficient enclosure for demesnes; but, as a popular author says, "that is another story," and, if I were to seek to tell

it, these notes would never appear in the uncontroversial pages for which they are intended.

In the evenings, we pass the railway, have a few words with the crossing keeper about his flower garden, and climb up to Albury heath. Thence the sunsets behind St. Martha's hill and chapel are beautiful. There is nothing westward to remind us of any scene in Ireland; but, when we look south, there is a hill strikingly like the mountain of Forth, in Wexford, the sight of which naturally turns our thoughts towards home.

ALFRED WEBB.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XV.—*Early Years as Professor.*

I HAVE often warned myself that my materials for this biographical sketch are in their way so abundant that, when published piecemeal in so small a periodical as this, they would necessarily stretch over so many months as to remind some readers of the "wounded snake that drags its slow length along" in Pope's famous simile. Especially must this be the case since my instalments have been sometimes so scanty as not to advance our story much, and since several gaps have been allowed to occur in the course of the months. Not indeed that any complaints on this score have reached us in public or private; but this may only indicate the good nature of our critics and friends.

Among the letters publishable and not yet published is one which contains the first reference to a distinguished man with whom Dr. Russell was to be united for the rest of their lives in the closest friendship. They had not yet met; but the "promising junior," Thomas O'Hagan, when his circuit reached his native town, was sure to be acquainted with the ablest of the two or three priests who then ministered to the spiritual wants of Belfast. This was during the short time that George Crolly spent on the mission before returning to Maynooth to teach Theology. It is to him that "Mr. Russell," as he was then called, applies to secure the young barrister as a writer for *The Dublin Review*. We print

the entire letter for the sake of names which will have an interest for some of our readers. "P. Dorrian" was Dr. McAllister's predecessor as Bishop of Down and Connor. The books no doubt were the wonderfully cheap and comprehensive editions of Scripture and Theology published by the Abbè Migne.

Maynooth, Dec. 11th, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Murray tells me that he told you that I would write you more distinctly about Thomas O'Hagan. The man is mad on many points, but especially in the belief that he cannot do anything without my assistance. As the whim is on the whole flattering to me rather than otherwise and at all events a harmless one, I permit him to believe it, and therefore write now to say that he has told you all that is necessary. Political articles (on home politics) are a desideratum, and T. O'H. is the man I would select above all others to supply it. Bagshawe's address is "H. R. Bagshawe, Esq., 2 New Square, Lincoln's Inn." If you wish, I will write apprizing him of the intention, and saying all the "high and lofty things" I know of T. O'H.

I have just had P. Dorrian's letter, and, as I am very much hurried, will trouble you to tell him that we are to pay beforehand (that is, on delivery in Paris) £8 10s. 0d. each, and the rest not till I apprize him of the arrival. Tell him also that I underrated the duty. I have since weighed the volumes and find they weigh somewhat over 2 lbs. each. Thus the duty will be somewhere about £5. If you wish to take a set, you never will have a better opportunity; and if you do not wish to take both, I can give you the Theology separate, twenty-five volumes, as I have a person who takes only the Scripture. But I would recommend you to make an effort. I had just sent off £7 7s. 0d. for A Lapidæ and £5 for another book, so that I am regularly swamping myself by this step.

Kind regards to all. Congratulations to Curoe on his "dignified apology" and (if what P. D. says be true) his prudence and skill in the *suppressio veri*.

Your ever attached friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

Dr. Russell was to the last an insatiable purchaser of books. His share of the spacious sets of rooms which Welby Pugin designed for the Maynooth professors was crammed in every corner

and to the top of the walls with his private library—which now forms part of the magnificent library of the College.*

On the day on which I am putting these notes together Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is to deliver a lecture to the Irish Literary Society of London on the future prospects of Irish Literature—the same wonderfully vigorous man of long enduring activity, who fifty-three years ago was already a leader of public opinion in the North, and now working still, while the work of the four friends engaged in these *Dublin Review* negotiations has long been over, and they are gone. The following I transcribe from one of those big, old-fashioned, pre-envelope sheets which is addressed to “Thomas O’Hagan, Esq., 12 Great Charles Street,” to whom the writer was in five years to dedicate his best achievement, *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, “in earnest admiration of his heart, his intellect, and his principles.”

Belfast, Dec. 7th, 1840.

MY DEAR O’HAGAN,—I enclose a portion of a letter Mr. Crolly had from Mr. Russell, one of the Professors of Maynooth and one of the Dublin Reviewers. He understands from Mr. C.’s letter that you must be paid handsomely, and you see that he assumes that the thing will be done accordingly. I mistook in writing “Russell”; it is from Mr. Murray, also a Professor and a Reviewer; but both will prepare the editor to meet your wishes. Mr. Crolly intimated that you would write on any subject, but suggested that an article on Irish politics would be most serviceable to the Review, and that is the article Mr. Murray refers to. Pray take for your text De Beaumont’s Ireland if it has not been already noticed or is not too stale. The reference to “pismires” which may puzzle you in Mr. M.’s letter is in allusion to an article of Mr. Crolly’s.

When you can spare time from the *Dublin Review* article and your professional business, you must entertain my proposal for a weekly article. An attempt has been made through the shareholders (by the Whig party) to stop the *Vindicator*! I must devote three months to the business part of the office to reduce it to order and put it in a

*From this and several other sources many thousands must be added to the census taken about the year 1870. The present writer, having to speak at the opening of a public library in Limerick, took as his theme the chief public libraries in the world, and as a term of comparison useful to some of his hearers, he ascertained from Dr. Russell that the Maynooth Library contained then some thirty-five thousand volumes. See “On Public Libraries” at page 38 of the fourth volume of this Magazine (1876).

money-making condition, or they will succeed in their exertions. In fact, if it does not become profitable, they will have an excuse for annoying me, and I am determined it shall. To do this I must have some assistance in the editorial department, and I declare again and again I see no reason why *you* would not give it upon the terms I suggested.

If you do,—and pray, do—there is a course of subjects outside the range of politics, in which only I would expect you to engage. Ex. gr. “Irish Manufactures,” “Temperance,” “Aids to Temperance and Practical Suggestions for making it permanent”—one of which I think would be the establishment of parish libraries and reading rooms, “Social Reforms,” “National Resources,” “The State of the Public Mind,” etc., etc.

Many thanks for your exertions respecting the Protest. I do not know yet whether I will present it or not.

Yours faithfully as ever,

C. G. D.

As regards the result of these overtures to Mr. Thomas O’Hagan—who, wholesomely and laudably ambitious as he was, did not dream at that time that he would become Lord O’Hagan—the official lists of Dublin Reviewers that our Magazine has published leave this particular matter in doubt: for if we turn back to page 84 of our present volume, we find that Mr. Bagshawe’s memorandums tell nothing about volumes 9, 10, and 11 and several others afterwards; and this blank covers the very period when Mr. O’Hagan’s articles would have appeared. The name O’Hagan does not appear in the catalogue of reviewers till more than ten years later; and then it is John O’Hagan, the learned and upright judge who was equally fitted to shine in law and in literature. His father-in-law, the first Catholic Lord Chancellor, in spite of his early contributions to *The Ulster Magazine*, had no such decided bent towards literature as the translator of “The Song of Roland”; and he did not knock at the door of *The Dublin Review* a second time when his first Open Sesame was ineffectual, for Sir Charles Gavan Duffy informs me that Thomas O’Hagan asked him to publish by instalments in *The Belfast Vindicator* a long article which for some reason or another did not appear after all in the great Catholic Quarterly.*

*Yet Sir C. G. Duffy annotates the letter which we have just now printed (returned to him after Lord O’Hagan’s death and then given to us) with this remark: “‘The Awakening of Ireland’ is probably the title of an article by

There was another young barrister (not at the same time) from whom Dr. Russell secured one article, and one only, for *The Dublin Review*. He chanced to preserve among his papers the following letter, which is dated from St. George's Hall, Liverpool, August 16, 1860.

"I have just returned without a moment's delay the slips of my paper to Mr. Thomas Richardson [then the publisher of *The Dublin*]. I want to say about it that it is very unsatisfactory to me. Judging from the date of the last issue of the *Review*, I thought it would not again appear till towards the end of this month, and so was in no manner of hurry about it. By accident, however, I learned from Canon Morris that it was expected to appear rather earlier. I, therefore, in the third or fourth week of July hurried off the article in a way by no means agreeable to myself. It was only yesterday, however, that I received proofs. I hope you will be good enough at your leisure to drop me a line or two of advice and criticism upon it."

We should like to add here the "advice and criticism" which Dr. Russell sent to his nephew and namesake in answer to this request. The article is the seventh in No. 96 (August 1860) and occupies twenty-nine pages of the forty-eighth volume of *The Dublin Review*. It is a very vigorous and interesting commentary on the Irish portion of the "Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of Field-Marshal, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G.," and might be read now after more than thirty years with pleasure and profit by those who are interested in the past, present, and future of Ireland.

The part, however, of Dr. Russell's life that we are supposed to be discussing just now lies much further back than thirty years ago; but the reference to *The Dublin Review* in connection with the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland reminded us that the first Catholic Attorney-General of England was once a Dublin Reviewer.

In one of his early years as a professor Dr. Russell took the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks at the hands of Father Theobald Mathew himself when he visited the College. The exact date of this visit I chance to be able to fix from a letter

O'Hagan in the *Dublin Review*." We can find no such article. Articles in May and November on Irish Fisheries and Irish Agriculture may be from his pen. But his gifts were forensic rather than literary. His bent showed itself very early. I remember hearing an old lady, a native of Belfast, say that she had seen his father place his little boy upon the tea-table to "declaim" for the edification of the guests.

found among the papers of the holy and learned Jesuit Father who was then "Dr. O'Reilly of Maynooth." It is touching to find him preserving such a letter as this, because it was written by his mother. For this reason we give it. Her "beloved Edmund" confessed to me once that, when he was too old to address his mother as "Mamma," he found "Mother" too cold a vocative, and so called her nothing.

Turbotstown, Sunday, June 14th, 1840.

MY BELOVED EDMUND,—Finding that Rev. and *Venerable* Mr. Mathew is to be at the College on Tuesday, where we are informed he is to dine, and aware that there will be a vast assemblage on the occasion, which would either deprive us entirely of your society during our necessarily short visit or cause some inconvenience, we have determined to take another road to Castle Bagot, hoping you may be able to join us *there* at dinner on Wednesday and perhaps remain until Friday morning (Thursday being Corpus Christi). You are invited by Ellen through me in a letter this morning. She says they have no certainty of Mass in the house at present—which will be a serious loss. It may deprive me *often* of the Holy Communion, as it probably would be too long to fast until after Mass in Clondalkin or Lucan. Could you say Mass on Sunday while we are there? Indeed on reflection I believe you could not well absent yourself on account of the inconveniences attending it.

God bless you, my beloved Edmund. Direct your reply to Castle Bagot, though I dare say it would overtake me *here* on Tuesday morning; if letters reach the day after. You know by mine; you have not afforded me an opportunity of judging by *your* letters.

Believe me ever most affectionately,

Your attached mother,

B. O'REILLY.

For forty years after Father Mathew's Sunday at Maynooth Dr. Russell was a faithful Total Abstemer. In the year or two that he lingered on after his fatal accident, he restricted himself to the very smallest *modicum vini* that could be considered to fulfil the order of his physicians. It may be added as characteristic of the man that, though he held strongly (as regards readiness for work at all times) the superiority of total abstinence over even the most moderate policy, he was so far from urging a young kinsman similarly circumstanced to follow his example that a summons now and then to the Professor's rooms meant always for

the shy student in question a glass or two of the rarest and most exhilarating wine.

In the next summer vacation the young Professor of the *Literae Humaniores* was enabled to gratify one of his most ardent desires: he paid his first visit to Rome. How much his heart was set on this we may guess from one of his boyish letters. Writing home from Maynooth to one of his sisters on the 10th of March, 1830, he speaks of a letter received from his Roman student-friend, Ennis:—

“He is uncommonly animated in his description of the great church of St. Peter’s. I have read many descriptions of that noble structure. I can now scarcely think of it without feeling my spirit rise within me. I am no bigot,—I would be sorry I had reason to think so, for I despise the thing most cordially; but I cannot help feeling a sort of party pride in the thought that our religion has been spared at least that temple which approaches as near as our poor efforts can to the honour and grandeur and magnificence which alone are worthy of the Deity. Westminster Abbey, Christ Church and St. Patrick’s in Dublin, in fact all have been torn from us at home. I feel that, if this one be spared, I could say “E’en let them keep ’em!” One of the best passages of *Childe Harold* is a description of St. Peter’s. I have heard that on the occasion of his visit to St. Peter’s—I forget at what time of his life—Lord Byron expressed his regret that he had not been born a Catholic* for two reasons: first, he should then have had some fixed and determined notion of Religion (as a Protestant, he had none)—second, because the Catholics worshipped God in so noble a temple.”

The young professor was now enabled to gratify the desire which the student had thus enthusiastically expressed. His travelling companion was the young Roman Doctor of Divinity, Edmund O’Reilly, whose long sojourn in the Eternal City qualified him to act as cicerone. Father O’Reilly used to describe to me with great glee his fellow-traveller’s first experiences on Italian soil. At Civita Vecchia, where they landed, they sought the services of a barber, who took R. in charge and handed O’R. over to his assistant. We have seen in some of his early letters the zeal with which he studied Italian; and he was very unlike the good priest with whom (as he tells in his *Life of Mezzofanti*) he travelled from one end of France to another, and who, with an excellent book-knowledge of French, could not bring himself to

* Sir Walter Scott said to him once: “Byron, you’ll die a Catholic.”

speaking a word of French, except a solitary *oui* that he ventured on when he imagined that his friend was not listening. Dr. O'Reilly's comrade on the contrary plunged into Italian at the earliest opportunity, while his first Italian acquaintance was lathering his chin; and this not with some guide-book phrase which he might have got ready beforehand, but *ex re nata* with an enquiry why he, devoted professionally to the extermination of beards, should himself wear a beard of enormous dimensions. The Civita Vecchian replied gravely that he was in mourning for his lately deceased grandfather. While Dr. Russell was translating his condolences slowly into Italian, the barber's assistant whispered, in response to *his* patient's look of enquiry, that there was no truth in it, and that at any rate they did not express grief in that fashion.

The first of Dr. Russell's letters from Rome that have come into our hands is dated from the Irish College, on the Feast of St. Ignatius—which, however, he calls simply July 31st, 1841. He begins by describing his arrangements for his homeward journey, down to his crossing from Liverpool to Dundalk. And then he goes on:—

“I have not yet made up my mind on Naples. Dr. O'Reilly can't come [he went to Naples as a Jesuit Novice ten years later], and I do not wish to be alone. I go this week to Duke Sforza Cesarini, at Gensano, and possibly may go on from that. I will leave Rome *en route* homewards on the 17th August or thereabouts. So much for the future: now for the past. In the first place, thank God, I have stood the heat like a Salamander (though one day it was 102° in the shade, facing the north!), and except that I got a sick stomach from the Italian gala breakfast, *chocolate and ice*, I have enjoyed perfect health; occasionally a little languid, as I have been at home in summer, but less, I think, than in Ireland, though on some days I worked harder (in the study line) than, perhaps, ever before. My first look out in the morning is the wind. If there be anything of north or east in it (for there is always a breeze, be it hot or cold) all is well. If it be from any other quarter, it is the *scirocco*, either feeling as if it came from a furnace, or more commonly insensibly relaxing the frame into extreme languor. Such days one can do no outdoor work. But Rome has abundance to occupy one within. I have by this time rubbed off the first edge of any curiosity as to persons and things

here in Rome. I have had an audience (at which we all laughed heartily) of the Pope. I have seen Cardinal Mai, Mezzofanti, Franzoni, and hope to see Pacca. I have been to all the festivals, academies, theses and literary exhibitions which abound at this season. I have seen and spoken with many persons historically interesting. But now that the time for leaving Rome approaches, I begin to feel how little of it in reality I have seen, and how little any of the strangers who come here periodically, knowing little of the language and nothing of the habits of the people, can form a first judgment from a passing visit. Everything is new, even to one who has seen other parts of the Catholic Continent. The endless variety of ecclesiastical costumes, from a Cardinal all red from the scull-cap (*zucchetto*) to the stockings, down to the *orfanello* (the boys of one of the beautiful orphanages of Rome) in spotless white from the hat to the shoes; the solemn gravity of the Oriental priests and monks with their picturesque habits; the immense variety of dress among the people, from the prince with his dozen carriages, down to the tawny street porter with "ne'er a shirt," and often a more indispensable garment; the motley grouping together of meanness and magnificence, of misery and splendour, shops and stalls in the lower stories, or in immediate contact with the very palaces; the *apparent* neglect (apparent, for it is the very opposite) of the ruins of the old city, which at every turn add to the completely unique character of the new: all these, taking the stranger by surprise make it impossible for him to form a judgment at first sight, or if he form one, notwithstanding, give a hasty and probably unfavourable tone to his opinion. I have myself in a few weeks seen more than enough to refute the lying follies of the shallow tourists who come here yearly to calumniate those whose kindness they had experienced. The number of hospitals, houses of refuge for young unprotected females, orphanages, asylums for the old and infirm, charitable loan funds, and other charitable institutions elsewhere unknown save by name, but here many hundred years old, is beyond all belief and is daily multiplied. One priest, the Abbate Palotta, has established since the cholera, plain houses throughout the entire city, and has already provided for a prodigious number of these helpless creatures. I said Mass in one of them the other day, and nothing could exceed the order, comfort and contentment which pervaded it.

"I wish I had time to describe their festivals. Every church celebrates its own patron on his festival day. Two or three days are given to the decoration of the church. The walls are lined with damask; the arches are festooned with parti-coloured drapery, beautifully arranged and edged with gold; the altars, pillars, chapels, shrines, are lighted with a profusion of lights tastefully disposed; the floors and porch are strewn with flowers. Vespers are magnificently chaunted on the vigil. In the morning one or two hundred Masses are said by Cardinals, bishops and priests. High Mass follows and vespers on the evening of the feast, all on a scale of magnificence which you can hardly imagine, and all attended by the people in crowds. Occasionally you may observe some apparent want of attention. But no one enters or leaves the church without kneeling at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament with a piety which might put their censors to the blush.

"I have become a great connoisseur in paintings. I know a Titian at the first glance. could distinguish a Spagnoletto by the smell alone, can tell the parts of a picture done by the master and those filled up by the "school," and have found by experience the utility of Goldsmith's rule of criticism in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'that the painting would have been better if the painter had taken more pains.' There are few cases where this rule may not be judiciously applied. The pictures of the Prince Doria's palace here would I dare say produce upwards of a million in England and certainly I could not conceive anything more magnificent until I saw the small collection of the Vatican, and which they are unwilling to profane by enlarging. The gallery of the Vatican is more than a mile in length and I made several attempts to walk through it, but could never drag myself to the opposite end till at last I got permission to enter by the paintings. The libraries are magnificent and liberal in what among us would be an extreme, though here unattended with any inconvenience. The decorations of the Viatican alone would purchase most libraries of England.

"Of the colleges, I can give you an idea. In the *Roman College*, conducted by the Jesuits, there are 1,000 students all educated gratuitously, and the schools of the others are open to any one who wishes to attend. The academy of the 'Apollinari' was the most interesting exhibition I ever witnessed, and though con-

ducted exclusively by boys, would have done honor to the oldest heads of our own universities. But indeed the *Latinity* of Rome passes us far, very far.

"I have been tempted by many beautiful things which I would gladly bring home to you. But the impossibility of carrying put it out of the question. Tell Margaret that the children can *squeeze a bawl* out here as well as in Dundalk. There is one in the next street, I daresay sixty yards from me, and I hear him morning, noon, and night hard at work. If Lil were here, she would find abundant opportunities of indulging her taste for vegetables. Kate would have every day a new fashion of wearing her hair, but I am afraid if Anne once saw the Pietà of Michel Angelo in St. Peter's it would be impossible to induce her to leave it. I have spent most of my time in St. Peter's before it.

"I will write you again before leaving Rome for the last time probably about the Assumption, and again from Munich (D. V.). I would not for all that could be offered me forfeit what I have already seen and felt here. If it were nothing else, the feeling with which in the subterranean chapel of St. Peter's, on the altar which covers the relics of the blessed apostles, I offered the adorable sacrifice for our dear parents and for you all, I know nothing with which I could replace even its memory. To see the spot where he was chained in the old Mamertime prison (still perfect amid the ruins of all around), to kneel in the Coliseum where streams of Christian blood have flowed, to feel oneself in the apartment where Ignatius died, where Borromeo prayed, where Aloysius and Stanislaus made their vows, where Francis de Sales was wont to kneel in prayer, is an incentive to fervour which Rome only can offer. For my special object, the Life of Pius VII., there is not a spot to which I turn, that does not lend me new enthusiasm, for Rome, ancient and modern, teems with monuments of his piety and his munificence. I have tired you with my gossip, without giving you any information, but it would be impossible (particularly under the scirocco) to enter into details. A thousand loves to the dear girls and boys with my fondest blessing. I am happy to hear of W. Starkey's being settled in Newry. Tell him I thought of our botanizing while in Neptune's Grotto at Tivoli. God bless you all. Farewell.

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. W. RUSSELL."

"I have just gotten a splendid collection of documents which will occupy me for some days. I have met in an unexpected quarter more information than I had hoped to find in Rome. If possible, I will run down to Naples on Friday, the 6th, for a week. It will only cost £8 or thereabouts.

"August 2. 'Tis only to-day the post goes. I have just got an order to examine the archives of the Secretary's office. 'Tis almost certain now I won't go to Naples."

There are many references in the foregoing and other letters to a projected Life of Pope Pius VII. We do not know what were the causes which compelled Dr. Russell to abandon the idea. His biography was to have been on a much larger and more original scale than the very meritorious work which Miss Allies published some thirty or forty years later. The following letter refers to another literary project which was only partially carried out. The circumstances are sufficiently explained in the preface to a large octavo issued by Burns and Lambert of Portman Square, London, in 1850, entitled "A System of Theology by Godfrey William von Leibnitz, translated with an Introduction and Notes by Charles William Russell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth." The introduction is an elaborate treatise of more than 150 pages, giving very carefully all information about Leibnitz and this particular work. The notes also show great and conscientious research. The Preface is as follows:—

"The following translation was made so far back as the spring of 1841. In the hope that the *System of Theology* might contribute to the diffusion of those Catholic views which at that time had begun to make sensible progress in England, and had just received a strong impulse from the publication of the memorable Tract XC., the translation, together with the Latin text of the Paris edition, was actually printed in the early part of that year. But having had an opportunity, during a visit to Rome in the interval before publication, of consulting the autograph manuscript, then in the Library of the Church of San Luigi dei Francesi, I found the Paris edition so excessively incorrect, that I resolved to sacrifice my own impression, which, except in some conjectural emendations, had followed the Paris text. An edition in exact accordance with the autograph having been published soon afterwards by the Abbé Lacroix, in whose charge the manuscript had been deposited at Rome, I laid aside the idea altogether. The

recurrence of circumstances not very dissimilar to those in which it was originally undertaken, has induced me to resume it after an interval of several years. But the appearance, in the meanwhile, of the correct and beautiful edition of the Latin text, to which I have alluded, has enabled me to dispense with the publication of the original, and to content myself with the English translation."

It will be seen from this preface that Dr. Russell's Roman researches about Leibnitz had not the money value he assigns to them in the following letter, but that they ended in making him break up his first book while already in type. An ominous opening for his career as a maker of books, and doubtless not the only instance where the pecuniary gain was not in proportion to the pains and labour expended. I have heard a literary man of name and fame remark: "I see my way to clearing £300 a year by simply laying down my pen"—and so saving his printer's bill.

"Munich, Sept. 7, 1841.

MY DEAREST PETER,—I was very unhappy at not having received before leaving Rome the letter which you promised in your last, and my uneasiness is increased still more by not finding here the letter which I begged you to write about the 20th of August. I trust this day's post will bring it and relieve my anxiety. The posts are so regular now that I can hardly attribute it to accident, and I cannot tell you how uneasy I am in consequence. I left Rome on the 20th, came by Loretto, Ancona, Fano, etc., to Cesena, where I saw Pius VII's. nephew and received some useful information. So far I travelled by Diligence in which I suffered a good deal from excessive heat, being four days without going to bed. I was able however, except the first day, to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Appennines and reached the end of the journey, though a little sick for a day, without the least fatigue. I travelled from Cesena to Venice by hackney coach through Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, through the richest country that I have ever seen. I remained four days in that miracle of cities, Venice, and started by Diligence for Verona and the Tyrol on the 31st. I have but little space for description and therefore must reserve Venice till we meet. I had a gondola with the crack gondolier (who won at the last regatta) for 2s. 8d. a day while I remained and till I lounged in a gondola I never knew what luxurious locomotion was. I will turn Venice to account so

as to clear all my expenses there. I spent one evening at Verona with great interest and started next morning for the Tyrol. It is a beautiful district. Rovendo, Trent, Botren, above all Innsbruck, are beautiful towns, and the magnificent river, along which the road, hemmed in by the mountains on either side, runs, renders it a series of all but perfect landscapes. At Innsbruck I met two countrymen, Dr. Simon, Professor in King's College, and your old class-fellow, Aiken. We have come so far very pleasantly together. I am here for a week, living in a beautiful house in the finest street, with bedroom, drawingroom, and coffee (breakfast) for about 8s. a-day. It is the most beautiful city I have ever seen or imagined, and I have been regularly installed in the literary (Catholic) circle, the first in Europe. I anticipate a delightful and instructive week. The last day of my stay in Rome, I got a sight of the MS. of Leibnitz, and was permitted to take a fac-simile, the stone of which I have home. This I consider, even in a pecuniary point of view, as regards the translation of Leibnitz, equivalent to all the expenses of the journey. I must reserve all particulars for our meeting, which will be about the 28th. A thousand loves to the dear girls and all the rest, and kisses to all the young ones.

"I am, your ever attached brother,

"C. W. RUSSELL."

"I am more and more delighted with this wonderfully beautiful and magnificent city. There is more of taste in its decorations than I had ever before conceived compatible with the richness which they display. I have just gotten* your letter, and am very much relieved by its contents. Expect me as I said. God bless you all."

*The latest of the great American Dictionaries—so late that it has not yet appeared but can only be judged (and judged most favourably) by prospectus and sample pages—makes this remark on this form of, the participle *got*: "the attempt to revive the archaic *gotten* meets with little favour."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Though there are several very attractive new books to be introduced to our readers this month, we begin with one which has already been brought very emphatically under their notice. But a three-volume novel is intended almost exclusively for the circulating libraries; and, when after a successful career in this expensive form it reappears in a new and cheaper edition in one volume, the novel in question may be treated as virtually a new book. "Whither?" by M. E. Francis (London: Griffith, Farran & Co.), has just entered on this stage of its existence, which in our first notice we looked forward to as "The Six-Shillings Stage;" but we are glad to get it for half that sum. The publishers have, indeed, fixed a very moderate price, while introducing the book in a handsome form, with large and pleasant type. We are not going to repeat the criticism we gave of the story at page 613 and again at page 661 of our twentieth volume, where there may be found also a great deal of high and discriminating praise from *The Saturday Review*, *The Scotsman*, *The Standard*, *The Spectator*, and other critical journals. We have renewed our acquaintance with the various actors in the Drama, and find them as interesting as when we first followed the turns of the story, wondering how it would all end. Virginia herself is one of the most beautiful heroines of fiction; and the genial old French-English Priest is a very delightful character. But there are dozens of others just as skilfully portrayed in their way. We once ventured in this Magazine to give a pretty long list of "Harmless Novels;" and we have frequently been asked to continue our catalogue. When we do so, a prominent place will be given to "Whither?" for, while it is intensely interesting from beginning to end, it is very much more than a harmless novel. Ireland will take a special pride in the excellent literary work that may be expected from the Author of "Whither?"

2. The exterior daintiness and refinement of the large but slender quarto which contains "God's Birds," by John Priestman (London: Burns & Oates) fitly symbolise the Author's style and turn of thought. He treats in some sixteen chapters of all the birds that are mentioned in the Bible—raven, sparrow, eagle, ostrich, pelican, and all the rest of them. Besides a very minute and diligent study of the Sacred Text, our Author shows a very sympathetic acquaintance with the illustrations to be drawn from profane literature, especially the poets, from Shakspeare to Goldsmith, and from Wordsworth to Mrs. Piatt, whom he happily calls "the true and tender mother-poet of America." These fascinating pages, indeed, are so full of piety and poetry that they will feel themselves at home both in the convent-parlour and on the drawingroom table. We have not offered our thanks and con-

gratulations to Mr. Priestman by name, for we do not believe that that is his name. He has given us a holy and beautiful book at any rate.

3. Many of our readers have already some idea of the interesting career and of the beautiful and saintly character of Father Augustus Law, S.J. From a full collection of his letters and papers published by his father, and from our own personal recollections, we drew up some "Notes in Remembrance" of our dear friend, which first appeared in this Magazine, and then, by the wish of Mr. Towry Law, were reprinted as a small volume by Messrs. Burns & Oates, and in this form reached a second edition. The eighty-fourth volume of the Quarterly Series, founded and maintained by the late Father Coleridge—to whose memory we pledge ourselves to pay tribute—has just appeared under the title of "The Life of Augustus Henry Law, Priest of the Society of Jesus," by Ellis Schreiber (London: Burns & Oates). It consists of four hundred pages of that excellent type and paper which we have been for so many years accustomed to get from the Manresa Press. Ellis Schreiber, whom we only know as a contributor to the *Ave Maria* and *The Month*, not even being sure of the gender of the personal pronoun that is to be used for the name—has discharged the duties of biographer admirably. All the facts of Father Law's life, little personal traits, his correspondence, and his private spiritual notes, are woven together very skilfully, and form as useful and pleasant a biography of its own peculiar kind as I can imagine. As one of the effects of its perusal will be to give an amiable idea of religious life, it might have been well to modify the statement at page 79. "He did not entirely give up smoking until he became a religious." The judicious reader will not think the worse of him or his superiors if we add that, if he gave up smoking in the novitiate, he certainly relapsed. The amiable apostleship exercised by his unaffected, hearty, genial and saintly personality will, please God, be continued for many successive generations of readers, by means of Ellis Schreiber's thoroughly satisfactory biography.

4. The following passages are from a friend's letter, written without a thought of such a fate as I am inflicting on it:—

"A book much more likely to incline outsiders to a favourable view of Catholicism than tentatives à la Mivart is "The Great Enigma" of W. S. Lilley. Like all he writes, it is good in arrangement, lucid in exposition, and direct in meaning. His handling of Rénan is clever—the distinction in him as poet and as critic is just; and the treatment of Spenser both as to manner and matter is very telling. I am not quite sure if the conclusion of the book is very strong in its force of appeal to an outsider. I think a Catholic will realise its value far more clearly than those to whom it is addressed. But it is a good book, by a man who is doing good work for Catholicism in England. I think Mr. Lilley is inclined to go rather

far in much that he grants to his adversaries, notably as regards the independence of Morality upon Religion. I do not quite follow him there, but suppose his ground must be sure, as I believe he submits such portions of all his writings to a theologian before printing.

"A book which throws a very pleasant light on a sad life is "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine." His unfailing thoughtful affection for his sister is only surpassed by the tender, lifelong, true love he gave his mother: both as unaffected as they were sincere. And his not infrequent references to "Our dear Lord" are not a little surprising.

"These, with Ozanam's letters in his own beautiful language, and Eugénie de Guérin's Journal once more, are all I have read of late. A reference to her in your *Moments before the Tabernacle* sent me to her book again; and very sweet it is."

5. The initials appended to the article on "Stonyhurst Journalism" in the May number of *The Stonyhurst Magazine* explain the omission of all reference to the real explanation of the staying power of that most successful of school journals. The Latinists who at page 120 have celebrated the doleful fall of Jack and Jill in mournful elegiacs may be interested in Judge O'Hagan's skilfully obscure adumbration of the same catastrophe in *Dublin Acrostics*:—

Though not o'er Alpine snow and ice,
But homely English ground,
Excelsior was our device—
And sad the fate we found.
We did not climb from love of fame
But followed duty's call;
United were we in our aim,
Though parted in our fall.

6. This is only a "preliminary announcement" of an interesting book just published by Mr. Elliot Stock of 42 Paternoster Row, London, and styled simply "Verses by Dora Sigerson." It is indeed much more than merely tasteful verse; it is poetry of a very true and pure kind, showing depth of feeling and freshness of thought. There is a complete freedom from tawdriness and commonplace conventionality; and one can detect a Celtic tone even in the lyrics that treat of moods common to all the world. We can hardly imagine "a singing bird in the city" inspiring a richer strain of thought and feeling and melody than the theme has called forth here. We will watch with interest the reception accorded by the critics to the newest and youngest of our poets. This exquisite volume alone is enough to give Dora Sigerson a place in our literature, which she will no doubt retain under that name, even after the event which will falsify the concluding line of that domestic Idyl of Tennyson's which bears the same pretty and distinctive baptismal.

And here, suddenly and unexpectedly, the cry "No more room!" postpones till next month notices of many books which have already been delayed too long.

AUGUST, 1893.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

I.

“**I** SAY, Bride!” A pause. “Bride!”
“Coming, Charles, coming!”

A deep, strong, masculine voice called; a girl's clear tones with a peculiar softness in them replied.

It was the hall of a quaintly pretty old house, set in the midst of embowering beeches, and situated near a manufacturing town of no small account in our green isle of Erin. This hall was perhaps the only imposing thing about Bride Hedley's little home; it was large and fairly lofty, and its walls were ornamented with guns, swords and other curious pieces of old armour, relics which—it had been the boast of the late Mr. Hedley—had each and all descended from one or other of his ancestors. Interesting stories, too, he used to tell about some of them, how they had played their part in not a few historic epochs.

But young Charles Hedley, a thriving solicitor, does not trouble his head much about such matters. He is a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, a striking contrast to his sister, who now comes hurriedly down the staircase. She is unusually small of stature, but has an easy, graceful figure, a fair, mobile face lighted by clear lustrous eyes of an undefinable tint, and the crowning charm of richly-piled brown hair. Common-place and even insignificant she might be considered amongst a throng; but here she seemed in her natural sphere, and to the young man who stood in the doorway by Charles Hedley's side the quaint old hall to which he had been giving curious attention faded and became the merest background for her fair, sweet face, and the summer drapery of her light figure.

“This is Miles Mervyn, Bride,” said Charles, “whom you already know pretty well by report, I think; my sister Bride Miles, as I suppose it is needless to tell you.”

"Almost," the stranger said, as with a merry twinkle in his eyes he shook Bride Hedley's outstretched hand.

"I think I should have known you, too, Mr. Mervyn," said Bride, "I have heard so much of you from this talkative brother of mine. But I am sure you are tired after your journey, and hungry too. Charlie, take Mr. Mervyn to his room—and, gentlemen, tea will be ready in ten minutes."

Miles Mervyn was Charles Hedley's oldest and closest "chum," and had now come from Wicklow in response to a long-standing invitation to spend some time with his friend. It was several years since the two friends had met, and the conversation during tea was chiefly made up of reminiscences of school and college life.

"I'm afraid we are rather rude to Miss Hedley," said Mervyn, when at length a break occurred.

"Oh, Bride doesn't mind," replied Charles, with brotherly indifference. "More tea, Mervyn? That's right. I say, do you remember—?" and off they went again.

Bride didn't mind—she was glad to see her brother in such good spirits, his brow cleared from the business worries that so often left their mark there; besides it gave her an opportunity of studying his friend's face. It was, on the whole, a good one—dark with bright blue-grey eyes and an open-hearted smile that won one in spite of one's self. So Bride decided in his favour almost as quickly as he had done in hers. She saw little more of them that evening, however, for after tea Charles took his friend out to "show him round the place," and afterwards they walked about the garden amid clouds of tobacco smoke till bed-time, and Bride, left alone in the dimness of the little drawingroom, amid hostess-like schemes for her guest's future entertainment, began to have an indefinable presentiment that this visit would be a pleasant one for them all.

II.

It was one of the prettiest spots about Kirdonnell. A very dirty country lane led to a green, sloping, furzy field; standing on this slope, a wooded hill rose in front of the spectator, hiding the horizon; and separating the field and hill was a tiny river whose small course for more years than one dare calculate had worn its

bed down to a depth of several feet. This chasm here and there was naturally bridged by brambles or tall ferns; and if one followed the windings of the stream through the hills, the views at each turn were something inexpressibly lovely. As we penetrate the trees, we catch a glimpse of a light summer gown and a man's dark dress; a girl is kneeling on the ground arranging some of the wild flowers which grow abundantly about the roots of the trees, and her companion is standing near, sometimes looking thoughtfully down upon her and sometimes gazing out on the scene in front with a sad, perplexed expression in his eyes, which she does not see. *Her* face looks pleased and happy enough. It is almost needless to explain that the pair whom we have surprised in this woody retreat are Bride Hedley and Miles Mervyn. They have crossed the river at a point where the bank is low and the water shallow, and have spent a pleasant couple of hours here.

"There now," says Bride, "I have quite a pretty bouquet, haven't I?" And she holds them up for admiration.

"Very, indeed," he replied, a smile lighting up his dark-tinted face. It is but a momentary smile, though, and dies very quickly, for he is trying to nerve himself for something which he knows he ought to do.

"What is the matter with you to-day, Mr. Mervyn," laughs Bride. "You look quite absent-minded."

"Do I?" he responds gravely. "Well I've been thinking about a lot of things, and I'm afraid I've been very rude."

"Oh, no, I wasn't thinking anything like that," declares Bride. "I know men have a lot to think about—why, sometimes I talk to Charlie for ten minutes, and he never hears a word I've said. He's *dreadfully* absent-minded for so young a man."

"Well, I think I've heard every word you said, Miss Hedley," smiling again, "so I'm not quite so bad as that. But—ah—in fact—well I don't think I can manage to stay here after to-morrow, Miss Hedley, and—" he was beginning to try to patch up his lame sentence when Bride broke in:

"To-morrow, Mr. Mervyn! Why we thought you meant to stay far longer than that with us. What has happened that you must cut your visit so short?" In her utter surprise Bride spoke with such candid regret in her tone that he winced a little.

"I—I can hardly explain it—but—I *must* go. You cannot know—you never will know how gladly I would stay if I could."

The words seemed to come almost against his will, and the sadness of his face was in his voice. She started strangely and grew white, and he, seeing it, checked himself suddenly and tried to cover his words with a careless smile as he said, "you know Kirdonnell is much too pretty a place for anyone ever to *desire* to leave it!"

A strange sense of confusion was upon her; but even in the midst of it she made use of that faculty which few women fail to possess—call it pride, deception, what you will—and was able to say calmly: "My brother will be sorry—he was enjoying your visit so much. But don't you think we had better go home now? It is almost lunch-time."

She rose and led the way back to the crossing place, he following mutely; and in the medley of feelings that beat in her heart she forgot to notice that she had left her flowers behind her. Their walk for the first part was a silent one, indeed the roughness of the way did not admit of connected conversation; but when they emerged into the lane and it became necessary that they should walk side by side, Bride tried to break the silence. "Does Charles know you are going?" she asked him.

"I told him as we walked to the station this morning," he replied, "and he promised to try to return early in the afternoon on my account, indeed, Miss Bride," he said, real vexation in his voice. "I feel that I am treating both you and him very badly. I deserve it, but I can't bear to think you are offended with me."

What did he mean by talking to her like that? *Why* did he do it? She raised her head with a little quick motion that had more of indignation than of pride in it.

"You need not be afraid of Charles being offended with you," she said, trying to speak with calm evenness of tone. "He will understand, I am sure, that you have good reasons for staying a shorter time than he expected you would."

"But I want you to understand it, too,"—then he checked himself, realizing that it was cruelty to her to speak as he felt when—Well, she shall at least know all I am free to tell her, decided he hastily, let her think the better or the worse of me for it. "I have never told you, Miss Hedley," he began composedly, "indeed, few but those immediately concerned know about it, that for—well, a very long time I have been engaged to my cousin, Norah

Gardner ; at least we call ourselves cousins, though she is only my aunt's adopted daughter."

How did he say it with such perfect self-possession ? He himself wondered afterwards.

"You have heard me speak of the Gardners. The father is dead, and Norah's mother has been a second mother to me ; indeed, I have spent the greater part of my holidays there, but this spring they went abroad and have, I believe, only just returned. I had a letter from my aunt this morning, begging me to come to them as soon as possible—that is a summons, you know, I must not disobey."

How light was his tone !

"No, no. Certainly not !" She sees it all now : he loved this other girl all the time, and did he think—had he dared to trifle with her ? A red flush rises in her face, and her eyes glisten—poor child, she is angry.

"And so, you see, I must go ; and—and I want you to forgive me—to speak kindly to me, Miss Bride !" he cries, his forced composure almost forsaking him. He has some suspicion of what he has done during these happy summer days ; but he sees, too, that the faith and trust that she had unsuspectingly given him are now broken. And he is more hurt that she should think ill of him—poor selfish humanity !—than at the trouble he has thrown upon her, the burden she will have to bear because of him. And so he cries suddenly and earnestly : "Speak kindly to me, Miss Bride !" There is more in his eyes when she turns her own towards them than she can understand, but something touches her spirit and turns her anger to gentleness—the lessons she has learned of charity and of humility do not forsake her now ; and as she looks at him with true steadfast eyes, she says :

"What shall I say, Mr. Mervyn ? Don't speak of forgiveness, please, you have done nothing that ought to vex or offend me. And oh ! of course I ought to congratulate you ! I hope you will be very, very happy. I'm afraid I can't put things properly ; but you have my very best wishes, indeed you have."

Then Bride fell to talking lightly and cheerily of various things, and he, putting other thoughts aside, joined in as best he could.

III.

It is three days after : three long, still summer days ; so still and hot that those who are unavoidably detained in town picture to themselves with exasperating vividness the freshness of coast breezes ; and even the more favoured inhabitants of the country seek the shadiest roads for walking, and climb the nearest hill when the sun has gone down, in the chance of getting more of the evening coolness than visits the valley.

A certain cool and wooded glen has been a favorite resort of Bride Hedley during this kind of weather as far back as she can remember ; but now for some hidden reason which her brother Charles cannot get hold of, she avoids it determinedly. Any where else she will walk with him, but not there ; and, as it is too hot to begin to reason her out of the army of excuses she always has at command, he gives in with a pretty good grace as a rule.

Bride has been busy during these days despite the heat. Anything she can recall having left undone during those pleasant days of Miles Mervyn's visits she endeavours to do doubly now ; and when Charlie comes home a little earlier than usual he expostulates with her. It is the evening of the third day, and he is giving her a brotherly scolding. "It's unreasonable, little Bride," he says, "there's no necessity for you to fly about like this in such heat. Really, Bride, you mustn't."

"Don't look so vexed, Charlie," she answers, lightly at first. "I'm not much more lively than usual, I assure you" (then more earnestly), "I like to be busy—I do indeed !"

"You were always terribly industrious, I know, but it strikes me you've exceeded yourself lately ; and now I come to look at you, I don't think it agrees with you particularly, either," said her brother, looking anxiously at her flushed, languid face.

She turned away her head to hide the unreasoning dew that rose in her eyes.

"Don't bother, Charlie, but come to tea. I'm all right ; but I promise to do nothing this evening but amuse myself. Now I hope you are satisfied."

Tea was over, and Charles had gone off somewhere for a couple of hours, leaving Bride to her own devices. Slowly putting on her hat and gloves, and taking a small key from its receptacle on her dressing-table, she went out and climbed the short hill to the

church. Bride was organist there, and, though it boasted only a small American organ, she conscientiously did her best with it and the village choir, thus taking all anxiety on that score from an aged clergyman, who for almost half a century had ministered in the parish.

The little organ sounded very soft and sweet as Bride began to play that evening in the sacred quiet of the simple village temple; and the warm-coloured light thrown upon her by the one stained window that beautified the small chancel spiritualised yet more the light figure and fair face, upon which a gentle sadness seemed to have fallen in this solitary spot. An artist dropping in just then might have longed to paint her, coloured halo and all, as an embodiment of his ideal of St. Cecilia—only there was no rapture on her face but the sadness and the longing that might have sometimes rested on that of the saintly maiden as she dreamed of spirit-music beyond any that her poor fingers could bring, and sighed to reach it. As she played the sadness on Bride's face grew almost to positive pain; and then the notes came less distinct and the harmonies grew discordant; until, ceasing altogether, her head bent low over the keys, and though no sound came at first, her whole frame shook and quivered, and tears dropped hotly down, as though some strong grief had taken hold upon her. Poor, poor Bride! How often her story has been repeated in many another life since that day when she shook and quivered at the little organ under the the stinging bitterness of this new burden; which burden, I doubt not, had fallen also in the days of Bride's grandmothers on many a stiffly nurtured, yet sweet-hearted maiden, who, mayhap, looked down from that home where they had long since learned why "some days are dark and dreary" in our earth-life, upon poor Bride in her pain—looked down with pity, remembering—if such beings remember—their own dark hour, yet not wishing a finger lifted (so well they had learned) to remove it.

And what had it all risen out of? A fortnight's almost constant companionship of two people well-fitted in mind as well as in disposition to enjoy each others society; she sweet, good, womanly; he honest, strong, yet sympathetic and gentle. And, as the days grew, the happiness she felt in his society for her brother's sake grew into positive pleasure for her own, as day by day she discovered in him confirmation of the good opinion and strong esteem which had been at the root of Charlie's long-

standing frienship for him. It was something new to Bride. She had never felt this irresistibile attraction, this perfect sympathy of thought and feeling which existed between herself and Miles Mervyn before. Not by words, but by arguments which were to her, woman-like, stronger than words, she had become subtly conscious when first this feeling or confusion of feelings had begun to grow in Miles himself; she had first wondered at and then almost unconsciously shared it, and what it meant or tended to she had not thought or considered until it burst upon her—with a shock, as some of the greatest truths of our lives do—when he told her that his visit must end. And now she felt that she had been mistaken—in him, that is, not in herself; the something which had told her sometimes he was trying to draw forth her love had not been true after all, and she must now take up the broken threads of her life again and put them together, so that no one might see the gap, or even the mend. How hard it was to do *that* she had already bitterly felt.

“It was all my fault,” she moaned inwardly now, “I was so stupid not to see he didn’t—but I—Oh, I hope he did not know I felt so!” And here a deeper crimson than that of the window-glow dyed her face. “It would have given him so much more pain, I know it would. And he is not changed, he is still good and noble, and I can esteem him always. I was not good enough to be trusted with his love, and I ought to be glad I have found that out, so that I may try still harder to be better. Perhaps this is why all this was sent to me,” thought Bride, reverently, her tears ceasing as she looked up at the solemn figure of the Good Shepherd that showed faintly in the now darkening lights of the stained window. The growing dimness brought her out of her thoughts, and she rose up quickly, locked the organ, and kneeling beside it a moment prayed simply for grace and strength—so poor and weak she felt, poor little Bride!—and then she turned to go when a step sounded in the church. It was the sacristan, she thought, come to perform some little duty, and she walked down the aisle prepared to greet him with her usual smile. But astonishment took away her smile and almost her breath, as her eyes fell on the beaming, absolutely *beaming* face of Miles Mervyn. A totally different one to the one he had taken away with him three days ago.

“Excuse me, Miss Hedley,” he said, “I have startled you.”

"So unexpected," murmured Bride, recovering herself.

"Rather!" he said jubilantly, yet with lowered voice because of the walls around them. "I ought to apologise for coming back on your hands like this, but I won't! I'm not going to apologise for anything half so pleasant! I'm rather a cheeky fellow, I admit, taking for granted that you and your brother are glad to see me." And taking the key from her hand, he laughed low and softly as he swung the door close and locked it. Bride stood silently by the while, and did not speak even when she turned to accompany him down the path. She could not say she was glad to see him, she wished he had stayed away—for a long time at least. He was going to be married soon, no doubt; he had probably been arranging for that while away; but why was he in such a hurry to leave his betrothed. He glanced a little quizzically at her, as these rather inhospitable thoughts passed through her mind and kept her silent.

"Miss Bride, I shall tell you what brought me back, shall I?"

"Yes," she said, simply; and, as she met his eyes, a faint colour came into her face.

IV.

"WELL," he said, "I had better begin at the beginning, and tell you everything if you have patience enough to listen to me."

And then he told her the story of his life, part of which we know already, but what was to her the most important part was also, both to her and to us, the newest. When only ten years old, Miles Mervyn became an orphan. Away from home, going through the misery of a first term at school, the news came to him; came by a gentle bearer, it is true, his aunt Mrs. Gardner; but the blow fell sadly on the boy's heart notwithstanding, for his father had been the only parent he could remember. His aunt took him to her own home that day, and her care had never left him since.

When he became a little older, she told him, foolishly perhaps, that his father's earnest wish had been that his little son Miles might one day woo and win her Norah, and that she had promised him to train her up to look upon him as her future husband. Miles had been quite pleased with the idea, and the two children were naturally fond of one another; and later on, with the easy good nature of early manhood, he had not troubled to think out

the matter; but had been contented to look on sweet Norah Gardner as his future wife. "When I came here," he went on losing a little of his easy narration, "my mind changed. Don't think me an impudent fellow, but I—I fell in love with you, Miss Hedley; and, well, I began to see that Norah wasn't the wife for me. I didn't find it all out or understand it all at once; but when I found out that much, I began to think about it, and how my cousin and I had grown up together, and how no doubt she had refused plenty of offers for my sake; and I knew then that I—I must go through with it—for 'pon my word, Miss Hedley, I was conceited enough to think she was fond of me all the time! So of course, I knew I mustn't stay here any longer, and my aunt's letter made it easier for me. I had no doubt she thought it was time I was settled, and that she wanted finally to arrange things. But you can't think how dreadful I felt about it, and about leaving you that way, you know!" And he stopped suddenly to look at her, and to take her hand, which, however, he found to be already engaged holding her parasol; but there was no mistaking the interest in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "my aunt met me at the station, and drove me home in her little phaeton. She seemed flurried and strange; but I forced myself to be calm—I was waiting for something to come. It came; but not what I thought.

"She began telling me in a roundabout sort of way that Norah had not seemed herself lately, and she had been very anxious about her. Of course I was sorry to hear this and said so. I noticed my aunt looking keenly at me; but she only remarked quietly that she thought I had her cure in my own hands.

"Then she proceeded to tell me that she had reason to believe Norah was attached to an officer whom she had first met in Dublin two years ago. He had been staying in the neighbourhood since their return and the poor girl had seemed dreadfully unhappy. My aunt said that her dearest wish had coincided with my father's; but she felt bound to think of our happiness first, as she knew he would have done, were he alive; and as she had feared for some time that our childish affection had not ripened into such a love as would make us happy with each other for life, she begged me candidly to state my real feelings, which of course I was delighted to do. Norah and Captain Ashley came to an understanding yesterday.

"I am so glad for her!" cried Bride, in momentary forgetfulness of what this meant to herself.

"Yes, yes, so am I," Miles said a little impatiently. "But—I think I would rather talk about ourselves now!"

And so they did: but what they said, and how they said it, I leave those who have had personal experience of those matters to imagine; and those who have not—well, they will probably be able to make a pretty good conjecture.

These two evidently came to a satisfactory conclusion, for, when they had reached the avenue, they traversed its short length a great number of times in very amiable fashion; and then seeing Charlie coming through the gates they went to meet him, and when they had come close to him—he having stood still in his astonishment at the unexpected vision before him—Miles said: "Charlie, allow me to introduce myself to you in a new light—I intend to be your brother-in-law very soon, with or without your leave, 'old boy!'"

Charlie was totally unable to answer, so he wrung Miles' hand till it lost all feeling for five minutes thereafter; and having kissed Bride heartily, he put one arm round her waist and the other within that of his future brother-in-law, and walked with them, in silence, to the house.

LILLIE WHITE.

DOMINE UT VIDEAM !

A PRAYER BEFORE RETREAT.

Apart into a desert place,

My God, Thou leadest me ;

And here I ask one only grace :

O Lord, that I may see !

Nature and Earth soft vapours raise,

That dim my inward sight ;

Oh, scatter that deceitful haze,

And let me see aright !

It may be pain, it may be shame,

Deep anguish it may be ;

Yet shall my prayer be still the same ;

O Lord, that I may see !

Show me Thy law, those precepts wise,
My every step should guide ;
Then let me view with clearest eyes
My practice side by side.
Show me my vows, and let me long
That triple bond survey,
To see that every link is strong,
And strengthening day by day.
Show me my duties one by one,
Unshrinking let me see,
What was omitted, and what done
For other end than Thee.
Show me myself without disguise.
As clearly, I entreat,
As when death's hands shall ope my eyes
Before Thy judgment seat.

But, dearest Lord, my weakness pleads,
Let not Thy light stop there ;
The vision of my own misdeeds
Were else too hard to bear.
Show me Thyself, Thy tender Heart ;
In all its love display—
One ray of Heavenly light impart,
To chase earth's glare away.
The truths of Faith, the joys of Love,
And virtue's solid bliss,
The glories of the world above,
The hollowness of this ;
The sweetness of Thy service, Lord,
The honour and the joy,
Oh ! how can anything be hard
In such a proud employ !
All this, and many a lesson more,
Make clear and plain to me.
Oh ! I entreat Thee o'er and o'er,
My God, that I may see.

S. M. S.

FLORA SACRA.

“ From the grass

The little three-leaved herb, I stooped and plucked,
And preached the Trinity.”

Confession of St. Patrick.

TO-MORROW will be St. John's Day, I thought to myself, as the hottest and most beautiful June day we have had for years was drawing towards its close ; and in the gathering twilight I made my way down the deep, quiet lanes, bent on carrying out an immemorial custom of mine, the gathering of the aromatic blossoms of the greater St. John's Wort on the eve of St. John.

Blackbirds and thrushes were still piping their sweet, thrilling notes in the elm-trees, but the bats had already begun their rounds, flitting before me now and again in dusky transparency, whilst the honeysuckle stretched out pale fingers against the evening sky. There was a pleasant mingling of sweet odours in the warm air ; the smell of the scanty hay that was lying in fragrant heaps behind the honeysuckle hedges, and the most delicate perfume of the hidden sweetbriar. I knew my flowers had made a perennial home on one of the high banks where ferns grew so luxuriantly beneath the overshadowing foliage, and where wild strawberries were to be found in the sunnier parts, and presently I came on a bed of the dull-green, myrtle-like leaves crowned with golden suns. The radiant yellow flowers were wide open, and above their glistening petals rose the haloes of fine stamens tipped with crimson. In a few moments my hands were as full as they would hold ; and as I walked homewards, a glow-worm lighted his lamp for my benefit in the grass by the wayside, and a single star appeared in the misty blueness of the sky.

St. John's-Wort, St. John's Eve, St. John's in the Wilderness. A church clock struck the hour, somewhere near, and the familiar outline of the old grey tower stood out, although indistinctly among the darkening trees. St. John's in the Wilderness was the old parish church, and, belonging to the 13th century, was now in its last decade, and used only as a mortuary, and apparently only held together by the ivy that clung so closely to its mouldering stones. Beneath the great, gloomy, yew trees of the graveyard

the white headstones and crosses glimmered, and it was not difficult to imagine the ghostly procession that was reputed to issue on this evening from the dark cavern of the porch.

Many thoughts passed through my mind as I loitered in the shadowy lanes, but these thoughts did not take definite shape until I was at home again and seated in my writing chair. A parcel of magazines and reviews had come for me during my absence and amongst them were some numbers of the *Contemporary Review* I had long wished to see. My fancy had been taken by the title of an article in the number for September, 1892—and again by another in a less remote number. The first was called *Flora Sacra*, the second *A Garden in Stone*.*

For some time my mind had been full of speculations about flowers; this very evening I had been wondering how the yellow St. John's Wort had first come to bear the name of the great witness of the Light, and by what happy chance it for ever opened its sun-like blossoms upon or in the near neighbourhood of the festival of his nativity. But taking up the Review containing the *Flora Sacra* I soon became completely absorbed. I had, indeed, entered into a new world. All my dim guesses and fancies about flowers and their names began to take an air of reality. No longer was I living in this materialistic nineteenth century, but in that happy far-away time when faith at least was universal, and religion was a part of everyday life.

In those days the things of earth were linked with the things of Heaven; and one of the outcomes of simple faith was the giving of holiest names to the humblest flowers and weeds. What more beautiful system of mnemonics could there be than that of spreading herb and floweret bright?

As I read on, I entered as I have said, into a new world, and the unfolding scheme filled me with happiness, opening up, as it were, a language common to all mankind. *Flora Sacra*! The flowers of Our Lady passed me in sweet crowds, some long robbed of their heritage and given alien, meaningless, or heathen names, others with synonyms clipped and defaced. Our Lady's Mantle and Our Lady's Mirror, "Mary's Rest" covering the earth with its tiny blue flowers, and the "Virgin's Bower" all blossoming out in misty whiteness, whilst silvery in the waving grass of the

* *The Contemporary Review*, May, 1893.

meadows gleamed the fairy "Lady Smock." Companies of lilies rose up in holy beauty, and the "Erbi della Madonna" followed with a host of others, pure and delicate and sweet.

Then came the flowers dedicated to the saints. St. Patrick's Shamrock speaking for ever of the Trinity, with its tender, divided leaves of emerald greenness, and its frail and purple-veined blossoms withering at a touch. St. Columba's Wort (*Hypericum perforatum*) bidding the Irish remember how their saint, the Apostle of Iona, loved the flower because of its dedication to St. John, and how it became known in the land by a new name—"the herb which St. Columba carried." My flowers, my St. John Worts, gained a new significance with their dual name; and their balsamic healing virtues placed them beside the flowers belonging to the saints who strove with disease and death.

Headed by St. Anthony's Wort came the flowers and herbs dedicated to the saints of healing power. Swiftly they gathered about me, hand in hand with the flowers of the great festivals.

The Snowdrop, the Candlemas bell of olden times, ever showing its meek early blossom on the Day of Purification, and seeming to image the candles lighted in remembrance of the Light of the World—the light that lightened the Gentiles. The Rogation Milkwort, whose blue and leaf-like flowers were never forgotten by the maidens walking in procession; the Cross-flower, too, of the Invention of the Cross, Lent lilies, and Christmas roses.

Still in bewildering beauty the vision of flowers rose up about me, each with a voice speaking clearly and distinctly of the past.

The dull crimson of the Amaranth seemed full now of sorrow and mystery. Love-lies-a-bleeding—Scourge of Our Blessed Lord—now one name explained the other.

Cool and pale was the yellow-green spathe of the wild Arum appearing from amongst ferns and tangled grasses. Our Lord and Our Lady! Dim cathedrals were entered, and eyes lifted to the niches enshrining sacred forms. Was this the secret of the Arum's holy name? Had anyone traced the resemblance between its hood-like spathe and the cathedral niche? But even more was read in the flower by the faith-enlightened eye. The dull purple or crimson spike within imaged the pillar of flagellation, the knotted roots represented the scourge, and in the broad, cool leaves with their dark stains and blotches, the story of the Passion was consummated.

Flower of the Blessed Sacrament. The jagged rosy petals of the meadow-lychnis tossed free and wild in the wind that bent the slender rushes by the stream; a common wayside flower yet endowed with the holiest of names. To the vulgar eye the simplest of wild flowers, telling no story, and yet to the eyes of the faithful in the old days another Heavenly hieroglyphic easy to be read by the pure of heart. A crystal monstrance was plainly to be seen set in the rosy jewels of the corolla—and souls were lifted to God as they gathered the flower of blessed recollections and holiest memories.

Truly has St. Thomas told us that “although we cannot attain to God by sense, yet by sensible signs our mind is roused to tend to God.”

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower! but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

From the world of sweet flowers and sweeter suggestions I came back at last with a regretful sigh.

Flowers were still flowers, but they spoke a fuller language—a language that had once linked all Christian nations together in a common brotherhood. But who could hope to unravel the tangled skein—to take up the long-dropped stitches?

“The student who undertakes such a task must have these credentials: soul and eyes of a mediævalist, heart of a naturalist, brain of an antiquary. He must not be a person who can speak lightly of names which to Catholic Christendom were, and still are, names of sweetness and veneration. . . .”

The golden suns of the St. John's Wort were shining before me, and suddenly my thoughts went back to the Island of Saints. St. Columba had loved this very flower—*Beach nuadh Columille*! Might not the best help come from his children—from the people who had never lost their birthright? Would that some of the flower-lovers of Ireland would tell what they know of the names given by people in olden times and still preserved—something of the stories and legends that cling like perfume to the humblest flowers. Without the qualifications of either naturalist, antiquary,

or mediævalist, how much could still be done in this way by those willing to give their own individual experiences!

With this thought in my mind I laid down the *Flora Sacra* and with St. Columba's flowers still fresh and fair before me I sent off my Midsummer evening's reverie to those who I hoped might have shared my pleasure and might perhaps turn that pleasure to far better account.

C. H.

Exmouth, Devon, June 24th, 1893.

IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF DANTE, MAY, 1893.

Thy verses haunt me all the day,
 My spirit feels their subtle thrall;
 Their numbers with my fancy play,
 So plaintive, sweet, and mystical.
 I hear them in the skylark's song,
 They murmur with the mountain streams,
 The summer waves their tones prolong,
 They echo from a land of dreams.
 Alas! the aching want that fills
 My soul, the restless thoughts of love!—
 When, roaming through the wooded hills
 Or stretched in some lone sandy cove,
 I watch the sleepy sun-flowers spread
 In crystal pool and shady cave,
 The cloudlets wander overhead,
 The grasses on the cliff-side wave;
 While in my heart thine eerie strain
 For ever lives like love's last sigh—
 I strive in vain, its sad refrain
 Will haunt my memory till I die.
 Ah! little book, thy pages press
 A rose and shamrock spray entwined
 Beside a tiny raven tress—
 And all my life is here enshrined.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XVI.—*Another Visit to Rome.*

A FAMOUS clerical wit, whose witticisms are never ill-natured, is supposed to have been in the same railway carriage with a bishop who, while they were rounding Bray Head, asked what would become of them if the train toppled over the cliffs. "Your Lordship would soon be a bishop *in partibus*."

A bishopric *in partibus infidelium* was the first of several similar perils that threatened to take Dr. Russell away from the academic career that he had chosen. Ten years later he received some of the suffrages at the election which followed the death of Archbishop Murray, when Cardinal Cullen was transferred from Armagh to Dublin. He was in much greater danger when Dr. Cornelius Denvir's death left vacant his native diocese of Down and Connor, and in Armagh after the death of Dr. Joseph Dixon; but it was by that time fully understood that for personal reasons his *Nolo episcopari* was immovably fixed and would be maintained to the very utmost, and that therefore votes recorded for him would be practically thrown away. In the first instance, however, the authorities at Rome appointed him Bishop of Ceylon without any preliminary warning; and this unwelcome dignity necessitated a second pilgrimage to the Eternal City.

Before accompanying him thither, let us put into print a letter or two which did not come under our notice at the proper moment when there was question of Lord O'Hagan's contributions to *The Dublin Review*. These additional letters show that we were in error in implying that in the end nothing came of these negotiations. The following is addressed to the Rev. George Crolly, then a curate in Donegall St., Belfast.

Maynooth, January, 1841

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have just time to say that, having (as you desired) apprized Mr. Bagshawe of T. O'H.'s intended subject (not, however, for a week after I received your letter, unfortunately), I have a letter to say that an article on Ireland is already in print for the present number, so that for this number it will be impossible to

take Beaumont. To prevent disappointment write this at once. I am sorry for it.

I see you have had troublesome work, but I hope it is all over and exaggerated by the alarmists of Dublin.

Yours affectionately,

C. W. RUSSELL.

In the following March he writes to Mr. O'Hagan himself, referring to an article on "The Wants of Ireland" by some unnamed writer, which we might otherwise have attributed to the new Reviewer whom Dr. Russell was striving to enlist in the service of *The Dublin*. In the two volumes for this year, 1841, it is easy to recognise Dr. Russell as the writer of the articles on Leibnitz and on Pope Pius the Seventh—subjects on which, as we have seen, his mind was at the time full. In the same tenth volume the article on the Poetry of Thomas Moore is by Dr. Murray of Maynooth; and again the article on Cardinal Mai is by Dr. Russell. We mention these because they are not identified in our February revelations concerning the early Dublin Reviewers.

We may next accompany Dr. Russell on his second visit to Rome, which followed his first more closely than he probably hoped for. Whether the impression he had made on the ecclesiastical authorities during his first visit was in fault, we cannot say; but soon after he was shocked with the announcement that he had been appointed Bishop of Ceylon. As soon as possible he obtained leave to go to Rome for the purpose of urging his reasons for entreating permission to decline this dignity.

His first letter *en route* may be given in full, if it were only to show how different travelling was fifty years ago. He set out several days before Christmas, and yet the second day of the new year found him no further than Marseilles, though he was most anxious to reach Rome as speedily as possible.

Marseilles, Jan. 2nd, 1843.

Having by a series of contretemps been delayed much beyond what I expected and what I led you to believe, I know that you would be anxious and unhappy, if I deferred writing till I reached Rome. Although, therefore, I have nothing of interest to communicate, I think it well to tell you all that I have reached this in safety, though after many disappointments. In fact since I left London everything has gone wrong, annoyingly, though not very seriously. I told you I was disappointed of the Wednesday boat to

Boulogne. I sailed on Thursday, but, though the morning was heavenly, it came to blow so hard that we were obliged to put back and come to in the Downs all night, and even next day had a wretched passage, arriving just in time to be late for the Paris diligence. I started with a promise that I should be in Paris at 8 o'clock on Christmas morning. Instead of that I had to leave the diligence at St Denys, else I should not have been able even to hear mass. However, I was well repaid by the magnificence of this glorious old church, which they have just restored with the most unbounded magnificence, but in perfect good taste. How I regret that A. & T. Gartlan did not take my advice and go out to see it! On my arrival in Paris I lost nearly a whole day in vain efforts to ascertain the days of sailing from Marseilles, and again about my passport, in which they had committed an informality at Boulogne, which obliged me to get a new one, and this I had to leave to be forwarded after me here. From Paris I got on pretty well to Lyons. But on the Rhone we took the ground in the fog, and after stopping the night at Valence, I arrived here to see the steamer sail out of the harbour before my eyes, as I drove down the hill which overhangs the town. This, however, I suppose I cannot regret, for it has been blowing hard, and there is another boat to-morrow. What distresses me most is that I am thus kept longer in suspense about affairs at home, of which, of course, I can learn nothing till I reach Rome. I hope (D.V.) to be there on Saturday, the 7th, and on my arrival will send you a paper, reserving a letter till I can give you some probable light upon the way I am received. Lest I forget it again, write a line to Mr. Kelly, of Maynooth, to say how I have been delayed, and that I am disappointed here. This will be necessary to explain my long delays. I have not time to do it myself. The weather has been charming, and I have had rather to complain of heat than of cold at night. I am in perfect health, and I hope in a fair way to succeed. I have just waited on the bishop here for leave to say mass to-morrow. He was very kind, and I am to dine with him. I trust in God that things have gone favourably since I started. I am in terrible suspense about the letter I wrote you. Rome will, I trust, relieve it and all other uncertainties. How are the dear girls? How I wish I could carry home to the children the beautiful toys with which the shops are crowded! How does Thomas go on and yourself? A thousand loves and blessings to all. I was not able to say mass either Christmas or New Year's day, and with difficulty hear one. I wish I were safe out of Rome, and I should hope to forget all. I have great confidence of success. I hope Kate continues to improve. Tell Pat that several Parisian tailors eyed me most scrutinizingly, and that he

may expect to see his coat in the next *Beau Monde de Paris*. I have a thousand questions, for which I have neither time nor space, as I write to catch this post, knowing that the girls will be anxious to hear. Love again to them, to Anne and A. G., my Aunt and all God bless you all and grant our prayer, if it be His holy will.

Rome, Jan. 19, 1843.

Although I acted with the best motive, the desire of sparing you all anxiety [till I should be able to remove it *entirely*, I now regret that I did not write at once on my arrival. I expected, however, *every* day that the next would remove all doubt, and thus deferred writing. As yet the matter is not *finally* settled, but as I have no longer any reasonable cause to fear, as Dr. Cullen is quite confident, I think it best to write at once, although I cannot yet say when I may hope to be definitively released. I must tell you then how matters stand. First against me is the Cardinal Fransoni, who is very anxious I should go, and Cardinal Acton is not very warm in my cause, though *extremely* kind to myself. But against this I have Cardinal Mai, who is most warm and decided for me, and promises that the Holy Father will not insist. He thanked me in the kindest and most complimentary manner for my article in the *Dublin Review*, and has made me a present of his "Collection," which is worth, or at least would cost, £10. (2) Cardinal Pacca who takes the matter up with equal warmth, and told myself that it would be the worst policy to send me there. He will try and have me spared at least till I finish the *Life of Pius VII*. (3) Cardinal Castracane,* a great friend of Dr. Cullen, a most influential man. (4) I have not yet waited on Polidori, but I have little doubt of enlisting him, and I am sure, too, that if the matter came to an issue (of which there is little fear) he and Acton would be my friends. (5) Above all, since to him I owe all the rest, Dr. Cullen. He has taken a world of pains for me. He has seen the Pope and took occasion to introduce the matter. His Holiness at first hesitated, spoke of the importance of the place, etc. But when Dr. C. stated that I had grave reasons; "Basta," said he, "*vedremo un poco*. Well, we will see about it." In a case where he had spoken so decidedly before, this is everything, and everyone to whom I speak tells me that he will not refuse Dr. Cullen anything he asks. The Secretary of the Propaganda, though he urged me to yield, told me that, if I persist, he supposes I shall be let off. By Dr. C's. advice we have deferred the audience with the Pope till these influences are brought to bear. As soon as I see him I will

* He adds afterwards:—"I forgot to mention Cardinal Mezzofanti among my friends."

write again. I have every reason to be grateful for the idea of coming out. I never could have brought all these influences to bear. Cardinal Acton has been very kind to me, and asked me to dine. Indeed in this respect, I have met more attention than I could avail myself of. Partly to keep other thoughts away, and partly because I thought it a fine subject, I spent the two days I was in Genoa in visiting the charitable institutions of the city, and when I came here I stole some of my less occupied hours to write an article to you upon them. I was so pestered by visits that I was in some cases obliged to be "not at home," and as there is a part of the college which we call the "catacombs" the joking excuse was that "I was gone to the catacombs." They have asked me to preach the panygyric of St. Agatha (Feb. 5) the patroness of their church, and after all Dr. Cullen's kindness I could not refuse. I cannot leave this, therefore till Feb. 6th, if even then.

I have not had time to see much since I arrived (Jan. 7). I was, though late for the Epiphany, in time for the Academy of the Propaganda, in which we had forty-two different languages, and during the Octave I had an opportunity of seeing the Greek, Armenian, and, Syrian rites. I am to see the Coptic also before I leave Rome. It was most interesting and instructive. Yesterday (St. Peter's Chair), we had a splendid function in St. Peter's (which seems to me grander than before), at which the Pope assisted. It struck me far more than on St. Peter's day, probably because I saw it more at my ease and better than in the scorching glare of summer. They are now celebrating the anniversary of the miraculous conversion of Ratisbonne the Jew, in the church of St. Andrew. It is most gorgeous, and the concourse of people is immense. The more I see of Rome, the more I am delighted with the spirit of the people. It is in the less public devotions (as at Benediction, the Quarant'ore, or forty hours exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, in the confraternities, the hospitals, and in the churches at times when no service is going on) that their true spirit is seen. There is a great crowd of English here and many Irish, the latter all visit here and some of them are very kind. I have not yet seen or heard anything of the Hamills. I send off my article to-day, and shall have now to write a sermon, for they are so punctilious here, and particularly as there are many Protestants, I could not venture as at home. It breaks my heart to think that I am within grasp of Holy Week, and must leave it behind. I am gleaning some things for Pius VII, and (such is man) have projected a "Tour to the Charitable Institutions of Rome."

If I dwell too long on this letter, I will lose two posts, so I must leave all news and descriptions for my next, which will be before

long—the moment my case is decided. But you know the old anagram "*Roma Mora*"—Rome is synonymous with delay—so do not be anxious. I have not the *slightest* fear now, though at first I was apprehensive, and to say the truth this was among my reasons for delay in writing. I have a good friend in one of the Under Secretaries of Propaganda, who keeps me informed of everything that takes place. You shall hear, therefore, the first moment, but be not uneasy.

Irish College, Rome, Jan. 23rd, 1843.

I have at length had an audience of His Holiness, which, though it has not perfectly released me, has placed me, I trust, out of all danger, and so Dr. Cullen (who helped me most efficiently at the critical moment) most decidedly says. His Holiness urged me strongly to accept, and at first decidedly refused to dispense me. He declared that the more anxious I was to be released the more he was convinced of my fitness, that he had to hold the balance of good fairly in his hand, to select without fear or favour, and exhorted me to throw myself upon God's protection and not fear for myself or others. In the end, however, he consented to refer the matter to the Congregation, and then Dr. C. says we shall have it all our own way. My great antagonist, the Secretary, will be made Cardinal Archbishop of Ferrara on Friday, and his successor is a great friend of Dr. Cullen's. Cardinal Mai, Pacca, Castracane, Mezzofanti, Polideri are all members of the Propaganda, so that in their hands I may rest secure as to the result. This, however, necessarily delays me. I cannot hope for a Congregation till the middle of next month, more likely it will be near the end, as the January one was held this day, and thus the next will probably be equally late in the month. The Pope was most kind and affectionate with me, but this I would have excused, if he had let me off at once. I hope to get his leave meanwhile to search the archives for Pius VII.; so the longer I am legitimately kept the better, except that while here I must necessarily be anxious about home. I trust I shall have a letter some day before long. It is now a fortnight since I heard. Lest I should forget it again will you write to Eliza Cosslett to say that I received her letter, and tell her that I have every hope of my release. The details you are not to mention, except that in general terms no answer will be given till some time in February. I have not written to Maynooth since I came, as I was unwilling to do so till I should have something decisive to communicate. I have now a clear reason for remaining till after St. Agatha's day, about which I had some hesitation before.

Of news I have very little to communicate. I am not near so constant a sightseer as at my last visit, my article having kept me a good deal at home till now. However, from this out I shall be more active. The Pope looks uncommonly well. The anniversary of his coronation will be on next Wednesday, which will be a great festival. There will be a splendid function in St. Peter's. For curiosity's sake to-day Dr. Cullen and I stepped round one of the great pillars of the dome. It is 113 yards in circuit.* This will give some idea of the gigantic proportions of the whole. We have some festival or other every day (each more splendid than its predecessor) in the several churches of the city. The blessing of the horses on St. Antony's day is a curious and interesting ceremony, and the blessing of the lambs, from whose wool the pallium which is sent to archbishops is made, is performed on St. Agnes' day in the church dedicated to her outside the city. It is a very touching ceremony and of great antiquity. The Protestants here are extremely liberal this winter, though the Dean of Ardagh has preached a furious sermon against the Pope in the the English church. The Pope himself is highly amused by it. We are just after having the arrival of four Chinese to the Propaganda. I have not yet been to see them, but I am told they are a great curiosity. During the octave of the Epiphany, there was a festival in one of the churches, in which all the different rites were celebrated in succession. Sermons, too, were preached in the different European languages, with a general instruction in Italian, every evening by the celebrated preacher, Ventura. It was extremely interesting to me, and by a little study before attending at each rite, I made it very instructive. I have been to see our Irish sculptor, Hogan's studio. He is certainly a noble artist. His statue of Drummond is a splendid one indeed. I have done little among pictures and statues but renew old acquaintances. This is pleasant work, if I had not home to think about and make me anxious. I lose (or spend) a good deal of time dining out, and though I am always back at 9 o'clock, the nights are too cold to sit up. There are no fires here, but I have provided a pair of slippers lined with wool, which defy all weather, and I sometimes wear a pair of wool-lined socks inside. The weather is most delightful. I hope that this post or the next one will bring me a letter. I will send a paper to some quarter once a week. God bless you all.

Rome, Feby. 20th, 1843.

Good news at last. I have just returned from a long and most

* In showing to some visitors the old castle which stands outside the gate of Maynooth College, I remember Dr. Russell saying that it was the same size as these pillars of St. Peter's.

anxious wait in the Antechamber of the Secretary of Propaganda. and as I will not let a post pass to keep you unnecessarily in suspense, you must be content with just *such* and so *much* as I can scribble before post-hour. The Secretary presented my petition to the Pope last night instead of waiting for the Congregation. He tells me this morning to make my mind perfectly easy about it, that the Holy Father thought my reasons most just and satisfactory, and that there is no longer any fear of its not being as we all wish. However, that I am not to leave Rome, or take any step till I see him again. But he reassured me most emphatically that *I might now make my mind perfectly easy about it*. It is most fortunate that I am here. If I had been content with writing, the matter *must* infallibly have been settled by the late Secretary, now Cardinal Cadolini, and there can be no doubt that between him and the Cardinal the Pope would have been decided not to listen to my prayers. Even last week the Cardinal Prefect, though he admitted the force of my reasons, yet urged that they should not stand in the way of the wider interests of religion. And now at last you may all be, as I am, *perfectly* free from apprehension, and satisfied that the affair will terminate not only with success, but without either discredit to myself or dissatisfaction to the authorities. However, this is secret till I write again.

And then "the heart untravelled fondly turns towards home," and there follow many pages of most minute and affectionate enquires about his kinsfolk and friends, with a thoughtful message to each. Next comes the announcement: "I am to preach St. Patrick's panegyric here. The last time I preached we were to have had a large audience of Protestants, and I prepared a controversial sermon; but from morning till night it rained so fearfully (I never saw anything like it in Ireland) that very few Protestants, only about a dozen, came." Farther on he says: "I have been revising the MS. of Leibnitz, and I fear I must, at a considerable sacrifice, suppress part of what I had printed last summer. But, as it is my first book, I must try to make it unexceptionable." But alas, not only a part but the whole of his first book had to be sacrificed, as has been already noticed, and his translation of Leibnitz' "System of Theology" appeared only ten years later in quite a different form, apart from the unlucky original text. Towards the end of this letter he says: "the Pope is a fine, reasonable old man—do not forget to pray for him and for all my other good friends here."

Three days later he writes to his youngest brother :—

Thanks be to God, I am free at last. The matter after having come back from the Pope has been discussed in Propaganda, and orders given for the selection of a new Vicar Apostolic. I have not yet heard it officially, but I was told by one of the Under-Secretaries, which is all the same. I am to wait on the Cardinal Prefect, but this I will put off for some days. As it would appear unreasonable in me to delay longer here, at least without express permission, I am trying to keep the news from Ireland, for a few days longer. I will not write to Maynooth till about this day week. In the meantime will you write to Dr. Lee* to say that I am in effect free, but have not officially heard it, that I do not wish it to be known for another week, when after I learn it officially I will write to him. He is to tell it to Mr. Renehan and Mr. Kelly, and to no others. Say to him, that I do not write to himself as yet, in order that I may have more views to communicate, but that he may confidently expect a letter from me within a week from the receipt of this.

He ends with his usual cargo of affectionate greetings, several being linked together under the name of the house in which they dwelt. "I have got one of my coats altered into the Roman cut, which I intend to wear for the remainder of my life. But don't be alarmed—it is neither remarkable nor ridiculous. I have made a great many pleasant acquaintances and some good friends. If I had time, I could have added to the number ; but I have enough if they be all good. Loves to Piltown and Seafield." Some ingenious readers will guess why the last of these homesteads is preserved from oblivion, especially when it is linked with the name "Killowen."

The family correspondence, which we have perhaps drawn upon too freely, may be interrupted at this point by a letter which we owe to the kindness of the Very Rev. Dr. Marner, P.P., Kilkeel, Co. Down. It was addressed by Dr. Russell—who can now properly receive that title, for it was bestowed upon him by His Holiness Gregory XVI. after he had released him from his episcopal appointment,—this letter was addressed to the bishop of his own native diocese, Dr. Cornelius Denvir.

Irish College, Rome, March 3rd, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—After long delay and (for a part of the time) considerable anxiety of mind, I am at length able to inform your

* The present Dean of Dublin and P.P. of Bray.

Lordship that I am again free, and that to your kind interference and that of Dr. Crolly I am mainly indebted for the dispensation. On my arrival I waited upon Cardinal Fransoni, who expressed very strongly his wish that I should accept, but referred me to His Holiness in person. His Eminence had, unfortunately for me, an interview with the Holy Father before I got my audience, so that I found him very firm in expressing his wish that I should yield. Thanks, however, to Dr. Cullen's interference, who told the Pope that the reasons I had to allege were certified by your Lordship and Dr. Crolly, he consented to let the case go back to the Propaganda.

Thus I was left for a considerable time in great anxiety, and I felt that, with the Cardinal Prefect against me and the Secretary Monsignor (now Cardinal) Cadolini equally decided, I had but a poor chance. However, fortunately, the new Secretary took a more favourable view of my case. I was left for a considerable time under the impression that the matter must remain undecided till the meeting of the Congregation, which will not be till March 17th. However, on the arrival of letters from Ceylon, which showed the urgency of the affair; the Secretary referred my memorial to the Pope in person, and His Holiness at once acquiesced in its justice. I translated and appended to it your Lordship's certificate. Yesterday I received an official announcement of my liberation; and they will proceed in the next Congregation (March 17) to make a new appointment. Having been kept here so long, I wrote, while still uncertain when I should be free, to request Dr. Crolly's permission to remain a little longer, as I have permission to consult state papers in the Archives of the Vatican connected with the Life of Pius VII. and am engaged in re-examining more minutely the autograph MS. of the *Systema Theologicum* of Leibnitz, I will therefore wait till I receive His Grace's reply.

On my arrival I reminded Dr. Cullen of your Lordship's wish to have some relics of St. Patrick. He has already written to you of the one which is still at St. Mark's; we have some notion that it may be the very bone which once was kept in your Lordship's case. Dr. Cullen is now in daily expectation of your answer, and will do all in his power to secure this, or, if not this, some other relic of the Saint. He desires me to present his best respects.

I trust all my dear friends in Belfast are well; and with most sincere regards to Messrs. Crolly, Curoe, Dorrian and the other gentlemen, and most grateful acknowledgment of the great trouble and inconvenience to which you subjected yourself on my behalf, I have the honour to remain, my dear Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted humble servant,

C. W. RUSSELL.
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This letter and many others* that I do not quote contain allusions to the meditated *opus magnum*, the Life of Pope Pius the Seventh—pathetic allusions, when we are reminded that all these pains went for nothing, though no doubt many an article in *The Dublin Review* benefited by his Roman researches. Dr. Russell seems finally to have given up all hope of getting access to original documents, and he was not content to compile his history merely from sources open to all the world.

While waiting on in this vain hope, he made a tour in Southern Italy, about which he writes home to one of his sisters :—

“ You will naturally be anxious to hear about my tour. It was a most delightful and instructive one. We saw everything in Naples, and for fifty miles round, at least in the pastime direction. It would be folly to attempt any description of the natural beauties of the country. They are beyond all that I could have conceived. We saw Vesuvius to great advantage, as there was a slight eruption at the moment of our visit. Pompeii could easily, if the houses were roofed and the fountains made to play, be restored as a Roman city; at least there are some of the streets all but perfect in the lower storey. You see the painting still plain upon the walls, the mosaics bright upon the floor, the tracks of the wheels upon the street, the stains of the glasses on the counter, the names scribbled upon the pillars, the grotesque figures traced with a burnt stick or scraped with a nail upon the sides of the houses. You walk into the wine cellar and find the wine jars in their old places, you see imprinted on the ashes, which still remain undisturbed, the forms of the unhappy inmates which were surprised by the fatal shower, which overwhelmed the city. In the Museum, you see still more extraordinary sights—a loaf with the baker’s name stamped upon it, savings boxes, with the money still inside, wine bottles incrusting with the dried-up wine, jars of olives, flasks of oil, preserved fruit, flour, dough in its rough unmade state, etc., etc. But, what perhaps struck us most of all, was the temple of Isis, with all the mysteries of its jugglery and fraud unveiled: the stairs by which the priests ascended, the hole through which the oracles issued, and screens which concealed the secret actors from view. Herculaneum is most awful, but not half so interesting as Pompeii, besides that scarcely any of it is uncovered, comparatively speaking. It was covered by streams of lava, Pompeii

* On June 22nd, 1843, he says :—“ Although I have not yet obtained access to the State Papers, I have done a great deal since I wrote last, principally consulting persons who lived in the time, or were in office under Pius VII. Cardinal Pacca has taken a most extraordinary interest in the matter.”

by showers of ashes. We spent three days in an excursion to Paestum, where, besides the beautiful country, we saw the finest ruins in Italy, or rather in the world—a temple of Neptune particularly, which it would be possible to roof to-morrow, almost without any preparatory repair, though it was a *venerable ruin 2,000 years ago*. At Salerno, a beautiful bay, we visited the tombs of St. Gregory VII., and of St. Alphonsus, and the relics of St. Matthew the Apostle; and we spent a charming day on the opposite side of the bay at Pozzuoli, Baiae, Cumae, and the classic grounds in which Virgil lays the scenes of his *Hell* and his *Elysium*, seeing the grotto del Cane, the fountain which boils an egg in two minutes, the natural vapour baths, etc. But in Naples I spent a great deal of my time in the charitable institutions, on which I am now writing. I am now master of the ancient geography of Central Italy, which was always a puzzle to me; and since my return I have set to study the antiquities of Rome professionally, which I did not before. The last two months will thus be of vast use to me. I have never enjoyed better health. The weather is keeping very cool and pleasant, but the fleas are as busy as so many tailors on Saturday evening.”

But we must refrain from more extracts from these Roman letters, which would hardly have survived so long if their writer had been aware how carefully they were preserved. The references to the charitable institutions of Rome and Naples enable us to identify some of Dr. Russell’s contributions to *The Dublin Review* which I should otherwise have been inclined to attribute to Cardinal Wiseman. Perhaps there are traces in the same *Review* of the researches referred to in another letter of this period. “While waiting on, I have learnt many things, the want of which I would afterwards regret. I have spent the last fortnight, while within doors, preparing materials for a dissertation on the Historical Evidences of the Papal Supremacy, which, if I can find time to draw it up properly, will, I should hope, do some good at the present moment.”

On his way home he sent them a letter from Florence, dated July 10th, 1843, in which this passage occurs, which may be transcribed in memory of our first Irish Cardinal. “Nothing could exceed the kindness of my Roman friends at parting. Dr. Kirby, the Vice-Rector, made me a present of his own beautiful little *Madonna* (a painting on copper)—and Dr. Cullen would not allow me to pay one farthing for all the time I lived in the College. I assure you it made me unhappy and lonely after I left

them, to a degree which I can only compare to what I used to feel when I took leave of home, not to see any of you for twelve months. I never saw such a community from the first to the last ; I parted from them all as from my own family."

LOST LILIES.

"**C**RAKE ! Crake !" Corn-crake,
Dost thou sing my heart to break ?

She hath died an hour ago—
My sick heart is stunned with woe.

Upstairs in a darkened room
Two are sleeping in the gloom :
A lily bud, a lily flower,
Plucked by Death in one dread hour.

Lustrous lengths of amber hair,
By a white brow set and fair,
Claspéd in a close embrace,
Child and mother face by face.

Golden asphodels and yew,
Lilies, rosemary and rue,
Scattered are upon that bed,
With my treasures lying dead.

Gentle love, if I should speak
With my face beside your cheek,
Would its pale pearl turn to rose,
Like to dawn on winter's snows ?

Would your grey eyes, wide and sweet,
Be uplifted quick to greet
Mine once more, and from above
Might your spirit come, my love ?

O white dove, that made your nest
One small year upon this breast,
See my arms are stretched out wide
Yearning for you, year-old Bride !

But I cry in vain to you
Safe with God beyond the blue.
My two lilies now are His,
And the world a desert is.

MARY FURLONG.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. A very handsome library volume of four hundred large quarto pages contains "The Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyreconnell (1586-1602) by Lughaidh O'Clery, now first published from Cucogry's Irish manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy, with historical introduction, translation, notes and illustrations by the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., M.R.I.A." (Dublin: Sealey, Bryers and Walker). It is not long since Father Murphy enriched Irish literature with an important volume similar in form to the present one, editing in the same thorough fashion the old Latin history of Holycross, near Thurles; and now his industry and persevering enthusiasm have prepared for the press and conducted successfully through the press a new work of great labour and difficulty. The introduction, consisting of 160 ample pages, is in itself a weighty historical work. The reproduction of the text, its translation and annotation, must have involved great toil and care on the part of the editor—and we may add the printers, who have done their part admirably. A guinea would be no excessive price of a work of this class, which is offered for a third of the sum. There is in some sort a moral obligation to support such undertakings on the part of certain sections of the community, who, we fear, are very negligent as to the discharge of such obligations.

2. "An Enchanted Castle and other Poems: Pictures, Portraits, and People in Ireland," by Sarah Piatt (London: Longman & Co). This is a book of the truest poetry produced in a very graceful outward garb. As Dr. Todhunter lately put into one small volume his distinctively Irish poems, Mrs. Piatt (or some one for her) has grouped here together poems "written during a somewhat prolonged residence in the south of Ireland," and which "indicate a deep sympathy with the people of that beautiful country." Leading articles in all the principal Irish journals have allowed us to know that the author of this exquisite book is the wife of the accomplished gentleman, who, after having with much efficiency and acceptance fulfilled the office of United States Consul at Cork, was quite recently promoted to the Consulate at Dublin. Such an appointment was worthy of the States which were honoured by having Nathaniel Hawthorne as their representative in Liverpool, and more recently James Russell Lowell as their representative in London. Let us hope that the sinister rumour about this most popular appointment being revoked may prove unfounded. The Irish readers of this volume will join us in this wish. Mrs. Piatt is regarded by many as the best woman-poet

of America. With the tenderness that breathes through her writings, there is a sort of epigrammatic point in nearly all of them which fastens them in the memory. The knowledge of child-nature breaks out in not a few, and made a charming writer call Mrs. Piatt "the true and tender mother-poet of America." In the present volume her muse has the additional attraction of a soft and pathetic Irish accent.

3. Though the information has no right to a place among "New Books," we may notice here "a special offer of books (for a short time only) at very reduced prices," made by Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London. For instance, Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion" is reduced from eight to two shillings; and in a very different department of literature "The Adventures of Little Snowdrop and other Tales, by Clara Mulholland, with four illustrations"—reduced from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 9d.—good value certainly, even with three pence thrown in for postage.

4. Of new story-books for young people that which pleases us best is one that expressly disclaims the merit of novelty and calls itself "The Five o'clock Stories, or the Old Tales Told Again," by S. H. C. J., and published by Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. It is a pretty book externally, and it is filled with some fifty stories and legends of the very sort that interests young people, told in a way that cannot fail to catch and hold their attention. Of original stories for children the freshest and best written are "Apples Ripe and Rosy, Sir," and other Stories for boys and girls, by Mary Catherine Crowley, reprinted from *The Ave Maria*, and published at the office of that excellent magazine, Notre Dame, Indiana. That indefatigable story-teller for girls, M. F. S., gives them "Lotje's Library and other Tales," and "Katherine's Vocation, a Girl's Story"—both published by Mr. Washbourne with his usual taste and care. Finally the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington give us in a pretty volume half a dozen of the tales of good old Canon Schmid, first introduced into English child-literature by two grave Maynooth professors, Dr. Matthew Kelly, and Dr. C. W. Russell.

5. There is certainly nothing in the nature of the subjects discussed to prevent a good sermon from being good literature. French literature would suffer much if it had to part with its preachers. Some of the loftiest flights of Newman's genius are in his sermons, and (thank God) in his two or three volumes of Catholic sermons far more than in his very numerous Anglican volumes. Three sermons have been sent to us this month which deserve recognition for their literary merit alone. "Life Everlasting," by

John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company) is an eloquent discourse on the joys of Heaven. "England for Our Lady," is the sermon preached by the Rev. Thomas E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., on June 29th, on the occasion of the solemn renewal of England's Dedication to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter. The circumstance that this function took place in the Church of the London Oratory emphasises Father Bridgett's characteristic good taste in prefixing to the sermon, as published by Burns and Oates, two very appropriate mottoes from the Oratorians, Father Edward Caswall and John Henry Newman. The learned Redemptorist is the greatest authority on the subject which he treats in this fine discourse, and also in "Honour to Our Lady," preached two days later at St. George's, Southwark, and sold for three pence at St. Mary's, Clapham.

6. We may group together two addresses delivered before the Irish Literary Society by its president, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. The last of these was the inaugural address—"The Need and Use of getting Irish Literature into the English Language" (London: Fisher Unwin). It is full of admirable suggestions enforced with much grace and vigour. The man who founded "The Library of Ireland," and contributed its best and most successful volume fifty years ago, is still young and ardent enough to discuss with infectious enthusiasm "The Prospects of Irish Literature for the People." Gratitude for kindly recognition from such a man prompts us to quote one aimably exaggerated phrase from Sir C. Gavan Duffy's lecture. "I rarely see without a strong sentiment of affection and sympathy a little sixpenny magazine sustained for twenty years by the zeal of one solitary priest who watches like a father over whatever concerns the Irish intellect."

7. The first serious study of the career of Cardinal Manning comes from France: "Le Cardinal Manning et son action sociale" par l'Abbé Lemire (Paris: Victor Lecoffre). After very interesting letters of warm approval from Archbishop Croke, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Johnson, Vicomte de Mun, and Abbe Baunard, the author, who is quite at home in Irish and English affairs and in the English source of information, studies the Cardinal's career and character as priest, patriot, and even democrat, in a large and noble sense. The sketch of his life in two pages at the end of the preface is almost enough, illustrated as it is by each of the subsequent chapters bristling with facts and illustrative extracts from Dr. Manning's writings and discourses and from contemporary journals. M. Lemire has shown great industry in compiling his materials, and great skill in marshalling them in the most effective order. He was already well acquainted with the

language and affairs of the English-speaking race, and one of his books bears the title *D'Irlande en Australie*. His interesting work will not be superseded by any English memoir of his illustrious subject.

8. Another French work has been sent to us, on which we have not been able to get the opinion of an expert; but a mere external description of it will probable enable those who are interested in such studies to determine its value. "Rythme, Exécution, et Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien, Par le R. P. Antonin Lhoumeau, de la Compagnie de Marie." It has received the emphatic approval of Dom Pothier, the Benedictine of Solesme, who is the highest authority on ecclesiastical music. His letter is prefixed, and shows what an ardent zeal is felt in the subject by French ecclesiastics.

9. "P. A. S." (who ought to have given us his name in full) has followed up his "Life of John Mitchel," by a "Life of John Martin" (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.) A much less striking character than his friend, with a much less varied career; by no means a man of genius, as Mitchel was, but a very earnest and honest man, who worked for Ireland in the way that he considered best. His biographer weaves with his uneventful story sketches of the much more gifted men, Thomas Devin Reilly, and Father John Kenyon, and also some others of the Young Ireland party. He has had the privilege of publishing for the first time many most interesting letters, and he has evidently spared no pains to accumulate all the material available. The result is an excellent little book, full of facts very well told, and altogether a capital shilling's worth.

10. "Nemesius, a Christian Drama," by M. G. R. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is the most successful effort of its kind that has come under our notice. We have seldom found it possible the tragedies and comedies that has been produced for the academic stage, though we are away that many such pieces succeed very well with the accessories of actual representation, though they read badly in private. "Nemesius" was a very great success when acted at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham; and now, printed in a particularly neat form, it can be read with keen satisfaction. The drama is interesting, and the language of the *personæ* is refined without being too poetical for acting. Sister Gertrude—for so we notice that one of her reviewers has called her—knows what dramatic blank verse is.

11. Mr. R. Washbourne, of London, has produced in his usual tasteful fashion "Only Bob, and Other Tales," by that voluminous story-teller for the young, M. F. S., who sometimes lets herself be known as Mrs. Seamer. Mr. George Richardson has translated "The Flight into Egypt," from the meditations of the celebrated Catherine Emmerich, and it is brought out by Burns and Oates almost too

aesthetically for an ascetic book. A much more practical spiritual book is "The Child of Mary before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle," of which the eleventh edition has just been published by Guy and Co., of Limerick, through the care of Father F. H. Daly, S.J., who has added, for the use of Religious, an excellent form of Morning Oblation, composed by Father Daniel Jones, S.J., whose reputation for holiness and learning has not yet faded out. In this paragraph, which is not devoted to profane literature, it may be mentioned that the Art and Book Company, of Leamington and London, have brought out very cheap editions of *The Imitation of Christ*, and of *The Spiritual Combat*. But does anybody care for the reflections tacked on to Thomas a Kempis, by Père Gonnellien or any one else? The same spirited firm have published for sixpence, "Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, an historical sketch," by J. E. Willington, M.A. God can draw good out of evil; and it is a help to faith to remember that the first Protestant King of England killed three of his half-dozen wives, and that the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury was utterly unlike to St. Anselm and St. Thomas a Becket. God can continue and rule His Church through ministers who are not always satisfactory; but practically to *found* his Church He could not employ such instruments as Henry VIII. and Cranmer.

12. Another of the numerous publications of the Art and Book Society of London and Leamington is a new edition of the Life of Madame de Miramion written with her usual grace by the late Miss Cecilia Caddell. Another reprint, of far greater utility, is "An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass by the Rev. E. B. Glover, O. S. B." on the title page of which the name of the Society just mentioned is joined with that of the Catholic Truth Society. There is no date on the title page, nor at the end of the preface, and there is no hint given that this is the thrice excellent "Glover on the Mass" known to us old folk in our childhood. A page ought certainly to have been added in front, telling us about Father Glover. This book cannot be too widely circulated. The Catholic Truth Society also has made many additions to its admirable series of halfpenny and penny tracts—"Mortal and Venial Sin" by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., "God" by Mr. Kegan Paul, "The Gordon Riots" by Lionel Johnson, B.A., and many others. "Patience" is the subject of one of the best of Father Richard Clarke's long series of "Meditations for a Month." We can only announce a curious dissertation on the First and Second Resurrections by C. H. (London: Burns and Oates).

13. We have only the scantiest opportunities of forming an

opinion on the subject, but we shrewdly suspect that our holy convents do not promote sacred music in the vernacular as much as they ought. Are our boarding schools, for instance, availing themselves sufficiently of the labours of the Vincentian Father Edward Gaynor? An expert writes to me thus, not imagining that her remarks would meet their present fate. "Rev. Mother has a little craze on the subject of making the children sing hymns, so I have to be energetic about it. I must say Father Gaynor's book is working out my conversion to English hymns, and particularly to those we have been learning for June—'To Thee, O Heart of Jesus,' 'A Message,' etc. Father Gaynor has selected very good tunes, and well harmonised. His book is a blessing in its way." As we are charitable enough to suppose that these words will not fall on deaf ears, we add that Father Gaynor's excellent "St. Patrick's Hymn-book" is published by Browne and Nolan, Nassau St., Dublin. We have sent to our musical correspondent an extremely elegant book, "Hymns of the Sacred Heart," second series, containing thirteen original and selected melodies with sweet and devout words by our contributor, Miss Eleanor Donnelly. This and no doubt the first series may be procured from the author at 514 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

14. We are not sure that we have before announced with sufficient emphasis the large and handsome octavo which contains the collected poems of the lady who has just been named. "Poems, by Eleanor C. Donnelly" (Philadelphia: Kilner & Co.) bears a resemblance to Adelaide Proctor's "Legends and Lyrics," but the Irishwoman (born in America) has a brighter and braver tone than the English convert. Her themes, too, are even more uniformly and more directly sacred than even those of Barry Cornwall's daughter. She always puts first "The Vision of the Monk Gabriel" which she described before Longfellow had sung "The Legend Beautiful." This and "Gualberto's Victory" please us best among her sacred legends. A great many of her lyrics are inspired by her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; and indeed most of this dainty volume could well be read on one's knees before the Tabernacle. Miss Donnelly uses very effectively a great variety of metres, with a very considerable tendency towards rhyminess; and she shares the old artistic faith that rhymes ought to rhyme. But has she mixed up two schemes of rhyming in the very last poem of her rich and beautiful volume?

15. The latest of many great services that our noble college of Maynooth has conferred on ecclesiastical literature is a treatise of 240 pages by one of the Deans of the College, the Rev. Patrick O'Leary, explaining fully and minutely "The Ceremonies of Ordination with the Ceremonies of the Masses, public and private, in which orders are

conferred." Besides those for whom the work will be of great practical utility, many others can read it with much edification. It has manifestly been compiled with the utmost care. We could not desire more suitable and satisfactory binding and printing than the Publishers, Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Nassau St., Dublin, have bestowed on Father O'Leary's excellent work.

16. We end (unless obliged perchance to add a codicil to our testament) with three books from the inexhaustible press of Burns and Oates. "Life of Mère Marie Thérèse, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Daughter of the Cross." by a Daughter of the Cross, is introduced by a very striking preface from the pen of Cardinal Vaughan. This is one of those modern congregations which, as the Cardinal says, "seem destined to share in the nineteenth and coming centuries that high mission of Christ-like service which the historic Religious Orders, of more colossal structure, have so gloriously accomplished from the earlier stages of our history." This admirable account of an admirable life is one of the best of its kind since the Life of an Irish Foundress, Mary Aikenhead. The second book is not the life of any particular saint, but an entertaining and edifying essay or series of short essays on the various characteristics of the saints and the lessons to be drawn from their lives. It is entitled "The Witness of the Saints" by Henry Sebastian Bowden, Priest of the Oratory, whose "Miniature Lives of the Saints" are such favourites with devout readers. The third book sent to us by Burns and Oates is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet by the Rector of the Diocesan Seminary of Southwark, the Rev. Francis A. Bourne, on Diocesan Seminaries and the Education of Ecclesiastical Students. His main object is to oppose the project of one common seminary for all the South of England; but he touches on many other points interesting to those who are engaged in the transcendently important work of training our young levites.

Several interesting books have arrived so late that our notices of them must wait till next month. We may name the Life of Father Charles, the Passionist so deeply revered in Dublin, and the History and Antiquities of Kilmacduagh, by the Very Rev. Jerome Fahey, D.D., V.G.

WHERE THE WOODS AND WATERS MEET.

THERE is music 'mong the wild birds
On the wooded upland side ;
There is music in the wavelets
As they break by Shannon's tide.
But to me, than waves or wild birds,
There is music far more sweet ;
'Tis the ringing laugh of childhood,
Where the woods and waters meet.

There are flowers in dell and copsewood,
Scattered gem-like everywhere, —
Bluebell, violet, and primrose,
And the tender maidenhair.
But to me than fern or wild flower,
There's a rosebud far more sweet ;
'Tis the fairy form of childhood,
Where the woods and waters meet.

There's a glamour o'er the waters,
In the sunset's silver sheen ;
There's romance in winding woodpaths
And the open glades between.
But to me, than stream or woodpath,
There's romance more true and sweet ;
'Tis the winsome ways of childhood,
Where the woods and waters meet.

Oh, there's beauty all around us,
Lavish beauty everywhere ;
In the woodland and the wayside,
In the earth, the sea, and air.
But for me, in all this Eden,
There's a gem surpassing sweet ;
'Tis the merry heart of childhood,
Where the woods and waters meet.

R. O. K.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHERLESS.

WHEN I awoke next morning, rather late, I was suffering from a violent headache. Nan, who came into the room a moment afterwards, said I should remain in bed until it had worn away; she then went off for her infallible cure—brown paper steeped in vinegar—which she applied to my burning forehead, while Miss Thyme prepared for me a cup of strong tea. My stepmother paid me a visit in the course of the morning, bringing me an unsatisfactory account of my poor father, who had passed a restless night, and was suffering a great deal. She did not remain long, and, when going away, remarked with a smile, that I did not look very sick or as if I had much pain.

Charlie came into me a few times; but the restraint of the sick room was irksome to him and Victoria, and that common feeling between them I suppose drew them together for the day and made them the best of friends, as they enjoyed themselves at all sorts of noiseless games, while good-natured Florence remained by my side; she read to me, talked to me, and helped in many a way to alleviate my suffering. I was grateful for all these kind offices. I liked Florence, and I wished sincerely that our friendship might not end with my recovery.

My headache disappeared before evening; and when I had got up, I went in search of my stepmother to tell her that I wanted to see my father. I could not find her anywhere, but I met Dr. Ryan in the hall, and he said my father had been asking for Charlie and me, and that we ought to go to him. I answered that was exactly what I wanted to do, and I was now looking for my stepmother to get her permission. I went in search of Charlie then, and I found him and Victoria down at the lake, amusing themselves with the dogs. I told him my message; but he would not wait for anybody's permission to visit Papa, and started off at once for the house. I followed him, thinking that he had taken the matter very easily all day, and that he had not asked *me* if my headache were better; but boys are thoughtless creatures, rendered so (I felt sure) by their immunity from such petty illnesses as headaches, etc.

When we had reached our father's room, Charlie whispered, "go

in first, Meg, and be sure you do not remain long, or we might weary Papa."

Ah, Charlie, it was not Papa you wished to spare but yourself.

The room was darkened, and at first we could distinguish nothing but the bed, which we approached noiselessly. But judge of our surprise, when our stepmother, who we thought was out walking, rose up quickly from beside it, and in a whisper ordered us to go out again, and not to disturb our father. When he was able to see us, she would bring us to him. Not wishing to make a noise, we were about to obey her when my father spoke in a low, weak voice; he had evidently heard our parley.

"Who are those, Janet? If Charlie and Meg, let them come in; they will not disturb me, and I wish to see them."

We went gently over to the bedside and kissed our poor father, who was scarcely recognisable, so bruised and cut was his dear face. We did not remain long, and we spoke but little; we could not speak, indeed, for we were weeping all the time, and Mrs. Blake took advantage of that to send us away soon. During the evening afterwards Charlie was very quiet; he was in no humour for play, and spent nearly all his time sitting at one of the schoolroom windows pretending to read, for I am sure he did not even know what book he held in his hand, nor could he have made out its title if he had tried, for his eyes were filled with unshed tears, which must have spread a thick mist over every object he looked upon. My poor boy has always shrunk from suffering of every kind with (as I used to phrase it to him) an "un-christianlike horror"; his gay, thoughtless nature would make one think it was never intended that he should meet with sorrow, but his was one of those souls which require to pass through the purifying fire of affliction in order to be freed from their dross: if it were possible that he could have gone through life without meeting any of those trials and troubles which lie in wait for us all, he would have grown more selfish for himself, more thoughtless of others, less good and kind and true than (thank God) he is to-day.

Each day my father grew worse, yet he lingered much longer than the doctors had hoped, and we had many another chat with him, yet we were never able to have a few minutes all alone with him until the very last day. My stepmother accompanied by her two daughters went out for a drive rather late in the evening, and my father, who appeared to be improving, sent for us. Much to our surprise we found him sitting up in the bed, propped by pillows. I ran delightedly towards him, exclaiming:

"O Papa, I am so glad you are able to sit up. You will be soon quite well again. We are very lonely without you."

"My poor little one! And you are lonely without me. But tell me is not Charlie lonely? Does he not miss me as much as you, Meg?"

"O yes, yes, I do, Papa," Charlie hastened to answer, "I am very lonely too."

"My dear children, for your sakes, I hope I shall soon be better. But what would you do, tell me, if I were to go away to Heaven, please God, to join your mother?"

"O no, no, you must not die, you shall not leave us," I cried vehemently. "What would become of us? Who would care us or love us? We could not live without you."

Charlie, who had flung his arms around father's neck, was sobbing bitterly. "O Papa," he said, "why do you speak like that when you are getting better?"

"Well, my child, though I feel a little better to-day, I am afraid I shall never be well again. It is well you should know the worst; the doctors hold out no hope of my recovery; for years I have suffered from heart disease—my darlings, do not cry, it pains me. Listen to me now. It was because I feared a sudden and early death, that I gave you a second mother. I did not wish to leave you to the care of relatives, who are all perfect strangers to you, and who could not have cared for you, I thought, when I was gone; and, having led so secluded a life for years, I had no friends to whose guardianship I could commit you except Father Reilly and Dr. Ryan, and they are too old and have already too many other duties to perform, without being burdened with the responsibilities and cares of your guardianship. I am afraid now you do not care for your stepmother. I have noticed, with much anxiety, how you dislike her, and I have spent many weary days and nights on account of it. You misunderstand her, I know; but how can I convince you of that? You are prejudiced against her, why or how I cannot tell: you think she means to treat you badly, while she earnestly wishes to be good and kind to you. She has told me of her many efforts to gain your love and confidence; but you have always met her friendly overtures in an ungenerous spirit, and now she has almost despaired of ever winning your hearts. I know the girls are often thoughtless and perhaps ill-tempered, as children will be, as you yourselves have sometimes been; but if you were less reserved with them, and showed them more affection, they would be sure to return it. At any rate is it not a bad thing to visit the children's faults on the mother? I have never before spoken to you on this subject, and I hope, if I live, I shall not have to do so again; and if I die—O, my children, remember that nobody will be so near to you as your stepmother. Try to love

her if only for my sake, or for the sake of your own dear angel mother, who would surely wish you to do so, and show her that you will not be ungrateful for the interest she has always taken in you. I am tired"—and he sank back on the pillows, pale and exhausted. "Run away now. Kiss me. Good-bye, my darling children. God bless you, God bless you."

Those were his last words to us, that was the last time we saw him alive. When we got up next morning, we were told he was no more; he had passed away during the night. There was nobody present except Mrs. Blake and Miss Thyme, who were keeping watch that night; and so suddenly did the last change come on, that they were unable to call up anybody till the soul had left the poor worn body.

Again the same crowd of relations filled the house as at the time of my poor mother's death; coming and going through every room, peering curiously into every corner; criticising, talking, pitying, envying. Oh, how I hated them! Nowhere were we secure from them. They had the place all to themselves,—my stepmother spent the days between her room and my father's, while the girls, Charlie, and I rarely left the schoolroom; we hid and moped and wept there. Aunt Anna took upon herself all household cares. She was a kind-hearted creature, but a bit fussy and irritable; she and Uncle Stephen, and strangely enough Vincent Blake—who would be owner of our dear old home, should anything happen to Charlie—were the only members of that army of relatives and connections whom we cared for in the least. They were kind and considerate towards us.

Charlie went to the funeral with Uncle Stephen and Vincent Blake. I am afraid he did not show much sorrow then, not half the sorrow I knew he felt; but he should be excused, for he was very young, and funerals are very distracting, especially large, "showy" ones. One is likely to forget that it is one's parent, brother, or friend who is conveyed to the last, dark, narrow, resting-place when there are so many things to look at, so many people, so many familiar faces; one somehow comes to imagine that it is not a funeral at all. Charlie told me afterwards it was so with him; all the way to the graveyard, he kept looking out at the long string of vehicles which followed the hearse, and became so interested in watching them, and trying to make out the people he knew in that vast crowd that he scarcely once thought of the poor father he would never see again. Even when standing beside the newly opened grave, he could not bring himself to think that it was his father who lay stiff and cold in death within the coffin they were lowering into it. It was only when about to leave the cemetery and return home that the terrible reality forced itself upon him, and he was able to understand and

feel the void which would henceforth be in his life; then they could hardly tear him away from the grave or calm his storm of grief, which for many a day afterwards filled with pity the hearts of all who heard him.

After a very dismal dinner that evening, we all repaired to the library to hear the will read. Charlie and I were obliged to go with our elders, being the parties most concerned, though we understood so little about it, and would have been much better pleased to have been allowed to go quietly to bed. We seated ourselves in a recess between the windows from which we could watch everything that went on. My stepmother was the last to enter, and very stately and handsome, I remember, she looked in her widow's weeds, bearing herself as calmly as if a couple of dozen pairs of eyes were not bent upon her. She sat down beside us. Then Mr. Howard, who had been sitting near the fire, stood up and advanced towards the table at which sat Mr. Martyn, the family lawyer, handed him a sealed paper, saying: "This is the last will of my lamented friend, Mr. Charles Blake. It was made the day before his death. I drew it up. I am a solicitor. There was not time to send for you, sir. He refused to make it until almost the last moment, and then became so impatient to have it finished that he would not allow a moment's delay."

Mr. Martyn broke the seal, when a paper with some writing upon it, and another sealed packet, fell out. He took up the paper and read aloud:—

The enclosed sealed packet contains my last will, made and signed to-day in presence of my wife, Janet Stopford Blake, Egbert Henry Howard, Austin Moran and Alicia Thyme; but it is my wish that it shall not be opened and read until my son, Charles Kirwan Blake, completes his twenty-first year. I appoint the aforesaid Egbert Henry Howard and Janet Stopford Blake my executor and executrix and guardians of my children, Charles Kirwan Blake and Margaret MacMahon Blake, with full powers to act for them as they think best until the time mentioned above.

(Signed)

CHARLES KIRWAN BLAKE.

The whole of this was in my father's cramped and shaky handwriting, and dated the day before his death. I know this because I saw it then and often afterwards.

There was much discontent and disappointment visible on the countenances of nearly all those present during the reading of this document. Many of them thought that Mr. Martin might well get that paper set aside, as it was merely a sick and dying man's whimsical humour. Of course (they said) everybody knew before the principal dispositions;

the property being entailed should go to Charlie the next male heir, while my mother's fortune was long ago settled on me. Mr. Martin answered that it was necessary to respect the last wishes of the dead, and never with his consent would the will be read until the time mentioned in that paper. He at once handed the packet back to Mr. Howard, to whose keeping Papa had entrusted it; he did so rather ungraciously, for he resented his place having been taken by a comparative stranger; and no wonder, indeed, for he and his family had been always the legal advisers of my father and grandfather.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLIE GOES TO SCHOOL.

NEXT morning there was a general clearing out of all the funeral guests, except Aunt French and Uncle Stephen, who remained until the following day. They showed us great kindness and consoled with our step-mother, and they were the only persons she could bear to speak to during that day; but for all that, it was very apparent, they did not try much to hide it—that they were deeply disappointed over the will. They felt very much that my father should pass over his own near friends, and appoint as his executors two strangers, who could henceforth have no interest in his children: it was a slight, they said, which they did not deserve.

Before they left us next day, Aunt Anna called me into her room. "My dear Margaret, you must cease weeping. What is the good of all those tears? You are rebelling against the will of God, a wicked and foolish thing. My child, if you have lost a father, I have lost a brother, the only brother I had, and one I loved devotedly, one who was all the world to me, since my husband and son died. You look surprised, but I am speaking the truth: though I seldom came to see your father, and never made a show of my affection, yet I loved him tenderly. Poor dear Charles never knew it; he thought me too much taken up with myself to care very much about any one else. I regret now I was so reserved; had I been otherwise, things might be different from what they are to-day."

She paused, and for some minutes seemed lost in thought, and quite unconscious that I was by. It was so unexpected, so unlike her matter-of-fact, reserved manner that I could scarcely bring myself to believe she was my aunt at all. How imperfectly we know each other, or even ourselves! It is only when some great event, some calamity, or unexpected stroke of good fortune occurs, that we appear in our true light. Free, for the moment, through the shock

of either sorrow or joy, from the shackles of conventionality, we are a revelation to even our dearest friends. Some of us hide a warm and loving nature behind a cold, forbidding manner; why, it were difficult to say, unless it be that we all have a horror of appearing as we are—we will be either better or worse.

A few minutes later my aunt roused herself from her fit of abstraction, and with some of her old bluntness asked: "Do you know the provisions of the will, Margaret? or any of them? You don't? Could you not ascertain? Miss Thyme might know; she is one of the witnesses. I am anxious to know how you and Charlie are left. Of course, Stephen MacMahon says, Charlie must get the property into his hands when he is twenty-one, and you, your mother's fortune; but nobody knows if the one is unencumbered and the other is all kept together. Your poor father was bound in honour not to touch a penny of that, but"—

"You may be perfectly sure, Aunt Anna, that my father never did a dishonourable thing," I interrupted rather hotly, for young as I was I understood her. She looked at me curiously for a few seconds, and then continued:—

"I should be sorry to think he would; but he must have had some reason for not wishing the will to be read until that time. I never heard of such a case before, and I think we all acted wrongly in not insisting on Mr. Martyn reading it. But I suppose he would not have done it for us, he seemed obstinate enough. It was very foolish of your father not to have appointed some of his own family his executors; your Uncle Stephen and Vincent Blake would have been the proper persons. I think your father must not have known what he was doing when he wrote that paper, and I said so to your Uncle; but he answered me that the doctor saw him a few minutes after signing the deed, and he was then quite able to transact any business. Will you call Miss Thyme, Margaret dear? Perhaps she knows something about it."

Miss Thyme could tell nothing. Mr. Howard called her into the room that day to sign her name to a paper which he said was Mr. Blake's will; Mr. Howard showed her where to write it, and when she had finished she left the room, without hearing or seeing anything contained in the will.

My aunt on hearing this kept silence for some time, and then said in a low voice, as if speaking to herself:—

"There is some mystery, something wrong in this, and it ought not to be let rest. I wish I could find out what money has been left to that woman and her two daughters. A considerable sum I'm sure, which of course is kept out of those children's means. Mean-

while she has complete control of the property. What a fool Charles was!"

At this moment a servant opened the door and announced that lunch was ready in the library; thither we all repaired and found our stepmother before us. She looked very thin and pale, and seemed to have suffered a great deal.

Uncle Stephen had left very early in the morning, and immediately after lunch Aunt French prepared to go, as she had a drive of close on forty miles before her. When bidding us good-bye, she gave us some parting words of advice.

"My dear Meg and Charlie," she said, "Cahirebrough is a long and weary journey from this, and I am afraid I won't have the courage to undertake it often, so that I shall see you but seldom. I should like to take you home with me"—

"Ah, do, do take us, dear aunt," we both exclaimed together, "we should be so happy with you."

"But, my dears, when I suggested this to your stepmother she would not hear of it at all, and I may not take you without her leave; she will let you come for a few weeks in the summer."

"What right as she?"—I was beginning when my aunt interrupted me.

"Hush, Margaret, you ought to know that she now stands in the place of your own parents, she is your guardian, and she is responsible for your well-being, and you shall be, from this, responsible to her for all your actions. If you take my advice, dear children, you will, even for your own sakes, do nothing deliberately to displease or annoy her. She has complete control over you now, and nobody can interfere in her treatment of you. It is likely that Mr. Howard will have nothing to do with you, he will leave the whole management to her; he is hardly the man to neglect his own business and come all the way over here from England to look after yours. Give your stepmother no reason to be unkind to you; be obedient and submissive to her, and perhaps you will find that she is not so bad as we think. Her daughters seem to be nice girls—all I have seen of them—and they will be company to you, and, besides, you will have Miss Thyme and Nan. Do not weep any more for your poor father, but pray for him often. Now kiss me, my darlings, I must be going; you know what a journey I have before me. I shall expect to find you very good children when I come to see you again."

After she had left, we were very lonely; we wept and moped all day, and nothing that they could do or say would comfort us. But was that any wonder? In the evening we went with our stepmother and her daughters to visit our poor father's grave and place fresh

flowers upon it, and this we did nearly every day for a long time afterwards.

Mr. Howard remained for a week, he had so much work to do, so many arrangements to make as our guardian, that he could not get away sooner, but indeed we saw very little of him. Every moment of his day was taken up, and I am afraid we were rather glad of that; he was no favourite of ours.

Wearily and slowly the time passed for us, though it was the beautiful season of the year. O how wearily and slowly, those only who have suffered as we, can know! Every night we wished for the morning and every morning for the night, and each month we wished might be the following month, so much did we long to be at as great a distance as possible from the day when we were left fatherless, while we hoped and prayed that Time, the great healer, might lay his soothing hand upon our bruised and torn hearts; though he could not cure them, his magic touch could ease the pain and rob it of its bitterest sting.

For a short time we got on very happily with our stepmother, but it was for a short time indeed; she suddenly changed towards Charlie, while remaining the same to me; she found fault with everything he did and said, punished him very often for very slight causes, and altogether treated him very harshly and unjustly. I was much more saucy with her and not at all as obedient as he; yet she overlooked my faults, while she tried to prove him guilty of many things which he never did. She seemed to have taken a sudden and strange dislike to him. I resented her conduct towards him, but she took no notice of my behaviour, and seemed to wish to keep on friendly terms with me. She often consulted me, child though I was, on business matters. One day towards the end of August she sent for me. When I entered the library, I found her sitting on a low chair, beside one of the windows, with a bundle of letters in her lap; she beckoned me to come close to her, which I did reluctantly, and she caught my face between her hands and pulling me down to a level with herself pressed a kiss upon my forehead, then she made me sit on a stool at her feet and assuming her sweetest smile said:

"My dear Meg," that was the first time she called me Meg, "do you know that you are the most unselfish and the most affectionate of sisters? I have often watched you with Charlie, and have thought you more like a little mother than a sister. You love him dearly. You would like to see him grow up as true and perfect a gentleman as your father?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering what she meant by such a question.

"I am sure you would, and so should I; but there is no chance that he will, if things are allowed to go on as they are at present. His education is being neglected, for now he is too far advanced to continue any longer with Miss Tyme. The only thing is to send him away to some good school."

"Send Charlie to school! Surely you cannot mean that, step-mother."

"My dear child, could you not call me by some other name than that?"

I was very much surprised at this request, being too young to know why the name was offensive. I used it, thinking it was quite proper. One day, speaking to our maid, Bridget, I said that I did not know what to call Mrs. Blake; I could not, like her own daughters, call her mamma, as mine was in Heaven, and to nobody else could I give her name. Bridget answered that of course I was quite right in that; she was not my mamma, only my stepmother. I was going to tell her this when I recollected that it might get Bridget into blame, so I remained silent until she spoke again.

"Well, Margaret, you do not answer me. If you will not give me any dearer name, I must request that at any rate you will not call me 'stepmother.'" After a pause she continued. "Call me Mrs. Blake, Margaret, for the future—yourself and Charlie. And now about Charlie's education. You do not approve of the school scheme?"

"Oh! no; not at all. Charlie is much too young to go away from home. He would be lonely without us, and they would work him too hard and feed him too poorly." Wise little woman.

"That's all nonsense, child. You don't suppose I would send him anywhere except to a place in which I know he would be kindly treated; and as to being lonely, he would have forgotten us all in a week's time. I had a letter from Mr. Howard this morning, and he altogether agrees with me. He says I will not be doing my duty if I do not send Charlie away, and he recommends a very good school, where his own nephews were educated, about fifty miles from Liverpool; and I have made up my mind to write to the President to-morrow. I have written telling Mr. Howard so, and asking him to make all arrangements for Charlie's entrance when school re-opens. It is the most suitable that could be found, and being so near Mr. Howard, he can often visit Charlie there, and see how he is getting on."

This last ought to have consoled me, but it did not. I burst into tears when she had finished. I knew there was no use in saying anything; her mind was fully made up, and nothing on earth would alter her determination. That no words of mine or of anybody else

would have the least effect on her now I understood, and I rose from the stool on which I had been sitting and went out silently, feeling very sad and desolate. What, indeed, would my life be without Charlie in the many years he would be away?

"I think you are a foolish girl to grieve like this," was her parting shot as I was opening the door. "Charlie will not regret leaving you so much, and will forget you in a very short time."

Her words roused my temper, and I resolved never more to give her an opportunity of saying such things. I dried my eyes and ran upstairs singing, and calling Charlie that I might tell him the news. I found him in the school-room, and was amazed to see that he was neither wholly displeased, nor yet wholly pleased, with the project, when I expected he would get into a rage at the very mention of school. He was pleased at the novelty, at the thought of seeing strange places, of travelling in a railway train—a great thing in those days—of mixing and playing with boys of his own age, and especially of getting away from the hateful guardianship of Mrs. Blake; but he was afraid of the hard study, and of the confinement and restrictions of school life. However, the advantages quite outshone the disadvantages, and, being always used to look upon the bright side of things, he readily consented to go, and was in high spirits during the rest of the time at home, every day of which nearly was filled with preparations for his departure; and in the excitement even I quite forgot my tears, and was the brightest and gayest in the house, much to the surprise of all, but especially of my stepmother, who had feared much trouble and annoyance from me. She thought me a strange creature.

I kept my resolution well, and earned for myself the title of being hard-hearted, for I never after showed a sign of grief nor shed a tear, not even on the day that Charlie left, when, at the last moment, he utterly broke down. But, oh! how my poor heart suffered, dragged and torn with sorrow and loneliness, which my face must not show for many and many a day.

HOPE, JOY, AND MEMORY.

HOPE with the snowdrops came: we knew the green
 Would deepen in the forest day by day—
 That Spring's pale loveliness would soon give way
 To rose and lily in their glorious sheen,
 Vivid as gems that deck an eastern queen.
 Joy followed dancing on the summer ray,
 Singing to happy hearts his roundelay,
 Till we forgot how time must change the scene.
 Now, fading leaf, grey skies, and shortening days
 Tell that the autumn stealeth o'er the land,
 Lovely as dying sunsets to the last.
 Doth Memory weep upon Spring's moss-grown ways?
 Bid her with flying Hope join hand to hand—
 The heaven we pray for gives us back our Past.
 MARY GORGES.

THE SPHYNX OF THE SEA.

NOT to Egyptian sands alone belongs
 The storied Sphynx. Upon this mighty sea,
 Her *alter ego* bides eternally,
 And broods, inscrutable, o'er ancient wrongs.
 Deaf to the magic of the mermaids' songs,
 The minor music of the surge she hears:
 The roar of Neptune, the wind's thousand tongues,
 And shrieks of drowning men; yet guarded ears
 Send up no message to the stony eyes,
 That stare across the waves in blank repose.
 Though sun-kissed sails and dreary shipwrecks rise
 And fall, by turns—dumbly she sits. She knows
 Just where, in ocean's bed, the lost crew sleeps,
 Yet mutely cold, the sphynx her secret keeps.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Sea Isle City, N.J.

AN HOUR WITH THE HERMITS.

SILENT as a city of the dead is this old-world Cordoba, as we drive through its streets in the grey light of early dawn on our way to the mountains to visit the hermits who dwell there. One takes advantage of the stillness and absence of sunlight to admire its surroundings. There are mountains on nearly three sides, and on another the Guadalquivir flows past the old triumphal arch and other Moorish ruins. It amuses one to imagine what the spirit of one of the Musselmans would say to the changes effected by so many centuries in the cherished "Mesquita." Formerly it was entirely open, there being no doors whatever to the building; but, when the Christians got possession of it, the four hundred arches which formed the entrance were gradually closed, changing the outward appearance considerably.

There is an air of other times about the whole city, owing perhaps to the very narrow streets, and the strange houses which from the outside look like miserable cabins, and on entering very often are found to be like palaces. Some of the older streets are so narrow that three persons can scarcely walk abreast. This was done to keep off the rays of the sun. The windows are very small and deep set in the walls, which are extremely thick; and many of the houses have a "patio," which is a square garden in the centre, and into which all the rooms of the house open.

Now we leave the town behind, and, passing through a long avenue lined with trees, take the road to the mountains. Very soon we have to leave the comfortable carriage, and mount (some of us very unwillingly) uncomfortable-looking donkeys or mules. I prefer the former on the principle that the lower one's fall the less one's pride or bones are injured. We get into marching order and move on. In parts the path is almost perpendicular, and covered with great stones, causing the animals to stumble, and making us lie almost flat to keep from falling off. It makes me giddy to look back and see how high we are getting, or to keep one's steed from going, donkey-like, very near the edge. Oh, the horror of it when he does so, and one's legs are hanging over the side of some of the steepest declivities I have ever seen. At last I brave the laughs of the rest of the party, as they are easier to

bear than such uneasiness, and quietly sliding off, determine to finish the ascent on foot.

All inconveniences are atoned for now, as we stop for a little rest, by the magnificent view that stretches out below us. High up the mountain sides are gardens of olives, apples, plums, etc. The air is heavy with the perfume of the rosemary trees and other flowers of which there are great quantities. Down below the snow-white houses of Cordoba gleam in the rosy light of the now rising sun, which, shining on the fields of corn, make them look like glittering gold. Away in the distance are villages, scattered like sails over the ocean. Intense stillness prevails, broken only by the delicious song of the lark as he sends up his morning hymn of praise high above our heads.

One would like to linger longer and impress such a scene on one's mind; but, if we delay, we shall have the mid-day sun on our return journey; so, reluctantly we move on. After many circuitous turns we see higher still little white houses nestling like doves in the dark bushes. As we get nearer, we hear the tinkle of a bell calling the hermits to Mass, and have a good time to wait at a strange entrance-gate in which there is a turn where food is left for anyone wanting it. We amuse ourselves reading the names of former visitors scribbled over the place, and add our own with remarks. Presently we hear from within "*Ave Maria Purissima*," and having answered "*Sin pecado concibida*;" the permission from the bishop duly examined, we are allowed to enter.

A fat, jolly-looking little old man, clad in a brown habit, and with enormous shoes, opens the gate and goes before us up a long avenue lined with tall pine trees. At the end of this there is a large crucifix on a pedestal, in the centre of which is a skull and underneath is written in Spanish—

As you see, I myself saw.

As you see me, you shall be.

All ends here : think of this,

And sin you will not.

We come now to the main building, which consists of a chapel, library, infirmary, and the superior's house. The little chapel is very devotional, built in the shape of a cross; and round the principal altar are a multitude of pretty silver lamps, gifts of pious

visitors. Here one notices the absence of the dressed statues which prevail in all Spanish churches. At first one feels anything but devotional at seeing Our Lady in velvet and lace, with rings and a mantilla ; but by degrees, when one sees it is a way of showing respect, we begin to think it quite natural.

Kneeling at the foot of the little altar, so far away from the world and all its cares, so far away too from our Irish home and all who love us, the consoling thought comes forcibly to one's mind and touches one's heart, that we have still one Friend always near, and the same whether we seek Him here on the mountain tops, in far-off Australia, or in the "Isle of Saints;" and with a little prayer that He may guide and bless all our dear ones, however distant, and unite us once again as in the old days, we pass out to the grounds.

The master of novices comes to show the novitiate, which is still higher up the mountain (the novices must leave the world very far behind). It is a little house with only three rooms, the principal one where the novices sit and are taught some trade, carpentering generally, or how to make rosaries. There are many skulls about on the tables, in fact they are the most prominent article of furniture. We go to a brother's house, which is very small, with three little rooms ; a kitchen, where we have to stoop to enter, a bed-room, with a large board for a bed, and a tiny sitting-room, in each of which there are skulls. The novitiate lasts a year and a half. Strict silence is the rule ; the brothers never meet except at Mass, and have no communication whatever with each other. There is a turn in each cell where the dinner is left ; should it happen to be still there when the brother comes again, he enters to see what is wrong. If ill, the brother is brought to the infirmary. They go to rest at five in the evening and rise at twelve, and then pray till dawn, when work for the day begins. Each hermit has a garden with all sorts of fruit trees to till and mind. What is not required is sold, and the proceeds go to the common purse.

We pass on to the cemetery, in which, naturally, there are more skulls. The coffins are placed in drawers, the end turned out, and closed with a stone. It is a help to meditation, making them consider who shall be the next to be placed in the vacant places.

We try to get some information from the brother as to the

details of their life; but he is evidently used to that, and parries all our questions admirably. As a souvenir of our visit, we buy rosaries made by the brothers; and with mingled feelings of sadness and admiration, turn our steps again towards the world below. We pity these men who lead such austere lives with no companionship, none of the comforts, and scarcely the necessities of life; at the same time we cannot but admire their greatness of soul in being able so to break all human ties and devote their lives to praising God and praying for others and preparing themselves for the other world, which will last longer than this. They do well to go so high up the mountains, for it lifts their thoughts beyond the clouds so near them. But, all the same, a grateful feeling creeps over one, and we thank God for having asked us to serve Him in a different way, for having given us kind and good friends to help us by word or example up the rocky, and often-times dangerous path through life, and to warn us of the perils we are likely to meet on the way, and the best means to avoid them.

MARYBELLE MACAULAY.

WINGED WORDS

Man's best-directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

The moon, climbing overhead, and unobtrusively melting its disk into the azure, is like an ambitious demagogue, who hides his aspiring purpose by assuming the prevalent hue of popular sentiment.—*The same.*

How wild, how almost laughable, the fatality, and yet how continually it comes to pass, in this dull delirium of a world—that whosoever, and with however kindly a purpose, should come to help, they would be sure to help the strongest side! Might and wrong combined, like iron magnetized, are endowed with irresistible attraction.—*The same.*

Just as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.—*The same.*

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.—*George Eliot.*

If you were to make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come all the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say :—"It would have been better for me if I had never been born."—*The same.*

The will of God is the rule of right; never to depart from it is to enter into freedom—to be free. God makes His will known through our superiors. If then any one on earth is free, it is the soul that obeys always and entirely.—*Ellen Downing.*

I have great faith in suffering as an introduction to grace.—*The same.*

There is nothing so good in us that does not derive some advantage from being mortified.—*The same.*

The heaviest cross to a soul that loves God is that of a duty unfulfilled.—*The same.*

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

In one of these pigeonholes we enshrined an eloquent tribute to O'Connell, paid rather recently by Gladstone. Mr. Arthur Balfour, speaking at Dublin, in April, 1893, said : "The patriotism of Mr. O'Connell was doubtless a noble and disinterested passion." How many of Mr. Balfour's party said so in O'Connell's life-time? *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum* is all very well; but a man might desire a little fair-play before his death.

* * *

Some have a decided taste for works of supererogation, and some have a passion for duty. The last are far the best, but even the others are preferable to the people who, with perfect impartiality, neglect equally duties and works of supererogation, and who, instead of holy indifference, cultivate the indifference of insensibility, laziness, and stupidity.

* * *

One of those benevolent ladies and gentlemen who some short time ago assembled under the presidency of the Countess of

Gainsborough, in the drawing-room of her sister's house in Mountjoy Square, Dublin, to promote the Dublin Children's Fresh Air Association, might have ended his or her little speech by hoping that there would be no blasphemy, but a little poetry in imagining that the fresh country air, and the green fields, and the buttercups and daisies, and the sea breezes, adopted our Divine Lord's words in appealing to those present and to all who could help in their amiable and pious work: "Suffer the little children to come to us, and forbid them not, and we will give them a glimpse of heaven."

* * *

Our present Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., has expressed the old moral of time and eternity in these elegiac couplets:—

• Me non labentis perturbant gaudia vitæ :
 Aeternis inhians, nil peritura moror.
 Attingens patriam felix advena, felix
 Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

Me the joys of earth so fleeting do not trouble or surprise ;
 Yearning for the things eternal, things that perish I despise.
 Happy, happy is the exile to regain his native strand ;
 Happy, too, the storm-tossed sailor when his barque has reached the land.

* * *

In the *Century Magazine* for April, 1893, there are very interesting recollections of Tennyson, by John Addington Symonds, who has just died, before seeing his last Magazine article. He took excellent notes of an evening spent with the poet and Gladstone, whose wonderful knowledge and cleverness shine out through a somewhat unfavourable reporter. "Then about matter. Its incognizability puzzled him (Tennyson). 'I cannot form the least notion of a brick. I don't know what it is. It's no use talking about atoms, extension, colour, weight. I cannot penetrate the brick. But I have far more distinct ideas of God, of love, and of such emotions. I can sympathize with God in my own poor way. The human soul seems to me always in some way—how, we do not know—identical with God. That's the value of prayer. Prayer is like opening the sluices between the great ocean and our little channels.' "

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

UNDER the above general title the Baroness Burdett Coutts has edited, with a preface and notes, a series of papers by eminent writers on the philanthropic work of women. The collection, which has been compiled in connection with the Chicago Exhibition, fills a sumptuous royal octavo, and is published by Sampson Low, Marston and Company. The reports are all drawn up by women, amongst whom are such well-known names as Mrs. Molesworth (the author of many delightful tales for children), Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Miss Hesba Stretton, Mrs. George Augustus Sala, Mrs. John T. Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Mrs. Charles (authoress of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family") and other literary ladies, with several ladies not literary, like the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. There are some thirty-four papers in all, many of them extremely well written, like Mrs. Molesworth's "Food, Fun, and Fresh Air for the Little Ones." In her introductory poem, Mrs. Alexander recalls

"The living Love that walked of yore
Where Hermon stood and Jordan leaped
Against his vine-empurpled shore;
That thrilled a slumbering world and broke
The chain that fettered woman's life,
And to a nobler purpose woke
Her,—toy of ease, or cause of strife.
The beauty and the strength He gave,
The love refined that shed the nard,
The courage that could watch His grave
Regardless of the Roman guard.
And still she holds her precious gifts,
Hath smiles to cheer, and charm to win,
The heart that feels, the hand that lifts,
The foot that seeks the haunts of sin."

We are not sure of more than two Catholics among the contributors; but there are no traces of a disposition to ignore the efforts of Catholic philanthropy. For instance, when Mrs.

Charles describes very prettily a certain institution, "Friedenheim or Home of Peace for the Dying," established six years ago near London, the Baroness Burdett Coutts takes care to add in a note that "there is also a hospice for the Dying in Dublin, of which a touching account is given by Mrs. Gilbert at the close of her paper 'on the Philanthropic Work of Women in Ireland.'" And in her own paper on Woman the Missionary of Industry, the Baroness gives great prominence to the efforts of an Irish Sister of Charity, Mrs. Morrough Bernard, to procure industrial employment for the poor girls at Foxford. Miss Emily Janes, who is the Organizing Secretary of the National Union of Women Workers, at the outset of her paper on Associated Work, does not pretend that this is a modern invention, but alludes to what the Old Church had always been doing.

Let us give precedence to the oldest organized bodies of women workers among us. Let us think for a moment of the memories clustering round the names of St. Theresa, of St. Catharine of Siena, of religious orders like that of St. Vincent de Paul. They are among us now, these Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Nuns of the Good Shepherd, Faithful Companions of Jesus, and members of other religious orders—some three thousand in number in England and Scotland—who, with unswerving fidelity to their traditions, teach the poor, the orphan, the blind, and the deaf and dumb, and tend the sick, the convalescent, and the insane. If, as one shrewd observer calculates, but one in ten of the members of a sisterhood is competent to do more than carry out directions given by the organizing head, the remaining nine-tenths being unfit even for so much as that without incessant supervision and advice, one can but admire the more the results gained by continuity and rule. The educational standard of the Loretto Nuns is of the highest; the care of the aged poor by "The Little Sisters" worthy of all praise; and the industrial and reformatory schools managed by other sisterhoods satisfy even our Government inspectors, men who know nor fear nor favour. It is evident that each sisterhood must have a due proportion of women with force of character, mental power, and capacity for rule; that, in community life, the average woman can be trained to much usefulness; and that, far from offering a dreary uniformity of experience, it affords scope for great diversity of operations and for the development of individual gifts.

But these sisterhoods are more or less exotic among us. The Church of England, instead of applying correction and direction,

suppressed the religious orders at the Reformation. "No fact in modern history is more deeply to be deplored," says Mr. Lecky,* who is not to be suspected of any ecclesiastical bias.

May God bless and reward all these good ladies, who try to help the poor and suffering of all classes, respecting the faith of any poor Catholics they encounter. But we shall be pardoned for taking a special interest in our own Catholic institutions. Let us, therefore, give some extracts from Miss Mulholland's paper, which, however, is not confined to Catholic work. Here is her account of the Blind Asylum at Merrion, near Dublin.

One hundred and sixty blind inmates, from mites of three years to grandmothers of eighty, receive the constant care of the sisters, and form a large and happy household. They are taught all that it is possible to teach the blind, and their tasks are so pleasantly mingled with recreation and amusement that, having spent some time among them, one is inclined to wonder if blindness be a great affliction under such circumstances. There is an air of refinement and a gentle mirth about them all, especially remarkable in the little children. These small creatures receive the visitor with a tender confidence which shows how they are accustomed to caresses, and come waving their little arms towards one, with that peculiar and piteous movement of a sightless child, asking with their soft and musical voices for permission to "see" the stranger. The music cultivated by the blind women and girls is delightful. Several harps and pianos stand at the end of a great hall, with the aid of which really fine musical entertainments are given. All who have voices sing over their knitting and sewing, others tell stories or recite poetry in the intervals of lively conversation. There remains on my memory one pathetic face, a blind face at the organ in the chapel. A girl was there, solitary, practising sacred music; she could not see us come in, and thought herself alone. It was a grey face, with no beauty but the expression, which told how the soul in darkness was thrilled and comforted by the solemn strains evoked by her hands. Another sight to remember was that of three blind women walking quickly, arm in arm, with their heads bent down—walking in the dark along a path in the light. Their peculiar swift movement of three as one, gave them the look of being driven along by a wind. These sightless scholars are taught reading and writing in the Braille characters, history, grammar, geography, type-writing, needlework; and music, vocal and of many instruments. Under the same roof the Sisters

* Lecky's "History of European Morals," vol. ii. p. 370.

have an industrial school, a training school for girls from sixteen to eighteen years old, a hand-sewing industry where exquisite under-clothing for ladies is made up; in all a family of four hundred souls. The Sisters of Charity also maintain, near Cork, a similar institution for the blind.

We must conclude with the "touching account" to which the Baroness Burdett Coutts referred in a former quotation—the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross, Dublin.

It is not a hospital, for no one comes here expecting to be cured, nor is it a home for incurables, as the patients do not look forward to spending years in the place. It is simple a "hospice," where those are received who have very soon to die, and who know not where to lay their weary heads. The low, red-tiled passages and corridors of the old house have suggestions under their broad-beamed roof, quite unlike Mr. Henley's abode of suffering—

"Cold, naked, clean, half-workhouse and half-jail."

Walking through the pleasantly coloured wards and rooms, one cannot but think that any creature might desire the boon of dying here; but the Irish poor, whose spiritual yearnings are so intense, and who are in this place surrounded by religious consolations, find in it a foretaste to heaven. "I had been," says a visitor to the hospice, "for some minutes kneeling in the beautiful mortuary chapel, where fresh flowers are always blooming, before I perceived two figures extended on marble rests on either side of the altar, as the effigies lie that have lain so for centuries. Yet no sculpture ever possessed the beauty and sweetness of the figures I here saw: a man in the full maturity of youth, with dark hair and brown beard and handsome stately features; a little girl, whose deep-fringed eyelids were closed over eyes that shone blue through the covering. Both had the same ineffable smile on their features, the look of having learned the secret of happiness, and of knowing themselves safe with God." A charity which concerns itself with the dying appeals almost more than any other to the naked human heart—the heart of man stripped of all its conventional surroundings, and surprised behind all its barricades. Living poverty and suffering may be kept out of sight, but death comes to all, and no one can feel sure of what his circumstances and needs will be in his own supreme hour. Sympathy that springs from a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is shown by the gifts that drop in to help this completely foundationless, and, in one sense, unprovided charity, which looks for its manna direct from the heavens. Bequests from those who, in the straits of

their own soul's passage, remember this pathetic labour of the Sisters of Charity, help occasionally, like the back-reaching of friendly hands; and the poor themselves often contribute a mite to the work, feeling that should destitution overtake them in the end, they may yet hope to lie in the Nuns' Chapel before the earth receives them;—ere Nature begins to weave her veils of grass and dew over the weary heart's undisturbable slumber."

There is many a touching Charity Sermon lying latent (and not very latent) between the covers of this splendid volume. The benevolent lady to whom we owe it is dear to Ireland for her long-continued exertions on behalf of the poor fishermen of Cape Clear and Baltimore. She has surely derived more happiness from such investments of her inherited wealth than if she had wasted it on selfish amusements or the silly extravagance of fashion. Her present work will reveal to many of her sex that "woman's mission" embraces many better things than the eternal dressing, visiting, gossiping, tennis-playing, tea-drinking, and all the implacable swarm of "*devoirs parasites qui pullulent autour de nos tasses de thé.*"

M. R.

NO BARD IS HE!

A TRUE Bard should live in a secret bower,
 And only appear at twilight's dim hour;
 Should stand on a rock with an outstretched hand,
 Or gloomily face the sea-fretted sand;
 He should turn away with a stifled sigh
 When he meets the stare of my prosy eye,
 And, like Siam's King* or the cuckoo bird,
 Should be seen by few, though by all men heard.
 But a Bard who is mystic
 Only just in a distich,
 A Bard whom at lunch one constantly meets,
 A Bard that will stop to chat in the streets,
 Ah me! ah me!
 No Bard is he.

* In Siam it is etiquette for the King not to be seen but to scream very loud when speaking.

A Bard should be clad in a vesture sad,
 With a trailing cloak of a somber hue ;
 His hair should be long—more so than his song—
 And his collar limp, and his tie askew.
 If a Bard wears hats like yours and like mine,
 For him shall the muse no laurel entwine ;
 If he dons dittos—and dittos of cheek—
 'Tis clear that of fame he doesn't much reck.

Ah me ! ah me !
 No Bard is he.

A Bard should be fed on feelings that thrill,
 And drink to us all with only his quill ;
 To me, who write prose, 'tis a sad surprise
 When at dinner he with aldermen vies ;
 Alas ! and alack ! my heart's full of grief
 If ambrosia to him is only beef,
 And I don't think much of his lyric song
 When I find that he likes his nectar strong.

If he'd eat galore,
 Let him close his door ;
 For no Bard is a Bard to his wife, I ween—
 But if by the world that Bard should be seen,
 Ah me ! ah me !
 No Bard is he.

A true Bard should sell—that is if he can,
 A Bard that can't sell we all reprehend ;
 But let him not tell to a woman or man
 How he 'vests the dross his publishers send.
 He may talk of gold in his Lesbia's hair,
 But not of his gold in stock and share.
 A Bard with a book in a British bank
 Is a Bard whose books will not highly rank.

Ah me ! ah me !
 No Bard is he.

FRANK PENTRILL.

MORE RELICS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

OUR Magazine has had the privilege of publishing for the first time several deeply interesting letters of Cardinal Newman. Those letters were addressed for the most part to Dr. Russell of Maynooth, among whose "Memorial Notes" they naturally found their place (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. XX. pp. 485, 532, 594). But a few other autographs of the great convert remain in our hands, and we may join them with some particulars that concern him. For instance we happen to have unpublished accounts of the impression that John Henry Newman made at a first interview at two widely separated periods of his life. The first witness is Dr. Daniel MacCarthy, who died bishop of Kerry, but who at the time to which we refer was Professor of Rhetoric in Maynooth College. He kept a very economical diary, which the Rev. D. O'Loan, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in that College, has allowed us to inspect. Here is what he says of Dr. Newman, under the date of May 17th, 1852.

"We had a visit from the celebrated Oratorian, Dr. Newman. It must be admitted that there is no man of our time who has attracted so much public notice. His reputation as a scholar in the University of Oxford, his urbanity, and the unblemished life which he has led, made his conversion the most remarkable event perhaps of this century. I do not speak of the notoriety which some of the worst rascals in England have earned by heading revolutions and subverting society. Of true earthly fame more has fallen to the humble-minded Oratorian than is likely to be the lot of most men now living. His accent, as might be expected, is fully English, and his manner is so too; but his mortified appearance bears no trace of John Bull's rotundity. He is pale, careworn, and meditative, with long, hooked nose, sunken cheeks, and high forehead—neither grey nor bald nor old-looking, but with the experience of ages imprinted on his thoughtful brow. In height about five feet nine inches, and a little stooped, so as to suggest the idea of a tall man worn and bent with toil."

Nearly thirty years later a young Irish Jesuit, now well known in Calcutta as the Rev. Vincent Naish, but then only preparing for the priesthood, made a pilgrimage to Edgbaston in October,

1880. Writing home to one of his Irish *confrères*, he gave the following account of his reception at the Birmingham Oratory.

"I had set my heart on getting Cardinal Newman's blessing, and not merely did he give me that but talked to me most kindly for twenty minutes. Then his secretary, Father Neville, invited me to spend the day (Sunday) and to dine at the Oratory. After dinner I had the chair next the Cardinal for the whole hour of recreation. Was I not to be envied? I cannot describe to you his charm of manner and the beautiful simplicity and *homeliness* of his conversation. He made me feel quite at home, spoke most feelingly and beautifully of Father O'Reilly, asked for Father Curtis, and especially spoke of the many 'dear friends he had amongst the Jesuits.' He asked about Stonyhurst, wanted to know how it came into our hands. When I told him the story, he was especially struck by the poisoning of the poor little Shirburn. 'Dear me, yew berries? Are these the same as juniper berries? I remember I used eat a quantity of juniper berries when I was a boy.' When he heard that I was going on to Oxford, he told me to be sure to go up to the top of the Radcliff Library, and described the view I should have from the top. I can never forget his kindness,—especially it was so thorough. I had begged his secretary, who met me first, not to ask the Cardinal to receive me if it would be any inconvenience, saying that I had much rather forego the pleasure than give his Eminence trouble. But Father Neville insisted on my seeing him, assuring me that it would not be anything of the sort. I can never forget the tone in which he said when I was leaving: 'God bless you and give you success in your studies and in after life.' He is still much interested in Ireland. He said that he had hoped to do something for young Catholics studying in Dublin by the Lectures, etc. at the Catholic University. He also praised the study of science—'the works of God bringing us near God'—when undertaken with proper guidance. The tears seemed to come into his eyes for a moment when I showed him a copy of the Grammar of Assent which my brother Redmond had lent me—all scored with marginal marks and references, evidencing close study and frequent reading. I need hardly tell you I felt very moist all through this interview. I spent a couple of hours rummaging through his library. It is a very fine one. What specially interested me were his volumes of 'Collections,' a great number of volumes of the Pamphlets he has

received bound up together : e. g. one from Pusey 'to dear Newman with E. B. Pusey's fond love,' etc., etc., and especially Dr. Ward's attack on Ryder of the Oratory with (I think*) Newman's marginal remarks in pencil, *Concedo, nego*, "oh!" "awfully artificial," There is also in this library an unfinished work of Hurrell Froude's continued, (where broken off) in Newman's own hand-writing.

"Some more odds and ends about my pilgrimage to Edgbaston. Cardinal Newman wears the black Oratorian cassock with scarlet sash, scarlet stockings, and scarlet biretta and calotte—well below which and all across his forehead *lies* the hair of that exquisite silver white colour and silky texture. Altogether his appearance is strikingly picturesque. A poor Irishman, whom I picked up at Shrewsbury, and who had been on one of the deputations to Newman, described the appearance splendidly. 'You'd think, sir, he never put a comb near it.' The Birmingham people still call him 'Dr. Newman.' His own community call him nothing but Father, and speak of him only as 'the Father,' and he himself does not seem at all anxious to be Eminenced. I was told that his first convert in Birmingham—a woman in humble circumstances—knitted him a pair of enormously long stockings, more like drawers, 'to keep the dear old man warm.' The Cardinal, finding them waiting for him on his return from Rome would do nothing before trying them on, and found them so comfortable that he discarded the elegant shorter articles and ordered the old woman to knit him several pairs. I cannot think of anything more to say except that Newman's photos are very like him, especially that one which gives you a large front face (with the hair all tossed) and scarcely anything more than the head. His eye at first had *exactly* the appearance it has in the photo, cold and meditative and looking far into space or rather (I suppose) heaven; but after a while when he talks to you it gets wonderfully kind and tender. His voice has a tone I never heard before. I can only describe it as exquisitely sympathetic. He gets about nimbly, and though much bent seems far from broken. I sat within a yard of him whilst at dinner, with no person between. He has a little table to himself, and says grace (the same as ours) for his community. I was glad to see that he ate with very good

* Wrongly. "Newman never wrote 'awfully artificial,'" said the late Judge O'Hagan.—*Ed. J. M.*

appetite. The people at Birmingham look on him as a Saint. I was told that he still fetches his water for himself in the morning, and would not give up his old cassock which was very far gone. Just imagine!—I mentioned Father Grene's old Irish Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and at once he said he had heard of it, and, when I produced a copy, asked me '*Could I spare it?*' he would be so glad to have it.' It is easy to realize how pride is left in us after meeting a Newman. I think I have told you all I can remember about my visit. I spent two days at Oxford. It far surpassed all I could have expected. What struck me most was the enormous number of relics of Catholic times which now are carefully restored when they get decayed. They threw a perfectly new light on the *Apologia*."

The earliest of Cardinal Newman's letters in our possession which we have not before put into print is the following, which refers to the Rev. Dr. Matthew Kelly, of Maynooth. The Rev. Dr. James Gartlan, mentioned in the second letter, was for a time Vice-Rector of the Catholic University. He had previously been Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca. He was brother of Dr. John Gartlan, of Dundalk, an excellent physician and an excellent man, and cousin of Peter McEvoy Gartlan, who has been already named in this Magazine in connection with the Irish State Trials of 1844.

6 Harcourt St., Oct. 27, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—Here I am after all. I found if I did not come now I might not be able to come at all. And your account of Dr. Kelly was so sad that it led me to doubt if he would be fit for such conversation as I had proposed with him for a long time.

Therefore, if you please, I will come over to you now, and will bring my dear brother, Father Flanagan, of our Oratory, with me. As to the day, since I have only just come and don't know my engagements yet, I cannot say. It will either be Friday or Saturday. If they allow me to stop with you Monday, I shall not be able to come till Saturday. If I come on Friday, I shall leave you after Mass on Monday. Excuse this freedom, and believe me,

Ever yours affectionately in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.

The Oratory, Birmingham, Dec. 4, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—Thank you for your friendly letter. I

had already answered Dr. Gartlan, who most kindly announced to me his arrival in Dublin.

It is now twenty months since I acquainted the bishops of Ireland individually of my proposed resignation of the Rectorship, naming the day, Nov. 14, 1857.

I kept it on a year longer to give the Archbishop time to make arrangements. I resigned absolutely last November 12.

If you care to see the state of the case, Mr. Ormsby will give you a sight of three documents of mine which are in his possession.

I am, my dear Dr. Russell, yours affectionately in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory.

The first autograph of the great Oratorian that came into my possession was a little note sent by him to Father Bernard Mooney, the good P.P. of Rostrevor, who evidently had tried to get him to preach at the opening of his beautiful new Church, and for whom Dr. Newman tried to get as his substitute Dr. Anderdon (not yet S.J.) This also failed, and the note ended with "but don't despair—something will turn up." I remember labelling this autograph with the remark "the greatest man on earth, I think." Twenty years later, and also twenty years ago, I had the audacity to suggest that perhaps some crumbs falling from the Master's table might be given to a little sixpenny Magazine that had just been started in Dublin. Here was the Master's kind "No."

Rednall, Nov. 6, 1873.

DEAR FR. RUSSELL,—I thank you for the compliment you pay me in wishing me to associate myself with such persons as the President of Maynooth and Father Reilly in the pages of your Magazine.

It seems as if I did not feel it, if I return a negative answer to your proposal, but I am obliged to do so. I am now too old for such engagements and suppose I shall not write anything more except under some unforeseen and urgent stress of duty.

Pray accept this excuse, and believe me to be

Yours faithfully in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

While preparing for the press a little book of Eucharistic Verses called "Emmanuel," I asked Cardinal Newman's leave to use one of his poems in the appendix, which was to include some beautiful things on the same subject by Denis Florence MacCarthy, Judge O'Hagan, and others. His poem was called

"The Last Sacraments," but in *Verses on Various Occasions* it appears under the title of *Hora Novissima*. I seem to have begged for as direct an allusion to the last communion as there is to the last confession; but I did not know that the date of composition was June 22nd, 1833, when the poet was in two senses "At Sea." Dr. Newman does not throw the blame of his vagueness on this circumstance. The reading that he liked least seemed to have been left unchanged in subsequent editions.

The Oratory, April 30, 1878.

DEAR FR. RUSSELL.—I thank you for the compliment you pay me, and readily give you the permission you ask to insert my verses in your collection.

I have not a copy of my volume containing them here (at Rednall) but in my meaning I have included the Blessed Sacrament in them. "And let the Cross beside my bed in its due emblems rest." By "due emblems" I meant the consecrated species. As some of the Fathers I think, call them "symbols" you may print "in its due Symbols rest," if you think it better, with a large S. I thought it allowable in poetry to use a figurative or mystical word by way of reverence.

I grieve deeply to hear from another friend as well as from you, that the dear President is not yet recovered.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, May 5, 1878.

MY DEAR FR. RUSSELL.—My bad memory has put you to some trouble, for which I am very sorry.

I find I have published both "dread Presence," "due emblems," and "due Symbols." I don't like "emblems"; but, please, take the trouble of deciding between the other two. I think I prefer "dread Presence."

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The following letter was written at a time when Dr. Russell was trying to resume work after the fatal accident, from which he never really recovered though he survived it three years.

The Oratory, Oct. 13th, 1878.

MY DEAR FR. RUSSELL—Miss Cope has let me see a letter of yours to her, which answers an inquiry about your uncle, about whom I should otherwise have troubled you. But it tells me all I wanted

to know, and I am very thankful to think that it is so satisfactory. But, knowing what an absorbing occupation and what anxious effort it must be to calendar important documents, I do hope some one will be near him lest he should do too much. Also in winter, with short days and inclement, he cannot balance his indoors work with air and exercise.

When you write to him, will you say that I have not written to him lest I should be provoking an answer from him—but that I don't and will not (please God) forget him.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

More than a year after Dr. Russell's death, his illustrious friend sent me the following letter, which is the last of my present collection. At the end of the preceding year he had in his own gracious way acknowledged a little volume of verses called *Erin* by a picture-card of flowers and New Year wishes, and these good-natured words written on the back of it, dated *Christmas Day*, 1880. "Thanks for your poems which so pleased and interested me that I almost read the volume through at one sitting."

Birmingham, Nov. 6th, 1881.

DEAR FR. RUSSELL—Your letter, as all that you write to me, is full of kind feeling towards me. What you tell me of Mrs. O'Hagan is of a like character and touches me nearly.

Of course the Judge is much in my thoughts just now. I hope his health will stand what must be a trial, soul and body. But he is in a position as singular and rare as it is high. All judges are, to use St. Paul's word, "ministers of God"; but he, as being brought forward on so great and critical an occasion, is especially and emphatically the dispenser of at once justice and mercy. I pray God that the measure, of which he is the representative, may issue in a large blessing to Ireland.

Dr. Russell was never a correspondent of mine, though every now and then letters passed between us. His letters were generally to the effect that he was coming to England, or passing near Birmingham on a certain day, and could I give him a night's lodging?—which I was very glad to do. On these occasions we conversed together for long hours. This superseded correspondence.

I send you his three last letters to me; also your own on his death. My eyes are so bad that I am more surprised that I have been able

to put my hands on these than that I have not yet found Judge O'Hagan's.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

I naturally showed this letter to Judge O'Hagan, and I find a letter of his pinned to it. "I return the Cardinal's letter. As you may well believe, I could not fail to be deeply touched by it and by the interest in me which he manifests. God bless him. I also enclose Father Bridgett's letter, which is pleasant and kindly, as everything that emanates from him."

Let me close this paper with an item which does not properly belong to it. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, has always shown his veneration for Cardinal Newman, though he has not followed him so closely as his brother, Father Henry Coleridge, who has just followed him to heaven, as, in our conviction of the holiness of both, we may confidently pray and hope. As late as July, 1890, Lord Coleridge published in *The New Review* a lecture on *Thinking for Ourselves*, in which occurs the following passage, the beginning of which might remind one of a famous little phrase of St. Francis of Assisi, "Dio ed Io :"—

"The time will come when 'we shall perceive—I use the words of a great living writer—that there are but two beings in the whole universe, our own soul and the God who made it. Sublime, unlooked-for doctrine, yet most true ! To every one of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God ; for as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honours and cares, its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitude of busy slaves—what are they to us ? Nothing ; no more than a show. Even those near and dear, our friends and kinsfolk, whom we do right to love, they cannot get at our souls or enter into our thoughts, so that even they vanish before the clear vision we have, first of our own existence, next of the presence of the great God in us and over us as our Governor and Judge, who dwells in us by our conscience, which is His representative.'"

After this weighty quotation Lord Coleridge went on to say : "You will easily guess where these words come from. Raffaele is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo ; there are scores of men, I know—there are hundreds and thousands, I believe—who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman."

AN EXILED WIDOW'S REQUEST.

“YES, indeed, I know I'm dying.
 Dying, Bridget, sure and slow ;
 But, *macourneen*, cease your crying—
 God knows I'm not loath to go ;
 Though 'tis true that I would rather,
 Had it been God's blessed will,
 Sleep in death beside your father
 On Knockinahon's holy hill.

“Neither lettered stone nor marble
 Marks his lonely narrow bed,
 But the song-birds sweetly warble
 From the yew-tree at his head ;
 And the wind, an unseen singer,
 Chants in mournful key and low ;
 O'er his heart the sunbeams linger,
 And the darling shamrocks grow.

“And I'm sure the neighbours ever
 Pray for him the while they pass
 By the path along the river
 When the bell invites to mass.
 And now, Bridget, don't be grieving,
 But attend to what I say,
 For a serious charge I'm leaving
 In your hands this very day.

“Many a time when I was kneeling
 In the grandest churches here
 With the organ's music pealing
 To God's glory sweet and clear,
 I have felt, though poor and lowly
 The old church at home may be,
 Prayers arose in it more holy.
 Hearts were nearer God, *machree*.

“So because of that strange notion
 That against my wish will come—
 When I'm dead, write o'er the ocean
 To the parish priest at home ;
 And mind, Bridget, beg sincerely
 For his prayers, and people's too,
 For the mother you loved dearly,
 Once the wife of Pat Mulgrew.”

IN MEMORY OF A NOBLE IRISHWOMAN.

ON the 8th of July, 1893, the earthly life closed of Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, of Dublin. Except another, who was almost one with her, she was from the very beginning the most faithful and devoted benefactress of this Magazine, which will deem it a duty and a privilege to preserve hereafter some record of her very various life-work. We shall be able, for instance, to identify on her own authority her numerous anonymous contributions to *The Irish Quarterly Review*, *The Month* (London), *The Nation*, *The Freeman's Journal*. &c. But, writing before her *Month's Mind* has come round, we do not care to enter into such details. We prefer, for the present, to repeat here two tributes which will be, we are sure, not less welcome but more welcome to those of our readers who have already seen them in the columns of *The Freeman's Journal* and of *The Irish Independent*. The anonymous writers of them will, we trust, forgive us if we thank for the first Mrs. John T. Gilbert, and for the second Mrs. Hinkson, better known to our readers as Rosa Mulholland and Katharine Tynan.

I.

There has lately departed from among us, without much public notice of the fact, a truly remarkable Irishwoman. Mrs. Sarah Atkinson was known by many to be the author of the "Life of Mary Aikenhead," a work of much importance to the literature of the Irish people, dealing as it does with their condition at a critical moment in our history. After the abatement of the rigours of the penal laws the people were in so crushed and suffering a state as to arouse the compassion and helpful energies of Dr. Daniel Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin, and of the strong-hearted Mary Aikenhead; and these two together laid the foundation of the Order of the Irish Sisters of Charity, whose beneficial works for the general community have long since been recognised by every class and creed. With great labour Mrs Atkinson gathered her materials for the life of its foundress; not alone from books and the archives of the order, but from the lips of old people whose lively recollections of the hard times long ago, and the hope and help called into existence by the movement of the new order, and whose anecdotes of the details of the enterprise, illustrating the characters and personalities of its brave directors, give exceeding brightness and individuality to a book which is, indeed, much more than a mere biography. The able sketch of the penal

days, which forms the introduction to the "Life," has been highly esteemed by Mr. Lecky and other distinguished critics, and leads the reader well up to the hour when Mary Aikenhead, the young and charming daughter of a Cork Physician, vowed away her whole future to the task of healing the wounds of body and soul under which her poor fellow-countrymen and women were at the time groaning. Mrs. Atkinson rendered many other valuable services to Irish literature. Her biographical sketches of John Hogan, the sculptor, and Eugene O'Curry, the Celtic scholar, are invaluable records of these eminent Irishmen, and both are enriched with true touches of nature, passages of real eloquence, and flashes of native humour. In the "Life of St. Brigid," published by the London Catholic Truth Society, the departed authoress has brought together all the floating history and legend connected with our National Saint, a by no means easy task, as the outlines, however noble and beautiful, of the story of her who burned the holy fire among the oak woods of Kildare, are rather remote and vague for distinct portraiture. Mrs. Atkinson's essay on "Irish Wool and Woollens" attracted particular notice when it appeared in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, and was afterwards circulated in pamphlet form in England, as well as in Ireland.

While accomplishing, as we have seen, much literary work, she also devoted her energies largely to active and generous service among the poor. The young and old were her especial care, and from the girl beginning life under difficulties, in need of a wise head and strong hand to steady and guide her, to the poor old woman wearing out life painfully in garret or cellar, many now ask of God, with tears, where such another can be found to take her place. Under her, as head, a very large society for religious and social help, with a lending library attached (in connection with the Church of St. Francis Xavier in Gardiner street) has long held its place, increasing in numbers and sphere of usefulness from year to year, and in our shops, warehouses and factories, many girls and women are leading their lives in the following of a high ideal for which, in this society, they first gathered inspiration and courage. Mrs. Atkinson was a constant visitor in our hospitals, bringing along with the comforting smile of her beautiful eyes and the strengthening promise on her grave brows, material as well as spiritual help to the sufferer. Long years ago, in concert with the late Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, she effected an opening into the South Dublin Union Workhouse, such houses having been then rigidly closed against all visitors, and, acting together, these ladies rescued, and trained into useful members of society, a number of young women who had grown up from infancy, idle and unruly, behind the walls of that most hopeless of all dwellings—the Irish

poorhouse. Some account of this noble effort of Mrs. Atkinson and Mrs. Woodlock to struggle with a deadly evil is given in the book just published by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, entitled "*Woman's Mission.*" In 1861 Mrs. Atkinson contributed to the readings before the Social Science Congress, which met in Dublin in that year, a paper on the subject of the workhouse evils and the need for industrial training, such matters being at that time little thought of save by a comparatively few.

Throughout life Mrs. Atkinson was remarkable for her desire to remain personally hidden behind the work she did, even more than for her brilliant talents, masculine breadth of mind and intellectual powers, and the womanly tenderness of her capacious heart. All her literary works were published anonymously, all her charitable acts done with extraordinary unobtrusiveness, when not absolutely in secret.

Hers was a unique personality, difficult to describe, and its influence was felt by those who came in contact with her to be even greater than all her works—an influence subtle, sweet, pungent and penetrating, like the fragrance of the jasmine flower growing around her windows and sweetening her home. All the virtues usually found separate met in her, for she was strong, yet tender; ardent, yet wonderfully prudent; sensitive and deep-feeling, yet most gentle and enduringly patient. Her serious aspect—a sort of natural, unconscious majesty of demeanour—might for a moment slightly awe the stranger, till the ready, radiant smile, playful words, and sweet and easy laughter, surprised and delighted the imagination and captivated the heart. Though ever full of serious intention, she had a deep source of rich humour within her, always sparkling and flowing for the refreshment of those within its reach. "To love her was a liberal education." The beauty of her face was not to be described. Ruskin suggests something like it in "*Sesame and Lilies,*" when, having quoted the lines—

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,

he says—

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's face can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise—opening always—modest at once and bright, with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise."

A cloister-like peace and order pervaded her home, in which there was besides always an atmosphere of generous and genial hospitality and innocent mirth. One most willingly thinks of her there, at her desk among her chosen surroundings, freshly arranged flowers, a few choice pictures, and plenty of books. Daintiness and purity followed the touch of her hand everywhere, and to live with her was physical comfort as well as light to the understanding and joy to the heart. Again we must let Ruskin speak in describing her home as—

“The place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. . . . A sacred place, a vestal temple, a hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love. . . . Shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea. . . . Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.”

Many homeless hearts whom she has left behind will echo the truth of these words as applied to her who has now passed away, laden with blessings, mourned and loved as few are loved and mourned, to take her place among those of whom it is written that blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see their God.

II.

In this present month of July there has passed away very quietly in Dublin one the noblest and sweetest personalities of our own time or any time. Sarah Atkinson was such a woman as sweetens the world about her for the day in which she lives, such a one as Catherine of Sienna, or Lady Rachel Russell, or Mrs. Godolphin, women whose after-memory is as sweet as a bunch of fresh white lilies. Circumstances have given certain noble women prominence in this world; it is safe to say that there have been many always as noble and as softly heroic who dwelt in hidden places, making a light all around them, but of whom the world outside their immediate one, knew nothing.

Mrs. Atkinson had the gift of splendid intellect besides her endowment of the rarest virtues. She used her gifts in the simplest way. Her learning, her industry, her style, her fine expression, she used freely in the service of God and man, but with little desire that any personal fame should accrue to herself. Her masterly biography, “The Life of Mary Aikenhead,” which Mr. Lecky, amongst other critics, so enthusiastically praised, she signed only with her initials

We do not know any biography which is more luminous, more impartial, more exhaustive. Yet this was a book hampered by the requirement that every convent of Mary Aikenhead's spiritual children should have its worthy mention. Under the circumstances no one else could have made the book so free from chit-chat, so masculine.

Mrs. Atkinson had so much of the poetical gift as goes to the making of the finest prose-writers. Her learning and skill she used for the glory of God and the Truth, and for the advancement of Irish literature. Her scholarly articles, which would have been hailed with delight by the organs of learned societies, she gave unsigned to the *IRISH MONTHLY*, or some other such magazine. Of one or two subjects she had made a speciality. In the history of old Dublin she was fully versed, and her library of books on this subject must have been most valuable. The Irish Saints, too, deeply interested her, and in her hands their stories assumed an exquisite fascination. She was an antiquarian, without a trace of dry-as-dust.

Outside her literary work her influence for good was extraordinary. If her life was fully revealed, one might name her again with Mrs. Fry and Florence Nightingale. When she fell ill last November, the hospitals, and refuges, and prisons of Dublin lost a comforter and helper. She was assiduous in her charities, and, knowing the extent of them, one marvelled how she had time for other things. In many a quarter of the world souls rescued, sick comforted, the hungry fed, the prisoners visited, must bless her name. It would be impossible to over-estimate her good works. Anyone who ever knew her, with her beautiful manners and nobly handsome face, can imagine what this kindly and most human vision must have brought to the sick, and sinners, and sorrowful. A verse of an old poet describes her :

" A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in her face,
The lineaments of gospel books."

Ah, yes, that was it—" continual comfort in her face," and one's heart aches for that noble face shut away behind the coffin lid, and for those especially who moved in the near light of its continual comfort.

Mrs. Atkinson had the impartiality of mind and judgment which seldom belongs to people of our race. Her religion only lit her life with the temperate joy which shone in her face. Her loss will be bitterly felt in many circles, and is all the crueller because after the illness of last November there were hopes of keeping her with us. But "cruel" was the last word she would have permitted in such a connection. One does not doubt at all that she passed away in the tranquil joy of one who, "looking up, saw heaven opened."

S. A.

(OBITUARY JULY 8TH, 1893.)

You were like a light

In your place.

Fire of love burned bright

In your face,

Full of grace.

You were like a light in a dark place.

Like a light blown out,

You are gone ;

And the night is all about,

Cold as stone.

Ullagone !

Like a light blown out, you are gone !

K. H.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The priests of Ireland are beginning to share with the reading public the results of their studies much more frequently than used to be their fashion. Perhaps the influence of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, especially since its connection with Maynooth College, has some part in this greater literary activity. Irish history and antiquities, and in particular the ecclesiastical memorials of separate parishes, naturally engross a large share of the interest of our student-priests. We have often in these pages, and elsewhere, urged the expediency of setting down on paper, even if the records were in the first instance not to be confided to the printer, but only laid up in diocesan archives, all that the local clergy can gather in books and in traditions concerning their own districts. All these will be valuable contributions to the true history of Ireland, its church and its people. We lately noticed Father White's *History of Clare and the Dalcassians* which has been made the subject of an erudite article in *The Month*, for August, by the Rev. James McSwiney, S.J. Later still we have received a stately tome of some five hundred octavo pages, with many illustrations, "The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh," by the Very Rev. Jerome Fahey, D.D., V.G. Dr. Fahey has now done for Kilmacduagh what Dr. O'Laverty has done for Down and Connor, Dean Cogan for Meath, Dr. Comerford for Kildare and Leighlin, and Dr. Monahan for Ardagh. Does this exhaust our list of diocesan histories? But indeed Dr. Fahey's aim is different from the aims of the writers we have mentioned. They treat of their respective dioceses, parish by parish, and they

introduce historical details only in an incidental manner; but Dr. Fahey gives only three out of his thirty three chapters to these purely ecclesiastical matters. His work is full of most interesting facts which throw light on the history of our country. His style is clear, unaffected, and agreeable. A useful index winds up the volume, which, however, confines itself too strictly to proper names. Several good illustrations add to the completeness of this very valuable addition to our historical literature, which has been brought out admirably by the Publishers, Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, of Dublin.

2. Another book which suggested our opening remarks is "Brendaniana: Brendan the Voyager in Story and Legend," by the Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, P.P., Ardfert (Dublin: Brown and Nolan, 1893). Everything connected with this saintly predecessor of Columbus has been gathered with most edifying diligence and edited with great skill and care. An introduction of thirty pages is devoted to the ancient cathedral of St. Brendan at Ardfert, its chapels and chantries, of which several plans and illustrations are given. The Irish Life of St. Brendan is given, with the English on the opposite page, followed by seventy pages of notes. Another seventy pages tell the Voyage of Brendan, the subject of Denis Florence MacCarthy's beautiful poem, which of course is quoted abundantly. The Latin Life of the saint is next given with minute annotations, followed by the legends of St. Brendan, and "vestiges of pre-historic settlements and missions." Nothing has escaped Father O'Donoghue's enthusiastic research. Not only Irish poets, like MacCarthy and Gerald Griffin, but even Saxons, like Matthew Arnold and Sebastian Evans, pay their exquisite tribute to our romantic Saint. The publishers have produced the volume with much taste and even elegance.

3. The Art and Book Company, of London and Leamington, have sent us the first volume of "The Marygold, an Illustrated Catholic Magazine for Young People." It is handsomely bound, and its price is four shillings and sixpence. The name of the magazine in the monthly parts is printed so artistically as not to be sufficiently legible. The present quarto is full of pleasant and edifying reading. We wish the conductors of *The Marygold* full and permanent success in their extremely useful and therefore extremely difficult enterprise.

4. "Historical Sketch of the Augustinian Monastery, College and Mission of St. Thomas of Villanova, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, during the first half century of their existence, 1842-1892. Compiled by the Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A." This very elegant volume has just been published by Villanova College, and is one of the best memorial volumes that we have seen among the many called forth of late by various centenaries and golden jubilees. The poem

celebrating the event is certainly one of the best of its kind. But no wonder, for it is by Eleanor Donnelly. For all who are personally interested in this educational establishment, and in the affairs of the Augustinian Order in America, this record will be invaluable. It gives a minute account of the changes and progress year by year, excellent pictures of the College buildings from various points of view, and portraits of all the Presidents of the College, with a complete catalogue of the students who have passed through its classes in these last fifty years. How many a pathetic story is represented among these names, if something could be told us of the life and death of some of these who were once brave, bright young lads at this Augustinian College of Villanova. *Florate!*

5. Canon O'Hanlon has just issued the 85th part of his "Lives of the Irish Saints." It brings his great work down to the 18th of August, the feast of St. Daigh or Dega, of Inniskeen, in Co. Louth. Has the learned Canon any subscribers in the parish of Inniskeen? Does any parishioner of Inniskeen know that St. Daigh ever existed? These may seem impertinent questions; but impertinent questions are often the questions which are a little too pertinent and pointed. The pastor of St. Mary's, Star of the Sea, Sandymount, Dublin, has now carried his task nearly two months beyond the middle of the year. Four months of the year remain. The younger priests who were not born when he began his researches, ought to enrol themselves among his subscribers. We trust he will receive the encouragement he deserves to hasten on to the completion of his pious and patriotic labours.

6. Dr. Douglas Hyde has displayed in a very remarkable degree the genius of enthusiasm and persevering devotion in his labours on behalf of the Irish language. His latest contribution is a wonderful half-crown's worth of "Love Songs of Connacht" (London: Fisher Unwin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). It will be a treasure for our young poets especially, for Dr. Hyde gives literal translations of all the songs, even where he gives his own excellent metrical translation. His annotations, &c., are given both in English and Irish on opposite sides of the pages. Happy those who can relish, not only the right-hand side but the left. We owe a large debt of gratitude to this truly patriotic and very gifted Irishman.

7. "Mère Gilette," by the author of "An Old Marquise," is the longest single story that the Catholic Truth Society has published, and a very good story it is. It is very well written and (to pass to a lower sphere) very well printed. The same Society has added to its penny biographies "Alexis Clerc, Sailor and Jesuit," whom we have heard of—indeed we spent two happy years under the

same roof with him at Laval—and “Adolf Kolping, the Apostle of Workingmen,” of whom we have never heard before. He was a German priest, who died on the 8th of December, 1865, aged 53; he had devoted himself to the service of artisans, for whom he had established a religious confederation, spread over Germany, and still doing great good work among the working classes. We must end for this month by merely naming two ascetic works, old and new. The old one is a new edition of “Practical Instructions of St. Francis de Sales,” published by James Duffy and Co., Dublin; and the new one is a Latin spiritual treatise by the Dominican Father Matthew Rousset, *Directorium Asceticum*, published by Herder, of Friburg.

8. The Redemptorist Father, O.R. Vassall, to whom we already owe a very interesting and well written Life of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer, has now given us the biography of a laybrother of his beloved Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the Blessed Gerard Majella. The title-page bears a publisher's name that we have never seen before; it is published by Charles M. Rock, 106 Great Russell Street, London. The life and character of this holy man are extremely entertaining and attractive, and they lose nothing by Father Vassall's clear and agreeable style. Supernatural marvels are not wanting, and many most edifying extracts are given from the Saintly laybrother's spiritual notes. The book is produced very elegantly in good binding for half a crown; but it can also be had in a stiff paper cover for one shilling.

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

THE first line of a sonnet is a door
 Into a room from Fancy's entrance hall;
 A little room, so narrow that the wall
 Just holds one picture from the tenant's store.
 Yet see,—'tis but a mirror, set before
 The window pane, and as you turn to find
 What made it seem so real, or you so blind,
 You gaze on verities he loves still more.

For towards the end he throws the window wide
 To win a glimpse of beauty's seeds upspringing,
 Trim paths of pleasantness that need no guide,
 Where to Truth's stem imagination's clinging
 Like ivy, till you fain would fare outside,
 For overhead you hear the heavens are singing.

M. M.

LILLIE WHITE.

A MEMENTO OF A SHORT LIFE.

IT may be well to begin by dispelling an erroneous notion which might, perhaps, occur to the reader, unless he were at once warned that the subject of this sketch is not the heroine of a fictitious story, but only a bright and clever Irish maiden, taken away so soon that we can merely guess what she might have been. It is the special pride, and it is one of the special functions, of this Magazine to rescue from "dumb forgetfulness" the names of as many Irish men and women as possible, even if they should sometimes seem to belong rather to the flowers that are born to blush unseen, to the poets who die with all their music in them.

The name of Lillie White met the eyes of our readers for the first time as the writer of "A Summer Idyll" in our August number. They may have thought that it was, perhaps, the opening of another of the many literary careers that have begun in these modest pages*; but in reality Lillie White's earthly career is over. Her own life was a short summer idyll; nay, it hardly reached its summer—it did not pass beyond the wistful, pathetic brightness and hopefulness of Spring.

Elizabeth White was born in the parish of Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone, August 16th, 1868. Most of her short life was spent in County Down, at Magherally Rectory, near Banbridge, and the last two years of it near Belfast, at Dundonald, of which her father, the Rev. Robert White, is rector. She was always very delicate, and was never able to leave home to pursue her studies under professors; but I do not think that this is properly represented, in the notes that a pious hand has drawn up for me, by the statement that she was "entirely self-educated." Some one must have taught her to read, and after that the mere living in a happy and refined home is an education of the very best kind.

Very early in life she showed her literary and artistic tastes. Later on, she studied art practically in the Schools of Art at Dublin and Belfast. Three weeks after her death a beautiful drawing came home from South Kensington, where it had won a

* We have since seen the kindly criticism of our August number in *Irish Society* of August 12, thanks to the vigilance of Durrant's Press Cutting Agency. After mentioning, with warm praise, Miss Lillie White's story, the critic adds: "Is this a new name in fiction? If so, we welcome a clever and promising writer."

certificate. But her pen was even dearer to her than her pencil. She used to write little poems from very early years; but the first we shall venture to give was written when she was fifteen years old. Rathfriland may be surprised at the epithet applied to it in the note which came to me with these lines. "We were living then at Rathfriland. I daresay you know that wonderful place. It is built on a very high hill, with a beautiful view of the Mourne Mountains, to which she refers." The young poetess was a little lax in her theory of blank verse, and allows too often, even in her two first lines, that short additional syllable which interferes somewhat with the austerity of the unrhymed heroic line, and gives it a little of the lilt of the so-called English hexameter. These girlish lines are called "The Dawn of Day."

'Tis early yet, and night has still possession
Of earth and sky. A pale old moon is dying;
But, ere she dies, she bids her last farewell
To night's soft shade till she shall come again.
The misty masses roll from off the mountains,
Which, but an hour ago, had covered them
With a soft veil; and all the stars have faded
Save one to herald the approach of morn.
A hazy cloud lifts up its shadowy head
Out in the east, where it had sailed in grandeur,
And 'neath it, growing brighter, brighter still,
Appears the glorious sun. Ah, many a dawning
I may see afterwards, but never, never
See what I now behold. The lovely mountains
Are wreathed in clouds of silver, tinged with crimson,
And on the hills, now turned to deepest violet,
The cattle feed, and gay, white lambs frisk playful,
While winding gently in and out, reflecting
The trees, the hills and scenery around it,
A stream flows like a silver thread; its splashing
Upon its rough and pebbly bed is music
To the ear. All seems so grand, inspiring,
My heart throbs wildly as I stand surveying
The scene which nature has spread out before me;
I cannot look on it without a thrill.
The sun grows brighter, tinting the myriad dewdrops
Like glittering diamonds; all the trees around me
Grow greener at his touch; the little flowerets
Lift up their simple heads so gracefully.
A skylark from his grassy bed all jubilant
Rises, and, mounting quickly to the heavens,
Pours forth his sweet voice in a meed of praise,
And with him I adore his God and mine.

This may be followed at once by a more mature poem of her last year of life. She called it "Asking."

Why should the heart feel lonely,
 Why should the heart feel sad,
 When the harvest-world is smiling,
 And the hearts of the toilers, piling
 The empty barns, are glad?

Why should the eyes brim over,
 Why should the quick hands cease,
 When the stars are flooding their sweetness,
 And the moon rides in beauty and meekness,
 Omens of love and peace?

Why should the heart be silent,
 Why should the tongue be dumb,
 When the poplars are whispering praises,
 And the long grasses talk to the daisies,
 As the quivering wind-breaths come?

Why should one feel life tuneless?
 Or is it a sin to grieve
 If hearts that we love, dear faces,
 Are turned towards happier places,
 Not thinking of those they leave?

We know there is One for ever
 Unchanging and true to us still;
 With a heart in whose love we are holden,
 With arms in whose strength we are folden—
 Love, strength, empty hearts to fill.

And thus we—so sinful, so human :—
 In emptiness kneel at Thy feet,
 Feeling still these our poor earthly wishes,
 But praying for Thy better riches,
 Though that be denied we thought sweet.

On some May the 4th, year not specified, at twelve o'clock, probably noon and not midnight, L. W. penned these stanzas :—

Only a primrose, a five-petalled flower,
 Rising from out its pale and slender vase,
 Whose tender juices keep it fresh each hour,
 As up to heaven it lifts its creamy face.

There are fair things in woods for those who seek
 Their shrouding shade, but none to me more fair
 Than those pale children, born in beauty meek
 And opening bravely in the chilling air.

When from a dim dark hollow come soft gleams
 Of their pure presence, straight my mind is filled
 With thoughts of beauty, with vague noble dreams,
 With Him who came that life-storms might be stilled
 And for these tender flowers that clustering lie
 In palest saffron glory at my feet,
 My heart's thanksgivings rise and joy-winged fly
 To where all beauty and all gladness meet.

No doubt our young poet did not intend *vase* and *grace* to be strictly correct rhymes in the first stanza; but we shall take her laxity as an excuse to lay before our readers the ingenious squib in which James Jeffrey Roche (John Boyle O'Reilly's successor as editor of *The Boston Pilot*) has assigned to special patrons the four rival pronounciations of this little word. He does not dare to prejudge the case by pronouncing it, but only spells it—"V-a-s-e."

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art:
 And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had Culture ripest grown—
 The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,
 The Boston Mind of azure hue,
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—
 For all loved Art in a seemly way,
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.
 Long they worshipped; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke
 The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who, blushing, said: "What a lovely vase!"
 Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.
 But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word.
 Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
 She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"
 But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the home of Penn,
 With consciousness of two grandpapas,
 Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"
 And glances around with an anxious thrill,
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.
 But the Boston maid smiles courtesane
 And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!
 I did not catch your remark, because
 I was so entranced with that charming vase!"

I wish the deft and pious hand that gathered these relics together had finished the little reliquary that is to contain them.

"There is really (she writes) very little to tell about my sister's life, it was so quiet and uneventful. I could not possibly tell you how gentle and good and sweet she was, and how much to us all. Papa always says her life was more like an angel's visit than anything else." If so, he must have had before his mind the simile in its earlier state, when old John Norris and Blair spoke of "the visits of good angels, *short* and far between," not as finally "improved" into Campbell's "few and far between," which purchases sound by loss of sense, alliteration by tautology.

Short as Lillie White's visit to this earth was to be, she imagined it was to be even shorter. She might have written like our dear Gerald Griffin:—

In the time of my childhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die ere the noon of my day—
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn like the blasted oak sudden away.

This young girl's friends were surprised to find among her papers an unfinished letter dated three years before her death, and in May also—perhaps the May of her primrose-piece. It will partly explain itself, but not altogether. The Christian name of the kinsman addressed is repeated now and then very earnestly—a name common to one of the most hard-hearted men in English history, and of the most soft-hearted men in English literature.

It seems very strange to think that the hand that is now writing this, will, when your eyes fall upon it, be able no longer to hold a pen, will no longer have the power of doing anything (however little) for the friends who have done so much for me. I have often had a sort of feeling that I should never live to be old, and lately this has been very strong. Do you believe in presentiments? And so I do not know how suddenly I may be parted from all I love, and as there are some things I want to say to you I will do it now that I have the opportunity, and, please, do not think I am lecturing you (I'm afraid I *did* use to do *that*!) but understand that it is only because I am your friend, your sister (as you said I might be) that I speak so plainly. I can hardly write what I want—if you were here, I think it would be easier to say it. First of all, I want to thank you *so very much* for all the pleasure you gave me whilst in Dublin, and for the ways you helped me to look at things, and how you always tried to make me know *more*—which I enjoyed more than I could tell you, though I think I never felt so stupid and ignorant as then, being among clever people. But next to being very clever

oneself, is looking up to and being with people who are, and who yet do not get cross and impatient with one, but are so very good to one!—

With this unfinished letter were found the following lines, probably meant for the same destination which they have not reached, unless perchance now in print. The blank verse is more orthodox in construction than that relic of the poet's fifteenth year which we began with.

I had a friend, 't was God who sent me there
 And gave me him—for is it not He gives
 All good to man and woman? And I think
 I loved Him not the less, but more, far more,
 In that I loved my friend, too; and I brought
 To Him my friendship, and whene'er I prayed
 For others and myself, I prayed for him.
 And in the stillness of my little room,
 When God's great ear was bent to speech of heart
 That lips could find no words for, oh! I felt
 He heard me in that hour, when breathing quick,
 With hands clasped tight, I looked and mutely prayed
 That He would be my friend's friend, and would give—
 If it might be—would give to me to know
 He was indeed His child! And then when time
 Passed on, and now we talked on this, now that,
 Sometimes on "things of God," and then anon
 On things that God had given him, his much loved Art,
 And thoughts of great men's minds and of his own,
 And still the days passed on and still I prayed,
 Failing in faith because I did not see
 Oft-times, yet still I prayed—and still I do.
 For—oh, my friend!—I know not now if thou
 Art even yet as I would wish for thee!
 And sometimes I grow sad and ask with tears,
 "How long, oh Lord!" and murmur at God's ways;
 And ponder how He's wroth with wicked men
 And tremble while I pray. But then I think
 Of thy great Heart, O God, throbbing with love
 And pity for mankind, and how thou yearnest
 With greater might than I could understand
 Over my friend. And in Thy Hands, O Lord,
 And in Thy Heart I leave Him; though my soul,
 Faltering and faithless, still will question "when?"
 And "how?"—seeking to pierce the band that Thou
 Dost shroud my eyes with. And though now he is
 Further from all his friends, yet not from Thee!
 I know Thy Eye is on that city room,
 And Thou wilt whisper what no friend can say.
 And thus I muse, and thus my heart grows light.

L. W. seems to have been a charming letter-writer. The samples we have seen do not lend themselves to quotation; but here is the letter she sends to a little brother four years old, whose name Herbert is disguised in the notes before me under an English and an Italian diminutive—but Italian, like the cookneys, drops its aitches. Apropos of letter-writing, I will slip in here a little detail, contained in the “brief” with which I have been furnished by one who would herself have pleaded the whole cause most effectively. “On a little slip of paper that we found in her desk was written ‘*Merioies to be thankful for.*’ One was ‘*for so much love, for so much happiness.*’ Another was ‘*for postmen*’—she was away from home at the time.”

MY LITTLE HERBETTO—I hope you and mother are quite well and downstairs every day. Mouse was delighted that you remembered her! I wasn’t out yet, but the first time I am I must look out for that grand house where you and I are to live. On the river at Drogheda I saw a lot of ships and lighters, and part of the way in the train there was a little boy like you! Give Harrie and Mary my love; and here are some kisses for you, and you may give them some if you like. Take good care of mother. Can you spell this? How is your knitting getting on?

Love from your loving

LILLILORI.

(*not Lilly-silly, nor Elizabit.*)

The original, it seems, “had a lovely frame of kisses round it.” The same juvenile correspondent was evidently the hero of the following lyrical impromptu:—

Lillie sat down on the swing,
And took Herbie up on her knee,
And there they go swinging, and shouting and singing,
As merry as they can be.
First they are low and then high,
Thus backwards and forwards they go;
And the trees all around with their glad shouts resound,
As thus they swing to and fro.
Then Herbie grows tired and shuts
His bright little eyes of blue,
And leans against Lillie, and dreams dreams so silly
About the Bishop of Runtifoo.
Then Lillie carries him in,
And tucks him up in his cot:
And the griefs and the play of the long busy day
Are in slumber alike forgot.

The "Song of Swinging" may be annotated by this extract from my brief, which abruptly announces the ending of the story. "Lillie and Herbie were great friends. She was passionately fond of him; and, when he took influenza, she nursed him and would allow no one else to do anything for him but herself—until she was obliged to lie down one Friday evening. She passed away very peacefully on the following Monday, the 7th of December, 1891, aged 23. She was very fond of all little children, and loved to talk to them. The children of the parish were devoted to her, and even yet they gather wild flowers and lay them on her grave."

That word, "her grave," might be the last of this slight memorial sketch. But we have not come near the end of the relics which a sister's loving care has gathered and placed in our hands. Other opportunities will be sought for turning some more of them to account. But enough has been done, we trust, to secure in many hearts outside her own fireside circle, an affectionate remembrance of the good and gifted Irish maiden whom it has seemed right to call by her domestic name of Lillie White.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE surging joyousness of a too full heart
 Prisons the words that best would serve to-day
 To whisper loving sympathy. To say
 In finish'd phrase what bursts of feeling start
 And flow in quick response, needs subtler art
 Than guides my eagerness;—*He* will repay
 Your generous wishes in a fitting way
 For whose dear sake we, priests, are *set apart*.

Hope not to charm all trace of clinging fear
 With fond assurances from out my soul!
 Life's dread uncertainties still follow here
 One whom you joy to see in alb and stole
 Within the sanctuary: yet persevere
 In earnest prayer, nor let him miss the goal.

Ordination-day, July, 1893.

H. F.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER IX.

"A GREAT SACRIFICE, INDEED."

EAGERLY I watched for Charlie's first letter. It was a bright, cheerful one, filled with descriptions of the sights he had seen during his journey. Dublin he was delighted with; he spent two days there, and Mr. Howard, who had come over for him, took him about and showed him all that was worth seeing. He thought Liverpool a wonderful place, but he had not seen much of it. He was delighted with the school and the boys, and did not feel in the least lonely; being only a day in, he had done no lessons yet. I resolved not to show this letter to Mrs. Blake, because I knew that she would remind me of her prophetic words: now I could see for myself that home and all were forgotten in less than a week. I answered as cheerfully as I could, telling Charlie every scrap of news I had specially gathered for him.

Three weeks passed before I got another letter, and that was very different from the first. When I read it, I could not tell whether I rejoiced or grieved the more: one moment crying over the sufferings he was enduring from home sickness and the many little worries of school-life, laughing for joy at the thought that he had not forgotten home and me so quickly as my stepmother had predicted, and his first letter had almost led me to believe. With a triumphant look I carried this one to my stepmother. She was writing in the library and was seemingly hurried, but she took it eagerly and read it at once. When she had finished, she appeared rather put about and anxious, I knew, or rather divined, that she feared he would want to come home again, and that would not have been agreeable to her at all; this made me doubly joyful, and I was in high good-humour all the day, laughing and singing around the house. Once when she met me galloping about the hall with Shot and Chloe, she remarked: "Your brother's troubles seem not to have the effect I would have expected in an affectionate sister; what a peculiar way of showing your love!"

"I do not rejoice in my brother's sufferings," I retorted angrily, "but I am glad, because instead of forgetting us, as you said, Charlie's letter shows that he thinks of us every minute and hour of the day."

She turned round, and looked at me sharply, but with that

peculiar smile hovering about her lips—it never extended farther, so that her eyes rarely lost their cold and cruel glitter—then she hissed between those beautiful teeth which were one of her chief attractions: “If you live, you will yet see a day when that brother, whom you idolise now, will be your bitterest enemy. Remember my words, Margaret Blake.”

Thank God, yes I thank Him a hundred times a-day, those cruel words, which seemed almost a curse then, and which struck terror into my heart, have never come true. Charlie—God bless him—was never even unkind to me.

Now that the ice was broken, my stepmother lost no opportunity of humbling me and paining me; her daughter, Victoria, followed her example, so I would have had a hard time of it, but for the friendship and kind sympathy of Florence, who was wonderfully changed those few last months.

Shortly after Charlie left, Nurse Nan, “whose services were no longer required,” and all the old servants, except Bridget and Peter, were discharged to make room for new English ones. Miss Thyme expected to be among the number of the banished; but no, Mrs. Blake knew how difficult it would be to get one to fill her place, one as experienced, as obliging, humble and quiet, who could be governess, housekeeper or seamstress, as might be required. The poor thing was delighted when she found she was not to be discharged; she was so long with us now, a member of the family, that she dreaded being thrown on the world again. She had not a very pleasant or gay life; my stepmother did not mean to let her eat her bread in idleness, so she gave her occupation for every hour of the day; when she was not teaching us, she was sewing, mending, knitting or superintending some household affairs. I was very lonely after old Nan, and had some hot words with my stepmother over her dismissal, but I succeeded only in losing my own temper without ruffling hers. Nurse went to live with a nephew of hers who had a little cottage and a few acres of land about two miles away; and thither we often went to see the poor creature who was as fond of us as if we were her own children.

The months went slowly by. Charlie wrote to me frequently, and a few times at my suggestion to Florence. After a while he became quite content and studious, and he appeared to be getting on very satisfactorily. Mr. Howard went often to see him; indeed he was a model guardian and took, apparently, a wonderful interest in us, for he also paid a visit several times during the year to Blakescourt, and wrote occasionally to Mrs. Blake. Charlie did not come

home at Christmas; he spent the holidays with Mr. Howard, who seemed to have made them very enjoyable for him.

When her first year of widowhood was ended, my stepmother lightened her garb of woe, and threw aside some of the trappings of mourning; the doors were opened to a "few intimate friends" who were bidden to dinners and evening parties. Each week saw the number of these increase, until in a short time the house was as gay as it had been before my father's death. I was rather pleased than otherwise at this change, as I had more time to myself, and but rarely, and then only for short periods, found myself in the company of my stepmother. Florence and I went for long walks together, sometimes accompanied by Miss Thyme. We did not leave a nook in the country for three or four miles around us unvisited, and we explored the woods and meadows in search of ferns and wild flowers, returning every evening laden with spoils.

Never did the month of June seem so delightful to me as it did that year. The weather was perfect, the real June weather of books, which we so seldom see out of them, and—Charlie was coming home! What a fever of excitement I was in, counting the hours and the minutes until I should see him! He was never absent from my thoughts, and I was trying to imagine what changes nine months could have wrought in him.

At last the day arrived, bringing with it Charlie, accompanied of course by the ubiquitous Mr. Howard. I could hardly believe it was he at all, he had grown so tall, so handsome and manly; and, when I told him so, he laughed—that happy, boyish laugh I loved so well—and looking me all over with his frank blue eyes said: "Well, I can't return the compliment, Meg. Though you have grown a little, you haven't changed a bit."

Oh, what delightful days and weeks followed, all spent in Charlie's company! Together we visited our old haunts or went to see some of our friends among the country folk around, and many, many times we gladdened good old Nan's motherly heart by spending several hours with her. The first day we went after Charlie's return home, she was in such delight at seeing him, that she could only smile and cry and exclaim between her sobs:—"How you have grown, alanna! and what a fine boy you are, to be sure. Ochone, what a pity the poor dear Master and Mistress can't see you now, what a comfort 'twould be to their hearts: so big, so likely, so good, ashore machree, you are. May the Lord bless you and make a good man of you, as your father's and mother's son is bound to be." But afterwards she was eager to know how he liked England. Were the people very different from those at home? Did he get good food and enough

of it? Did he feel cold during the winter? Had he plenty of warm clothes on, and especially good heavy blankets to his bed? Did he catch a cold, and did they give him a syrup for it? Nothing like flax seed, so safe and quick and easily taken. "'Twas it I always gave ye, *agra*, though there's many that say that honey or black currant is every bit as good." Did he get a sore throat from "screechin' thim lessons all day long? Be sure, whin you do, to tie your stockin' around it goin' to bed at night, and 'twill be better in the mornin'."

Those are only an odd few of her questions and scraps of advice. Every day she had some new query to put to him, or useful hint to give. I am afraid, though, these were sadly wasted on Charlie. We did not forget to visit our friends up the mountain, but this time we took care to go early and return early. And no charm was powerful enough to allure us from the river path to which we kept closely and steadily, going and returning.

Weeks passed away, and yet Mr. Howard was with us; we had almost come to regard him as one of the family—a very unpleasant addition to it, for not one of us (Mrs. Blake, I suppose, excepted) could endure his suavity, his obsequious politeness and his polished manners, which formed an impenetrable covering for his real self. He was continually cropping up at most unexpected times, which did not place him in a favourable light in our eyes, for he often managed in this way to spoil a day's enjoyment for us. Having come, as I have said, to regard him almost as one of the family, we were not much surprised if not overpleased when he really became such. I remember the day well; it was a stormy one late in August. Charlie and I were chatting at the school-room window. Charlie was soon to return to school, and he was already giving me all sorts of instructions about the care I was to bestow on his horses, dogs and birds during the year. The door opened, and our stepmother came slowly in. She sat down beside us, and surprised us both by taking our hands between her own and clasping them tightly. We knew something wonderful was about to occur. Heaving a great sigh, she said: "My dear children"—We started; what *could* be the meaning of this?—"ever since your poor dear father died, I have been worried and bothered with things I knew nothing about; I never could understand the management of any business, and I do not know what I would have done but for Mr. Howard; he has been kindness itself, running over here from England nearly every month, neglecting his own business to look after yours—yes, *yours*, my dears. It is because we are *your* guardians, that I am so worried, and he so troubled about affairs, and neither of you fully recognises the extent

of our labours, or appreciates all we are doing for your welfare. But"—very sweetly interrupting Charlie who was about to speak—"never mind, my dear boy, I know what you would say; of course I cannot expect to have an old head on young shoulders, and when you are grown up and can understand my responsibility and everything, you will be grateful, and I can afford to wait until then, dear"—playfully tipping him on the cheek with her jewelled hand. "I find, my children, that in order that everything may go rightly, Mr. Howard must be constantly here; and now we are both prepared to make a sacrifice in order to insure your well-being."

She paused and glanced quickly at us to see what effect her words had on us, but we only looked what we felt—very much puzzled and surprised. She had raised our curiosity without gratifying it, she had not told us what *was* the "great sacrifice" she and Mr. Howard had resolved upon—a fact which Charlie gently reminded her of.

"O you impatient boy!" was her answer, while a blush—yes I'm sure it was a blush—suffused her cheek. "Can you not guess what I mean?"

But we could not or would not, and she was obliged to tell us.

"You cannot? Well, well! Mr. Howard and I have come to the conclusion that the only thing for us to do is to get married; it is the only way we can properly manage your affairs; he can then stay here all the year round and see to everything in person. In doing this he will be obliged to sever his connection with that eminent firm in which he has been so long a partner. This means the complete *bouleversement* of his old life; but he is prepared to do all for the sake of the children of his dear friend; and I too am ready to sacrifice myself on the altar of duty."

We did not show the least surprise nor make the least objection; which I think rather disconcerted her, as she had evidently expected a scene; but we were philosophical, we made the best of a bad business, and we knew that no words nor actions of ours could prevent this union of hearts, if the two interested were anxious for it. Since, in any case, Mr. Howard must be frequently a member of the household, it was as well that he should be its master, or rather its mistress's husband during the remaining years of her reign.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLACK COTTAGE.

THE marriage, more distasteful to the bride's children than even to her stepchildren, took place immediately after. Charlie returned to school early in September; at Christmas he did not come home, but spent the holidays with a young school friend. Life at Blakes-

court was a round of gaieties, at least for Mrs. Howard and those whom she called her friends. Mr. Howard did not care much for amusements; he gave all his time and attention to the improvement of the estate, to the beautifying of the grounds around the house, to bettering the condition of the poorer tenants, and to other good and charitable works, which gained for him the esteem and goodwill of high and low. I often felt very guilty, because I could not form a better opinion of him than I did, when I saw he was working for Charlie's future advantage.

That year passed quickly and quietly for me. I studied much, especially music; my stepmother fortunately had no time in her gay life to look after me.

I was thinking with great pleasure of Charlie's holidays and how we should spend them, when a letter came from him to Mrs. Howard, asking if he might invite, for a few weeks to Blakescourt, the young friend with whose family he had spent Christmas. She consented graciously, being delighted with the deference paid to her.

This friend of his, Arthur Gower, was some years older than himself, grave and retiring, the heir to a fine property in Devonshire. He came with Charlie and spent a fortnight here; it was his first visit to Ireland, and he was charmed with our dear country, with the wild beauties of the west, with the simple-hearted, affectionate, and by no means uncivilized people he met, so different from the vulgar type made familiar to English people by the pens and pencils of men and women who ought to know better.

While Arthur Gower remained with us, I did not enjoy much of Charlie's society; but when he left we were continually together. Charlie had developed a taste for fishing, and I invariably accompanied him to the trout river which flowed through the grounds. He was not a model fisherman, he rarely caught anything, the exertion was too much for him, and after a few minutes' trial, he would sit down beside me on some mossy bank, under the shade of a clump of trees, and enjoy the "*dolce far niente*," while I read for him extracts from his favourite poets and authors, which were not mine, but I did not mind that. Charlie liked narrative poetry, while I loved the lyric.

It was during this time that we both made the acquaintance of a young man, many years our senior, who was destined to be a great friend of ours in the future. His name was Robert Derrick, and he had lately succeeded to a property adjoining Blakescourt which had been left him by an old uncle. Until that time he had lived in Dublin. Though an ardent sportsman, he led a very quiet life, keeping himself aloof from all his neighbours, and never taking part in any of the

amusements of the place, except hunting. We, however, became close friends with him, and he often asked Charlie to his home, a great ramshackle of a house, scantily furnished, but well stocked with excellent books. He was a studious man, and science was his favourite study.

And it was in one of our rambles this summer, that I saw for the first time a pretty little cottage situated at the farthest end of the Park. It was called the "Black Cottage" from the fact that its walls and tiled roof were painted black; this black colour gave a haunted look to the place, but in the summer time it was completely hidden beneath a mantle of golden and red roses, which drew along the walls and crept all over the roof; a lovely little lawn stretched in front, sloping down to the river's bank, and most tastefully planted with rhododendron, lilac, and laburnum. It was formerly the residence of the doctor, but for many years now had been unoccupied, though always kept in a tolerable state of repair. Immediately I saw it I took a fancy to the place, and, turning to Charlie who stood by, I said half jestingly :

"When you have come of age and are your own master, Charlie, you must give me this little place for myself; it is a charming spot, and I would like to live and die here. See what a lovely view there is of the river and of the woods beyond from the door step. This would be a pretty little flower-garden if it were kept in order, but now the beds are one mass of weeds, and the few poor flowers which remain are struggling for a bare existence, being crushed and choked out of their rightful places by groundsel, chicken-weed, and the innocent-looking blue-eyed speedwell which thinks itself so much superior to the pink, the pansy, and the columbine, the only survivors of a once brilliant and fragrant collection. I think I shall come down every morning to weed and arrange the beds; I should like to do so. What do you say, Charlie?"

But Charlie's answer was not encouraging, it was a peal of laughter which awoke the slumbering echoes around, and the remark: "You are the oddest girl I ever met, Meg." He had not met many girls. Nevertheless I came there every day, and succeeded in making the place very tidy in a short time: I pulled up all the weeds, and replaced them with flowers which I begged from the gardener. I had a presentiment that this would yet be my home, and I was determined it would be a nice one.

Though I tried to do this work unknown to anyone at home, I did not succeed; how could I indeed, as long as Mr. Howard was at Blakescourt? The very first day I went there to make a beginning, he passed by and saw me, but he did not speak, he probably thought I did not perceive him, and he put down my strange occupation to the

fact which he was afterwards so fond of drawing attention to, that I was a particularly strange girl, with a head filled with all kinds of impracticable theories and utopian ideas.

CHAPTER XI.

MY DREADFUL TEMPER.

THE years which followed were so very much the same that I shall pass over many of them. Nothing of moment happened. The days and months came and went exactly as their predecessors had done, and there was nothing to mark one out from the others. Charlie came home each year for his summer vacation; the Christmas holidays he spent with Arthur Gower. I lived a quiet, tolerably happy life, seldom coming in conflict with my stepmother. Victoria and Florence were now finished young ladies, joining in and enjoying all the amusements the neighbourhood could offer, and paying flying visits now and again to Dublin, London, and Mr. Howard's beautiful English home. I seldom went about with them, finding more pleasure in a solitary, country walk.

I had crossed the brook which divides girlhood from womanhood, not with shy and stealthy step seeking for the shallow places, but unconsciously, with my eyes shut, and with no trembling of the heart, no secret foreboding, no longing look behind to the bank I was leaving. I did not feel the change in me; who ever does at first? My wishes, my hopes, my dreams, were the same as they had been on the opposite side; I did not know—not then—that some of them had grown stronger, had taken deeper root, while my feet were in the water of the crossing, or that others, and those, alas! the most cherished, had crumbled into dust. I was blind to every change in myself, but oh! how I noted even the slightest in Charlie. No wonder, though, when I only saw him once a year. He was growing up a fine youth, manly, bright, handsome and fairly clever. He was rapidly becoming a man in his looks, in his manners, in his wishes; when I first perceived this, it was with a faint alarm, with a slight sinking of the heart; he was growing beyond me, beyond all need of me, and I would have him remain always a boy, always dependent on me for many little accessories to his comfort and happiness. For a time I refused to see this change; I tried to persuade myself that I was mistaken, but all in vain; it soon became too apparent, and I was obliged to resign myself to the inevitable.

Robert Derrick had usurped my place, unknowingly, I believed, but still I could not forgive him. He was consulted about everything; his plans and arrangements were always better than mine;

mine were only followed when they did not clash with his. He was a paragon, of every virtue; his taste was perfect. I saw plenty of faults in him, but Charlie was blind to them; he was passionately proud, and of an unbending will, with a temper, when once aroused, that was not easily calmed—qualities, however, which the world rather admires, and which few who knew him believed him to possess, so quiet and cold were his manners usually, so affable was he to all, rich and poor.

Charlie had now come home from school for the last time. He would be twenty-one in September, and all his tastes were those of a country gentleman. He spent his days fishing, shooting and riding, and was looking forward eagerly to the opening of the hunting season: he would then be his own master and could do as he wished. Often in the evenings, in the old school-room, we discussed our plans for the future, and wondered at the indifference of the Howards, and the cool manner in which they were letting the time slip by without making any arrangements for their departure. Charlie did not mean to be unkind, neither did he mean to allow them to remain long in the house after he had attained his majority; they had not shown much kindness to us, especially of late years; they had done a good deal to provoke us. I had a feeling, however, that all was not well with us, and that we were more in our stepmother's power than we supposed; the smile and the sneer which always greeted us now were proof of that. Another thing which troubled me very much at this time was the fact that since Charlie went to school both Mr. and Mrs. Howard each year tried hard to induce him to follow some profession, saying his prospects were not as good as they feared he believed; but he used to grow quite indignant at this and tell them that he knew well the condition of the property, and that it was enough for him. I had not paid much heed to their warnings, being convinced with Charlie that it was all some trick of theirs, or done to annoy us; but now I began to be afraid, seeing how much at home they continued to make themselves, as if the place really belonged to them. Once it happened that my brother very properly disapproved of some alterations that Mr. Howard was carrying out in the house, and conveyed to him that he had no right to begin any such works just then. Mr. Howard turned on him very sharply with an intimation that he was not master of the place.

All these things were rankling in my mind, when one evening, about a fortnight after this incident, I found myself in the drawing-room with Mrs. Howard. I forget how it came about, but something that my stepmother said unloosed my tongue, and I let her know what we thought of her treatment of us. My burst of temper ended with

some such words as these: "You have tried to embitter our lives. You have tried to break our spirit by incessant worrying; but, thank God, we are too strong for you, as you shall soon know."

Of course these last words were only an impotent threat; for how could a poor, weak girl ever be able to cope with such a woman? But in that hour I nursed the unchristian hope that I should yet make her suffer all the suffering she had caused or tried to cause for us.

Mrs. Howard rose from the chair on which she had been sitting, her face livid with rage, her whole form trembling with the intensity of her passion, and, confronting me, she hissed—

"Take care, Margaret Blake, take care you do not bitterly repent this hour. Ah! you little know how much you are in my power, or, for your own sake, you would not have spoken as you did. I am neither forgetful nor forgiving——"

"You need not have told me that; I know it, and I defy you to do your worst," were my last angry words as I quitted the room, banging the door behind me.

I went up to my room, put on my hat and cloak, only half-conscious of what I was doing, and longing to be out of the house, out of that hateful presence. I prepared to go out to try and cool my temper, and still the throbbing of my heart. I met some members of the household, but whether they were servants or some of the guests I could not tell; in such a passion was I that I was blind and deaf to everything around me.

A heavy mist was falling when I reached the hall-door, but I heard it not; I went swiftly down the damp avenue. The trees all round were dripping; a wailing wind was stirring their branches, knocking off some of their wet leaves, and driving the rain into my face. The blades of grass were bending under their burden of pearly drops; no birds sang in the woods, and the sun was veiled by this melancholy mist. My heart was burning within me; I was trembling and shivering all over with the intensity of passion. Oh! for relief, for peace, for rest! But there was none. I could not keep down the fire that was raging within me. I was mad at that moment; I am sure I was. I felt that if my stepmother came near me, I could—O God, have pity on me, forgive me!—I felt that I could—O do not blame me too much; I was mad, remember, mad with passion—I felt that I could—murder her. O that hour, that hour of frenzy! I can never think of it without shuddering. If God had forsaken me then, what might I not have done?

I went out through the Park gate, and along the road, scarcely knowing what I was doing. The mist was growing heavier, the wind was increasing; I would be soon wet through if I did not seek some

shelter; but where was I to get any? There was no house near except the Church, and how was I to enter there, in the present state of my soul? I should go on, or turn back. Just then the sound of carriage wheels fell on my ear; it seemed to be near; I was not in a state to be seen by anyone; there was nothing for me but to run into the little porch of the Church and hide myself there. The carriage passed. Shortly afterwards I saw a man coming along the road, walking very quickly. When he was near, I recognized with a start that it was Robert Derrick. I knew at once that he would come into the Church until the rain got lighter. How was I to meet him? O, I could not. Neither could I go into the presence of my God, sinful and unrepentant. I was in a fever of anxiety when click, click went the latch of the gate; there was not a moment to be lost. I noiselessly opened the door and passed into that quiet, holy place. I sought out a dark corner, near one of the confessionals, and there sank down exhausted. I did not mean to pray; how could I? I sat upon a low seat and gazed absently around. At last my eyes fell upon a picture which I had seen hundreds of times before, but which had never struck me as it did then; it was a picture of the Mother of Sorrows, which hung above a side altar, and which had been given to the Church by my mother shortly after her marriage, a beautiful copy of one of the Italian Masters. As I looked upon that face, "fairest of the fair," stamped with the seal of the greatest suffering any human being ever bore, as my eyes met those inexpressibly sad ones, how slight, how insignificant my own sufferings seemed when compared with hers! And I had dared to rebel against God for sending me a little trial! I sank on my knees in my confusion, and burst into tears, the sweet, peace-bringing tears of repentance, and I prayed more fervently than I had ever done before; I prayed for forgiveness for my sins, for strength and grace to overcome my evil passions, especially for the grace to keep down my terrible temper, which was the cause of all my misery. I prayed to the Mater Dolorosa, and she, my sweet Mother, heard me, and pleaded for me with her Divine Son. My poor dead mother, too, must have been pleading for me, I think. I have never since had to deplore a like outbreak.

I do not know how long I remained in the Church; it must have been a considerable time, for, when I came out, it was growing dusk. I was surprised and pleased to see that as great a change had passed over the face of nature in that time as over my poor soul: the mist had cleared away, the moaning wind had ceased, a peaceful calm was over all the land, broken now and again by the songs of little birds which had not yet gone to their nests. How good is God, and how wonderful are His ways!

I walked quickly towards home, happier than I had been for many a day. True, the future looked as black as ever, but my trust in God, which I had recovered in the little country church, shone like a lamp through the darkness. God would not tax us beyond our strength, nor send us a cross too heavy to bear.

As I entered the Park, I saw Charlie walking down the avenue, evidently coming to meet me. When he was near enough to be heard, he shouted—

"Where, in the name of Heaven, have you been, Meg? There is not a corner of the house and grounds that I have not searched for you. Nobody could tell me where you were. The girls supposed you were gone for a 'solitary.' Mr. H. suggested a walk to the Black Cottage. What was the row, Meg? I know there was one."

"O, nothing, nothing, Charlie; only my dreadful temper made me forget myself."

"Oh, ho! so you haven't yet succeeded in curbing that. It will cause you no end of misery if you don't."

"Nobody knows that better than I do, Charlie," I answered bitterly; then, in a gentle tone, "but God will, I hope, give me the grace to hold it in check from this day forward. Now that I have met you, I wish to visit our parents' graves. Come; I fear we have neglected them lately. No fresh flowers have been placed on them this week; I must carry some down to-morrow."

"In that case you need not mind going now; it is getting late. I will accompany you to-morrow."

"I wish to go now, Charlie. I have a reason, and we shall be home quite time enough."

"Very well; as you will."

We went, and, kneeling above my mother's grave, I renewed the resolution I had made before the Mater Dolorosa.

M. E. CONNOLLY.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG MOTHER.

(F. W., DIED AUGUST 9TH, 1893).

O LITTLE mother, gone so far,
Fresh from your baptism of pain;
Its dews upon your forehead were,
Within your heart its happy gain.

So far that none could track your feet.
Though one should weep, and yearn, and pray,
You would not turn a moment, Sweet,
Back from your high, celestial way.

If I might tell you how I loved,
And hold you once so close and fast,
And prove you all my love unproved,
Alack, the happy time is past!

Over is over, dead is dead!
I did not see you while I could.
Ten days ago I might have said
Words to bring pleasure in a flood

Staining your dear brown cheeks. O fret,
O trouble, that I did not come
And speak and kiss you, dear, ere yet
The silence beckoned, cold and dumb!

But vain the tears. Dear lamb, that lies
So safe in the Good Shepherd's arms,
Lifting to Him your truthful eyes,
Undimmed by sorrow or alarms!

Home from all danger and all fear
He bears His lamb in dusk and dew.
You to that Shepherd are as dear
As your own lambkin was to you.

K. H.

August 16th, 1893.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XVII.—*Correspondence with Lord O'Hagan.*

I KNOW a priest—*scio hominem*—who, walking through the streets to which for some years his priestly ministries have been confined, is wont often to advert to the houses which he has known to be occupied by persons who are now perhaps dwelling in Glasnevin, especially if it had been his privilege to help them to die. Passing certain doors he keeps up a sort of Litany for the Dead—*God be merciful to her! God be merciful to him!*—as he thinks of the young and old, rich and poor, man and woman, who drop off gradually out of every large or little congregation of human beings.

A modification of this practice is to fix in memory and occasionally to advert to the houses, as we pass them, occupied formerly by persons more or less interesting to us. I should like to annotate the streets of Dublin with associations of this sort, with the help of old directories, and especially Dr. Gilbert's classical work on this subject. We cannot put up slabs as at Moore's house in Aungier Street, or at Balfe's house in a neighbouring street, whose name does not occur to me at the present moment; but we might remember that Mrs. Hemans once lived in that house in Dawson Street which is nearest to the Mansion House in the direction of Stephen's Green; that O'Connell's house in Merrion Square is now numbered 58 (the residence of Dr. Kidd); that the Imperial Hotel is built on the site of the home, and I think the birth-place, of Denis Florence Mac Carthy; that Isaac Butt's house in Eccles Street—but I will not go in search of one of those old directories or pursue the subject further at present. It has been suggested by the old letters from which a selection will now be made. We have already quoted [pp. 377, 410] some of Dr. Russell's first letters to Thomas O'Hagan when residing in Great Charles Street. His next residence was 15 Gardiner Place, and then his Dublin residence to the last was No. 34 Rutland Square.

The letter we are about to quote bears no date except

Wednesday evening, but Judge O'Hagan wrote on it in pencil "1846," guided no doubt by his knowledge of the course of Irish politics at that time. Probably the "young men" who were to be put in the wrong (by "the grand old man" of the period, O'Connell?) were *The Nation* party.

MY DEAR MR. O'HAGAN—Will it be possible for you to adjust this unhappy quarrel? I do not hope for a cordial union, I admit, but anything at all would be better than this disgraceful quarrelling which is making us a laugh for the whole world.

Ferguson told me when he was here that they are about to reprint his "*Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*." I never read any of the Tales but "*Silken Thomas*," in which there are many very bigoted passages. I am strongly disposed to urge him to cancel and alter whatever I may be able to satisfy him is wrong, and if you think I would succeed, and *ought* to try, perhaps you would get for me the loan of the volumes of the *University Magazine* which have the whole of this series in them.

I think I lent you *Burke's Letters* some time ago. If I be right, and if you be not using the book, I would like to get it. There is one of the letters which I want to see, and I don't know what volume it is in.

I am quite puzzled by this last move. Is it meant for anything more than to put the "young men" in the wrong?

Your sincere friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

In the following year Mr. Thomas O'Hagan received an appointment which for most lawyers would be the terminus, but which for him was the first step in a career of promotion which ended in the Lord Chancellorship and the House of Lords. His friend's congratulations are dated from Maynooth, May 28th, 1847.

MY DEAR MR. O'HAGAN—I have just seen, with great pleasure, a notice of your appointment to the Chairmanship of Longford. I hope I may congratulate you on your acceptance of it; for although I know that these appointments are generally considered an impediment to a rising barrister, yet I am sure this will not be your case. Your well-earned reputation and your popularity will outweigh whatever of disadvantage the appointment might bring to an inferior man. At all events I hope I need hardly assure you that in this and every other step in life my best and most affectionate wishes accompany and, indeed, far outstep your actual progress.

I am quite nervous about *The Nation* to-morrow, but I hope the best from their good feeling.

Ever, my dear O'Hagan,

Your sincerely attached friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

Was the nervousness referred to in the last sentence caused by the apprehension that *The Nation* would attack the new County Chairman, for whom the Editor, two years before, had expressed his "earnest admiration for heart, intellect, and principles," winding up the dedication of his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland* with a stanza from a "song gushing with tenderness," which he had elsewhere described as the only thing written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe worthy of "The Burial of Sir John Moore":—

My own friend, my own friend,

There's no one like my own friend.

For all the gold the world could hold

I would not give my own friend.

In the same year there is a letter planning an elaborate joke against Dr. O'Reilly, with whom our readers are more familiar as Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J. His colleague commissioned his legal friend to get Mr. Arthur O'Hagan to draw up subpoenas in the case *Brasbie v. Renehan*, which he would get duly served. "They must be perfectly regular, as Dr. O'R. is too good a lawyer to be taken in by a bad or bungled one." The defendant in this case was evidently Dr. Russell's predecessor in the Presidentship of Maynooth. The plaintiff, Brasbie, is utterly unknown to fame. The practical joker had evidently a lighter heart then than when he was President himself.

We must be sparing of our extracts from the bundles of Dr. Russell's letters which Lord O'Hagan preserved. To economise space we may omit signatures, &c. The vocative case, or nominative address at the beginning of each letter, changed soon from "Dear Mr. O'Hagan" to "My dear O'Hagan," and then for many years, "My dear Friend"; but in the later years, however affectionately the letters might end, they always began "My Dear Lord." I do not know what project Dr. Joseph Dixon was to be asked to join in at Christmas, 1856.

I shall gladly co-operate in any way that may be deemed useful. I think it would be important, however, to secure the Primate as

Archbishop of Armagh in the very first instance. I will write to him *if you like*, but my advice (knowing him as I do) is that you yourself should do so. He will be more struck with the project coming from the laity, and will, I think, take it better. He would look on it in me as *part of the art-mania*; and though I know he would do what I would ask him, he would not feel so confident of the feasibility of the project.

Write to him; and perhaps, while I am in the north next week, I may see him.

With every most affectionate good wish of Christmas to you, Mrs. O'Hagan, and *all yours*—all very dear to me—ever, dear O'Hagan, your most affectionate friend.

There is just one letter that begins with none of the formularies specified above, but with "my dear Solicitor-General" in June 1860. In the following September he rejects a proposal of his "dear friend" in terms which may be published without indiscretion, as they do not regard any "burning question" of the present hour. The educational arrangements of Ireland have meanwhile been considerably modified for the better.

The idea suggested in your letter had been already put before me, and so far as I am *personally* concerned, I should be most willing to do anything that might be considered right and useful for the real interests of Catholic education. But in my position here, where I represent and act for *all* the Bishops of all shades of opinion, and where the College is committed by any public act of mine, I could not think of undertaking an office which would be diametrically opposed to the views of a large section of the Episcopacy. I must own, too, that *even personally* I would object, as a priest, to be connected *as yet* officially with the Board. I do not think that enough has been done as yet to warrant *the bishops and clergy* in actively taking part in the administration of the system. Dr. Moriarty will not act for you, I am sure, deeply as he is interested in the maintenance of the system or of a proper system; and, so long as the rule permitting joint religious instruction continues, I do not think any priest will join the Board.

At all events you will easily see that *I* am quite out of the question. I write in the utmost haste for post.

We find among Dr. Russell's papers a letter, dated January 16, 1864, from Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, asking the President of Maynooth to accept the seat on the Board of Commissioners of National Education that had been left vacant

by the death of Dean Meyler. "I sincerely trust you will be disposed to accept the appointment, and both the Government and the public will rejoice to find one of your high character and enlightened judgment taking active part in the administration of a department, &c." We can conjecture what Dr. Russell's answer was from his reply to Lord O'Hagan's overtures.

On the last day of the last-mentioned year (1864) he writes to his friend a letter of consolation on the death of one of his daughters. There are so many who need similar consolation at this moment that we do not scruple to transcribe his words, hoping that they may come home again to some other sorrowing parent's heart.

"On my way through from Dundalk, having called to see you, I learned the news, which I have long expected, of the death of your poor Caroline. I will not attempt to say a word of comfort. This I leave to God and to your own sense of duty, long and frequently tried as it has been. I will only say that in this as in all your heavy trials you have my most sincere and affectionate sympathy; and indeed I myself feel, for myself and of myself, poor dear Caroline's death a real grief. She had endeared herself to me more than I can tell you by her gentle confiding ways, by her affectionate simplicity, by her great piety, and, perhaps more than all, by her evidently devoted love of her father. God has taken her early to her reward, and has accomplished in her, in a few years, the great end of life for us all—the preparation for immortality."

After this may come what might be called a letter of consolation to himself on the death of one of his brothers, dated from the old spot, Killough, February 18th, 1868:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I know you will have heard otherwise of my poor brother Thomas's death; but it is a comfort to me to write of it to you myself, and to ask you and Madeline and Fanny to pray for him. . . . I hardly ever knew a more honest or truthful mind, or a more perfectly unselfish nature. He was one to whom I could turn in every difficulty, secure that he would help me to the very extreme limit of his ability. His death, poor fellow, was very sudden, and in the absence of his poor wife and daughters. But he was so good and so religious that I know he was well prepared for the summons, sudden as it was."

Lord O'Hagan from Solicitor-General soon became "Mr. Attorney." On the 14th of January, 1861, congratulations came from the studious cloisters of Maynooth :—

I conclude from the whole tenor of the newspaper articles that I may look upon your appointment as Attorney-General as a settled affair. I need not say how sincerely I rejoice in it. For a moment I had hoped that the conjecture as to Mr. Deasy's remaining Attorney might be possibly true. I should like, I own, to see you advanced to the Bench without further trouble or further exposure to the annoyance inseparable from *office* in these days. But I confess, too, that I am easily reconciled to the prolonged suspense by the anticipation of the honour and distinction that await you, as well as of the advantage to the public which will result in the parliamentary career which you *must*, I suppose, now enter upon.

Feb. 1, 1861.

You know, far better than I could write it, how close to my heart is everything that concerns the happiness or the honour of the dearest of my friends. I have long, as you know, looked forward to this as your natural career; and my only concern now is that all the coming steps may be marked by the same enviable characteristics which have made your past a subject of pride to your friends as well, I trust, as of happiness and distinction to yourself. I wish with all my heart that your election was over. I have no fear that you will not find a seat; but I wish I saw you safe through the bustle and the rough work which it involves.

It is quite like your kind good heart to think of Abraham in this crisis of your own future. I shall not easily forget it.

When the ordeal of his first parliamentary election was over, the new M.P. received the following letter, which is merely dated "Saturday morning":—

I conclude that you will return to-day, and I wish to have this in waiting, to convey to you on your arrival my most affectionate congratulations. You know that in your election is fulfilled a long-cherished wish of my heart. It is accomplished in a way gratifying beyond my most sanguine expectations. There is hardly a single disagreeable incident; and, if there had been a series of them, it would have been but a small price to pay for the opportunity of making such a speech as yours. I congratulate you on that speech as much as I do on your return. It is everything that far more enthusiastic admirers would desire. As for myself, amidst the delight and admiration with which I read it, it affected me deeply; but at the same time it filled me with hope.

I look to the career which this opens to you as a natural and legitimate resource under the great sorrow which it has pleased God to fall upon you. I know that you will try to use it as such, and I can only pray God to bless your efforts with a success which, while it will bring to you the reward of comfort and peace of mind, will also bear with it the better reward of the consciousness of having usefully and honourably vindicated your principles and served your country.

The speech which was so warmly praised by a not quite impartial critic will be sought for in vain in the stately volume of "Selected Speeches," edited substantially by Lord O'Hagan himself, though only published after his death by his kinsman, the late Mr. George Teeling. The reason of the omission may be conjectured from the note attached to the first of Lord O'Hagan's parliamentary speeches, which dealt with the principal topic of the Tralee address.*

In printing one of Dr. Russell's letters a few pages back we ought to have remarked that the "Rebellion of Silken Thomas," by Sir Samuel Ferguson, has, since the author's death, been reprinted by Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, of Dublin, as one volume of a cheap edition of "The Hibernian Nights' Entertainment." Probably none of the passages to which Dr. Russell thought of calling the author's attention have been altered; for it was the zeal of Lady Ferguson that accomplished after his death what he had meditated thirty years before. The letters before us show Dr. Russell's indefatigable kindness in helping every good cause—trying to procure a pension for the family of the geologist, Mr. Du Noyer, for the widow of Dr. Anster, the translator of *Faust*, and seeking to relieve many other deserving people. He used his friend's influence in another way, thinking it a desirable thing that copies of the Record Publications and Calendars of State Papers should be presented by the Government to the Vatican Library. We may give in full the answer of the wonderful man who was then, thirty years ago, as he is now, at the head of public affairs.

11 Downing Street, Whitehall,
July 25, '64.

MY DEAR ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND—I have inquired into

* The omission for which we have attempted to account did not occur at all. The Tralee speech had been already presented in the volume of "Occasional Papers and Addresses," which was published by Lord O'Hagan himself during his lifetime in 1884. The posthumous volume of "Selected Speeches" was also prepared in great measure by his own care.

the matter of Dr. Russell's request, and am glad to say there is nothing in our rules to prevent compliance. I shall therefore have great pleasure in directing that a copy of the Record Publications and Calendars of State Papers be presented to the Vatican. It is particularly pleasant to me, as our general attitude towards the Roman Government has been modified by political considerations in a way we should not have desired, to perform this small act of courtesy.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I send a copy of this to Dr. Russell, or rather, on consideration, I will write to him on the subject.

11 Downing Street, Whitehall,

July 25, '64.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL—Upon inquiry into the subject of your request, I am happy to say there is no impediment to our sending a copy of the Record Publications and Calendars of State Papers to the Vatican Library.

I will give orders for its being done the moment you are able to inform me that the proceeding will be acceptable. My only reason for not doing it at once is because these books, though historical, tread on controverted ground, and I am fearful lest sending them without an intimation such as I describe might be open to misapprehension.

It will give me great pleasure to find I am at liberty to execute my intention.

Pray believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Jonathan Christian was an eminent lawyer, of remarkable gifts, natural and acquired; but what is most noticeable in his judicial career was the curious attitude which (as Vice-Chancellor and then Lord Justice of Appeal) he allowed himself to assume towards his Lord Chancellor. The following passages give the judgment of an outsider who was by no means unprejudiced:—

May 18, '72.

I congratulate you from my heart on having had patience enough to restrain yourself under great provocation. All along I felt assured that you were right in doing so, and I never failed to tell you this. You have had the reward of this patience now, in the opportunity which yesterday's scandal afforded you of vindicating yourself without compromise of official dignity or of personal feeling. And I

congratulate you on the perfect tact, skill, and delicacy with which you used the opportunity. I could not convey to you half of what I feel as to the entire matter. I am delighted at the result, both for your sake and for that of public decency.

June 19, 1872.

For your sake I am glad that the great field-day is over. I cannot help thinking that it will be the last of these disgraceful exhibitions. Like all that has gone before it, it has damaged only the unhappy mover. As for you, both in your judicial pronouncement and in your reply to the rabid outburst of the Lord Justice, you made it plain to the commonest minds that you were as right in law and fact as you were dignified and calm in spirit and in temper. In a word, if you were malicious enough to desire a foil for your own best qualities, you could not have aspired to anything in that kind more striking or more complete.

An event in the public life of his friend and one in his private relations are thus referred to by Dr. Russell on the 20th of June, 1871 :—

I conclude that I may by this time congratulate you on having taken your seat, and entered upon, I trust, a long and distinguished career in the Upper House. I do not think that, from me to you, words are needed to assure you of the sincerity and depth of the feelings under the impulse of which I write.

But I have just heard from Dr. Murray, who met Colonel MacDonnell in town to-day, of another event which rejoices me even more—that your dear Maddie has been engaged in marriage to John MacDonnell. It is many a long day since I have hoped and prayed for this, and I hardly know anything which would give me greater pleasure. You know how dear your girls have been to me, both for your sake and for their own sweet and lovable qualities; and, knowing what I think of the sterling worth of John MacDonnell, you will believe that I could hardly imagine a happier lot for Maddie than to become the wife of so good and so honourable a man.

In August, 1874, the British Association met in Belfast, with Professor Tyndall as President. Lord O'Hagan gave the opening address in the Statistical and Economic Section. Mr. Tyndall's inaugural address, to which Dr. Russell takes exception, was very acutely criticised at the time by the Rev. Thomas Finlay, S.J., in a paper entitled "*Mr. Tyndall at Belfast*," beginning at page 563 of the second volume of this magazine.

"I congratulate you most heartily on your address, which appears

to me the very perfection of that class of composition touching every desirable topic—local personal, scientific, social, and even political—and avoiding with equal felicitousness every undesirable one. I wish the President had been equally wise. I fear he has made the British Association a forbidden ground for the future."

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Some correspondent of *The Freeman's Journal* sent the following note to the Editor on the 18th of June. What Irish town of its size can boast of better names than these, or at least so many of them?

"Last Friday, in introducing to the Senate of Dublin University the names of the persons on whom it is proposed to confer honorary degrees, Dr. Haughton said of Dr. James Little—'Like Dr. Ingram and Dr. Kidd, he has the honour of belonging to the Northern province of Ireland, commonly called Ulster, and he is none the worse for that.' The Senior Proctor might have added that these three distinguished men are natives not only of the same province, but of the same town—Newry—which also gave birth to Judge O'Hagan. Denis Caulfield Heron, and Sir Charles Russell. Nay, Newry can claim the credit not only of *Who fears to speak of '98?* and of *Ourselves Alone* and *The Song of Roland*, but also of *The Jail Journal*, for John Mitchel lived and died there, though he was born farther North.

* * *

The Dowager Countess of Buchan died suddenly on the 22nd of April, 1893, aged 92 years. She was a woman of great piety, of unbounded charity to the poor, and of much intellectual ability. Under the name of "Stewart Rose" she wrote "St. Ignatius and the Early Jesuits," which has gone through three editions, the last being edited by her friend, Father Eyre, S.J., and published sumptuously with illustrations at a cost of more than a thousand guineas.

* * *

The preceding paragraph contains one of those "Anonymities Unveiled," of which our magazine is so fond. In a recent number of *The Quarterly Review* the author of the article on the novels of Pierre Loti is the Rev. William Barry, D.D., the most literary priest of the present day—almost as literary and much more priestly than poor Father Prout. The clever novel, "The

New Antigone," is by him; but, though written with excellent motives for a certain class of readers, its plot is not such as to recommend it to the cautious caterer for a lending library of Children of Mary.

* * *

I am surprised to find that the lines—

Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them!

are by Oliver Wendell Holmes. I thought they came from a truer poet than the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. I do not know where this other famous line occurs:—

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

The Gracchi groaning over traitors vile,

Who could endure without a scornful smile?

Or may it be put in the singular number, and in one line?

Gracchus denouncing treason, who could bear?

But sedition and treason are different things; and perhaps the sarcastic query might be diluted into this couplet:—

The Gracchi brothers, that seditious pair,

Railing against sedition, who could bear?

* * *

A testimony to Pope's attachment to the Catholic faith may be found where it has perhaps escaped notice—in the poem by Racine the younger, "*La Religion*." In the sixth edition, published in 1751, at page 242, a letter is given "from Sir Pope to Sir Racine"—for such is the translation of "*Monsieur*"—which ends by saying that his opinions are those of Fénélon, "whom I would most readily imitate in submitting all my opinions to the decision of the Church;" and Racine in his reply says that "*le plus grand poëte de l'Angleterre est un des plus humbles enfants de l'Eglise*." I am delighted to find that Mr. A. W. Ward, the Editor of the Globe Edition of Pope, published by MacMillan and Co., representing the result of the most recent investigations, states that "Pope died after an open and full acknowledgment of the faith from the profession of which he had never swerved." Poor Dryden, too, with all his faults, proved in adversity the sincerity of his conversion to the Catholic faith. With such converts as Crashaw and Shirley in the past, and Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore in the present, the Muses may sometimes claim the title of Handmaids of Religion.

OCTOBER, 1893.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN JUANA.

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

From the Spanish of Luis Coloma, S.J.

I.

IT was a March evening, following upon one of those days when, upon the plateau of Castile, Winter suddenly puts forth a frosty claw for a last struggle with Spring for the sovereignty of the season. An expanse of heavy livid-tinted cloud, announcing the approach of a storm, brooded over the sombre surroundings of Tordesillas. The aged reddish-tinted thorn bushes crowning its gradual slope looked from a distance like the mane of some huge lion; among them wound, white and snake-like, the narrow road, sole connection, in the year 1555, between the then powerful town of Tordesillas, and the then powerful court at Valladolid. Whether it were owing to sloth or poverty, the stones still encumbered the ground of the walls demolished thirty-five years previously by the Count de Haro, when he wrested the town from the hands of a rebellious host. The earth, fulfilling its mission of entombing the memories of men along with their monuments, had begun to cover up gradually the ruins, among which the wild fig thrust up here and there its cup of dull green; behind the ramparts appeared house-roofs grouped around the ancient palace and two or three venerable churches, as if they sought in the shelter of the altar and the throne the refuge their feebleness stood in need of.

It was evident, on the evening we describe, that something extraordinary was taking place within the palace—that antique pile whose weather-stained walls had enclosed the sorrows and pleasures, the crimes and good deeds of so many royal generations. Groups of country folk hung around, their eyes fixed on the building with that patient curiosity which the multitude in every age displays in the presence of what appears great, mysterious, or terrible. From a small latticed window on the side facing the monastery of the Franciscan nuns issued at intervals wild shrieks and loud pitiable wailings which filled every hearer with dread. Twice had appeared at a neighbouring window the bust of a young lady of majestic air, whose looks seemed to question anxiously the road from Valladolid, as one who expects some longed-for object to appear; each time the onlookers doffed their caps, and crowded backward, as if under an impulse of fear and respect.

Within the palace an aged and decrepit female was moving with long steps from end to end of the principal saloon. She supported herself by a staff, which she brandished at intervals in frantic wise, following the measure of a strange chaunt, which, with gestures and contortions, she incessantly repeated. Her dress was an old brocaded gown, hanging loosely about her lean throat and breast, and lined with worn and soiled ermine. A loose hood suffered her grey locks to escape on her shoulders. Round her neck was a chain of rich, but broken filagree-work, bearing in front a finely-wrought medallion; on her left arm coiled an antique bracelet of embossed gold, once thickly set with gems now fallen from their settings.

This strange figure stood forth against the heavy tapestry which hung from the inlaid ceiling, representing in faded hues and almost indistinguishable outline passages from the Old Testament. Through an open door might be observed in the background a smaller room, draped in similar style, and at its extremity an alcove almost completely filled by a huge bed with carven canopy and curtains of dusty velvet whose colour might once have been blue. The bed coverings were flung back, as if they had been recently quitted; the counterpane trailed on the floor, displaying at its corners a royal emblazonment.

With singular activity the aged crone traversed the long barely-furnished room, striking the ground with her staff, or

flourishing it in the air ; while in plaintive tones, which few could have listened to unmoved, she repeated this strange ditty :

Saddle and bridle, to horse and away ;
King John was wed in Castile to-day ;
All the dames to the feast are gone,
But one he left alone, alone.

At intervals she interrupted her chaunt before the narrow lattices through which her gaze met the opposite monastery walls. Then raising her withered visage with an expression wherein majestic dignity and frantic passion were blended together, and shaking savagely the iron bars, she would burst into fierce and prolonged outcries and wailings.

And then recommenced her feverish movement up and down the apartment, and her weird, still-iterated refrain :—

Saddle and bridle, to horse and away ;
King John was wed in Castile to-day.—

These ravings and outcries seemed profoundly to effect another lady, who, almost hidden from sight in the recess of a deep-bayed window, followed the motions of the maniac with eyes full of compassion and affection. She sat upon a cushion of thread-bare taffeta laid upon the ledge of Moorish brick-work running round the window-space. Her rich dress of dark cloth lined and faced with crimson, her high Austrian ruff, her head-dress of delicate lace, were indications of some great court lady. She held in her hand one of those psalters whose rich miniatures are so highly prized by artists of the present day, and recited devoutly the divine office ; yet often turned her eyes upon the road from Valladolid, and again upon the movements of the old dame ; all these seeming to form to her one mental object, as if some favour she begged of heaven for her companion were to come to her by the path she so often scrutinized.

The evening closed in with that heavy stillness, which excites sensitive nerves, and exasperates the insane. The elder woman redoubled her shrieks, the younger the fervour of her supplication. The on-lookers one after another moved slowly away to their homes, with many a backward glance towards the palace. At length appeared at the farthest point of the road towards Valladolid a light cloud of dust. It advanced between the thin rows of trees, still bare of foliage, which waved fitfully long branches like skeleton-arms. It disclosed gradually moving

objects to the eye of the watcher at the window, and she rose to her feet with an expression of hope breaking into gladness. Presently she distinguished with clearness four pages on horse-back, followed by as many on foot, who conducted along two religious mounted on mules. Their garb would point them out to the Spaniard of that day as "Theatines"; we should describe them as members of the Society of Jesus, which had come into being some eighteen years before. On recognising them, the lady joyfully clasped her hands, and advancing into the room, exclaimed: "Be of good cheer, madam; God sends us Father Francis!"

At this address, the old dame started and stopped short, while her frenzied looks contracted into a scowl. Fixing her glaring eyes on her companion, she raised her stick, and seemed about to rush upon her. The other retreated in terror, and clung to the tapestry, crying aloud: "Denia, Denia! Lady Isabel!"

An elderly cavalier appeared immediately, as if ready to enter at the first summons; two robust waiting-women followed, a lackey, and lastly a lady of remarkable beauty, but pale with fear, who did not venture across the threshold of the room.

At the entrance of these personages, the unhappy old creature began to tremble violently; she let fall her staff with a certain naïve dissimulation and crept gradually backward towards the wall, till at length she crouched in the farthest corner under a table. There she began to groan and roll herself about, possessed by that intense fear which the insane experience in the presence of the keeper who restrains their paroxysms.

Absorbed in an emotion between grief and terror, the younger lady contemplated her; then, sinking back upon a chair, and with upturned eyes, as if questioning the heavens, she exclaimed with a sob:

"Are such the grandeurs of this earth, O Lord?"

Good reason had she, in truth, for her question and her poignant emotion! For that woman, her grandparent, who was writhing in the dust like a worm, was the mother of two emperors and four queens, herself the most powerful queen of her time. She was Juana of Arragon, oftenest remembered by the name of *Crazy Juana*!

II.

For forty-seven years Tordesillas had been the tomb of a corpse and of a maniac. Thither had Queen Juana retreated, bringing with her the remains of her passionately-loved and early-lost husband, King Philip, which she had been transporting with her on all her frequent journeys throughout Castile. King Ferdinand had long been desirous of terminating these progresses of his daughter which made it too plain and too public how her settled melancholy was developing into downright insanity. He succeeded finally in inducing her to take up her abode at Tordesillas, with the ghastly treasure, over which she maintained an unbroken vigil. It was first deposited within the palace itself, enclosed in a rich outer coffin of carved oak, covered after the Arabian fashion with embroidered draperies, and fastened with three keys of bronze, which the queen kept in her purse. Later on, however, advantage was taken of a feeble ray of reason which visited the unhappy widow to transfer the remains of Don Philip to the adjoining convent of the Franciscan Nuns, a foundation of her royal progenitors. Juana then caused an opening to be made in the palace wall facing the monastery, through which she might watch incessantly over those cherished relics, sometimes fearful that her enemies might steal them away, sometimes hoping to see them revive into life and youthful vigour, for this, she believed, had been predicted to her by a Carthusian monk.

There the afflicted queen spent whole days without taking food—absorbed in gloomy thought, shut up in a darkened chamber, a mourner's hood enveloping her head and face. In such case was she found by her father, Ferdinand, when he came to visit her for the first time after her bereavement. "The king," says the contemporary chronicler, "took off his cap, and the queen the hood she wore; she fell at her father's feet to kiss them, and he bent his knee to lift her up; and their discourse lasted more than two hours. Then entered the Queen. Germana, her stepmother, and although she kissed her hand as a mother's, she forthwith threw her hood over her face, and did not speak a word."

At times her reason would regain a brief hour of partial supremacy; then she would lament that she was treated as insane; but her language always breathed the profoundest respect for her father, and esteem for her deceased mother, the illustrious

Isabella. In one of these moments of partial sanity, she thus wrote to one of her former officers and friends :—

“Hitherto I have not written, because you know how unwillingly I do so ; but since it is the opinion there that I am not in my right mind, it is fitting I should do something in my behalf ; for I should not wonder that false witnesses rise up against me since they rose up against our Lord, . . . but if in anything I acted through passion, and neglected to keep up the state suitable to my dignity, it is well known there was no other cause for it but jealousy ; and that is a passion not found in me only, but my lady the Queen (to whom God give glory), who was the most excellent and noble person in the world, was in the very same way jealous. But time healed her highness, as, please God, it will heal me.”

It was not, however, the Divine will that time should heal the jealousy of Juana, but that, on the contrary, her jealousy should so blind her judgment as to be excited in her by every woman who but approached the remains of her husband. On her journeys she had always insisted that no woman should be admitted into the churches where his coffin reposed for the night. Once, having trusted the precious charge to a monastery which she understood to be of friars, but presently discovered to be inhabited by nuns, she at once ordered it to be removed. There being no other shelter at hand, Juana watched all night beside the coffin on the wide open plain, the wind blowing with wintry coldness, and extinguishing by its violence the torches whereby the attendants sought to illumine the long, dreary vigil. So strange a scene has found a worthy commemoration ; it lives in a celebrated painting by the Spanish artist, Pradila.

Under this dark cloud of melancholy mania wore away the last fifty years of the queen's existence. She quitted no more the walls of Tordesillas. The gloomy old palace had undergone no repair or renovation since the days of her grandfather, Don John II., that favourite-ridden sovereign, the husband of another mad queen, but a generous patron of art and letters—he who said an hour before his death to the bachelor Cibdareal, “Friend, would I had been born a peasant's son—would I had been the humblest friar in the poorest monastery, rather than King of Castile !” So great was the poverty in which Juana was left that her steward, the Marquis of Denia, complained bitterly of their wants in a letter to her Imperial son, Charles V. ; it was also attested and com-

plained of by the Infanta Juana in communicating to the Emperor to her brother Philip, and to the Archbishop of Seville, the intelligence of her grandmother's demise.

In January, 1555, the health of the aged sufferer, which had continued robust into her seventy-second year, began to decline rapidly; wounds opened in various parts of the body, which she irritated by her continual restless movements, and would suffer no one to treat or even examine. At this period, too, her sudden fits of frenzy, to which for many years she had been liable, became more frequent; she spent entire days without suffering herself to be dressed or accepting a morsel of food; she uttered shrieks and howls which terrified the neighbourhood and distracted her attendants. At other times she would array herself in all the worn-out finery which remained to her, and assume the airs and tone of a queen, whether recollecting that she really was such, or from the common propensity of the insane to identify themselves with great personages; Almighty God seeming thereby to point out to men how closely the ravings of madness resemble the fantasies of ambition.

At that time Charles V. was in Brussels preparing for the dramatic episode of his abdication; the Prince Don Philip had sailed for England, to meet his bride, Queen Mary, and the regency of Castile remained in the hands of the Infanta Juana, widowed Princess of Portugal. To her the Marquis de Denia betook himself, with intelligence of the sadly aggravated condition of the recluse of Tordesillas. The grief and alarm of the pious princess were especially excited by the steward's account of her grandmother's spiritual condition. Nothing, in fact, so much disturbed the queen's mind or excited her fury as the least allusion to matters of religion or piety, or to the interests of her soul. The Infanta's thoughts, in this emergency, soon turned to the holy Duke of Gandia, at that time the humble Father Francis Borgia. In his sanctity and supernatural powers she placed the utmost confidence; had she not, indeed, seen him work in her presence the celebrated miracle of the wood of the True Cross? She therefore sent him a command to appear at Tordesillas, and minister to the spiritual necessities of the unhappy queen whom death threatened to surprise amid the wanderings of her deranged intellect. She herself proceeded to the same destination, bringing in her train

the Countess of Lerma, daughter-in-law of Denia, and eldest daughter of the saintly Duke.

Francis Borgia was then executing a commission from Ignatius Loyola as Visitor-General to the Spanish houses of the Society of Jesus. He immediately quitted Sanlucar in company with Father Bustamante, and arrived at Tordesillas on the 25th of March. The Infanta received him with the devout respect her veneration and her hopes inspired, and was eager to introduce him without delay to the queen. She hoped that the sudden presentation to her eyes of the wonderful change which all Europe admired in the ex-Duke of Gandia would give a salutary shock to the disordered fancy, which the prudent saint might utilise to the eternal advantage of the sufferer. Francis, in his youth, had spent two years in the court of Juana, in the quality of page to the Infanta Catherine, who had clung inseparably to her unhappy mother until reasons of State (those tyrants of the highly-placed) compelled her to quit her side to share the crown of Portugal.

On the evening which brought the wished-for guest to Tordesillas the violent excitement of the sufferer had given place to a physical and moral prostration, which indicated how rapidly the worn-out system was yielding to the inroads of approaching dissolution. Her women got her to bed without experiencing the resistance they usually encountered, and she even accepted a bowl of broth from her favourite attendant, Maria de Cartama, who had served her from youth upwards.

Then the Infanta ordered the gentlemen and ladies of her train, together with those of the household, to assemble in the queen's apartment, carrying in their hands a great number of lights. With terrified gaze the queen looked out upon this striking and unusual ceremony, crouching, without word or movement, among the pillows and coverlets. Last of all the princess herself entered very majestically, with Father Francis at her side. The saint was then forty-five years old; his stature was lofty; his penitential rigours had reduced to extreme emaciation a body remarkable in youth for its corpulence. He wore an old worn soutane, with a cloth cincture, from which hung a rosary of the plainest and rudest fashion.

The aged queen, being somewhat deaf, did not notice the entrance of these two personages until they stood beside her. The Infanta then bent over her, and said, in loud, clear tones :—

"Madame, here is the Duke of Gandia, who comes to pay his homage to your highness."

At the same time Francis bent both knees before that incarnate disenchantment from human rank and greatness. Juana fixed her senseless eyes upon the saint without extending her hand towards him. Then, with a gesture of royal dignity, she murmured, "Rise!" and asked him for some red cloth to bind the wounds of the rebel John de Padila, whose head had fallen on the scaffold thirty-four years previously!

G. O'N.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PILGRIMAGES.

I OFTEN think, when pious pilgrims tell
Of visits made to Mary's grot at Lourdes
And of the sick and sorrow-laden cured
At many another shrine and holy well;
Of Paray's quiet cloister and the cell
Where first the stigmata St. Francis bore;
Of Genezzano's sweet, mysterious spell;
And of the cave beside the torrent's roar
Where Magdalen grieved much, but loved the more—

That, were I not (to His dear name be praise!)
Christ's happy captive held in pleasant bands,
It were a joy to visit distant lands,
And on such favoured sanctuaries gaze;
No pilgrim of these easy modern days,
But as my little Saint once toiled to Rome,
With staff and scrip along the rugged ways—
With him to stand beneath St. Peter's dome
And see our Holy Father in his home.

Perchance to wander further yet and see
 A holier country still. Oh! it were sweet
 To kiss the soil trod by those blessed Feet
 That made so many painful steps for me
 And rested only on the cruel Tree!
 Ah well! I know in whom I place my trust
 And I can wait in patient hope till He,
 The bountiful Rewarder, more than just,
 Leads me to holier realms beyond earth's dust.

In Heaven shall all the best of earth be found,
 Yet shall we not forget our dwelling here,
 And to our human hearts shall still be dear
 This little planet's sun-illumined round
 With all its spots of memory-hallowed ground.
 And so I sometimes fancy, when we die,
 Perchance our souls before their upward bound
 Can freely through this world's wide circuit fly,
 And bid its varied scenes a last good-bye.

If it were so, and if my spirit then
 Might choose its journeys, whither should I go?
 Would I elect new earthly scenes to know?
 Or would I rather visit once again
 Those rendered sacred by past joy or pain?
 Ah! sure I am, no famous foreign shrine
 Would be my choice, no classic mount or glen;
 Our Island green my wanderings would confine
 And threefold be that pilgrimage of mine!

SISTER MARY STANISLAUS.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

I.

IT has been said that a writer could never treat a subject in precisely the same way at two different hours of his life. A thought occurs to you; it will be expressed quite differently if you write it down now from what it will be if you defer to do so till to-morrow. You will approach it from a different point of view,

with a different feeling towards it. Still more, vastly more, must two different minds differ in their view of the same subject. I have always liked to contrast the treatment of the same theme by various writers. I once made up a little book of such contrasts, one of them being Henry Kirke White and Thomas Moore to their mothers. Moore's lines may be new to many of our readers, and they will take up less space than even Kirke White's filial sonnet.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that green earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

A certain Italian writer follows up a meditation on the Prodigal Son by one on the Blessed Virgin, connecting the two meditations by the remark that, if the Prodigal had had a mother at home, he would have returned still more promptly and with greater confidence, sure of having her to plead his cause with his father. For us, however, the link between the two subjects is merely the external circumstance that to the parable of the Prodigal Son we propose to apply the same test—to see how it is handled by two very different men, and first by Cardinal Manning, in the fifth chapter (if it can be called a chapter) of “Sin and its Consequences.”

We have a Divine delineation of what penance is, drawn as it were, by a pencil of light by our Divine Saviour Himself in the parable of the Prodigal Son. There we have a revelation of what the grace of penance is. You remember the parable. A man had two sons, and the younger came unto him and said—‘ Give me the portion that falleth to me ;’ and when he had received it, he went into a far country, and wasted it in riot, fell into misery, and returned to his father, and was pardoned. Let us take the main features of this. First this son who, under the roof of a loving

father, had need of nothing—for his father was rich—chafed and was fretful because the authority of a superior will was upon him. He could not bear the yoke of living under a paternal rule, and his imagination was all on fire with the thought of liberty. He looked at the horizon—it may be the mountains that bounded the lands and fields of his father—and pictured to himself the valleys and plains and cities full of youth and happiness and life and freedom—a happy land, if only he could break away from the restraints of home. He came to his father, and with a cold-hearted insolence said—‘Give me the portion that falleth to me;’ which, being translated is, ‘Give me what I shall have when you are dead.’ There was a spirit of undutifulness and ingratitude in that demand; but the father gave it; and the parable says that not many days after—that is, with all speed, in fact—‘gathering all things together,’ all he had and all he could get, he went off into a far country, and there he spent all he had in living riotously. Then there came a mighty famine, and he, having spent all things, was reduced to beggary. His fair-weather friends all forsook him; the parasites who fed at his table all abandoned him; and those that spoke him fair when he was rich and had anything to give them, turned their backs upon him; his very servants were not to be seen. He found himself isolated, destitute, and brought to such extremity that ‘he went to one of the citizens of that country,’ and offered himself as his servant. The citizen accepted him; not into his house—he did not even send him into his garden, no, nor into his vineyard. He sent him into his fields; and not to tend his sheep, no, nor to watch over his oxen, but ‘to feed his swine.’ Such is the degradation of a sinner. In that extremity of need no man gave to him; all his old friends were afar off; if they possessed anything, they kept it to themselves, or at least they gave nothing to him. There was no memory, no gratitude of their past friendship. He was fain to fill his hunger with the husks—not only the husks which the swine did eat, but the husks which the swine had left—the husks which fell, as it were, from the trough of a herd of swine. Reduced to such misery, which is the picture of a soul in mortal sin, as I have described before, he came to himself—the word is, ‘he returned to himself.’ He not only had left his father, but had forsaken himself, he was out of himself—beside himself; for sin is madness. When he returned to himself, he said—‘How many hired servants of my father have bread in abund-

ance, and I here perish for hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him: Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' Here was the consciousness of unworthiness. He did not aspire to be a son again; that, he thought, was lost for ever. It was enough for him, and he was content to accept the position of a hired servant under his father's roof. And he arose and went to his father. And as he was coming, it may be, down the path of the mountain side, barefoot and ragged, up which he had gone a little while ago in all the bravery of his apparel and his pride, before he caught sight of his father, his father saw him afar off, for love gives keenness of sight to a father's eye; he saw his son returning, and he ran towards him. He was as eager to forgive as the son was to be forgiven—ay, more; he fell upon his neck, and the prodigal son began his confession—'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee;' but before he could finish—the words 'make me as one of thy hired servants,' never came out of his mouth—his father fell upon his neck and kissed him, and forgave him all. He was perfectly absolved. And the father said—'Bring forth quickly'—that is, make haste, no delay—'the first robe,' the robe he had before, 'and put it on him. Put shoes on his feet and a ring on his hand. Restore him not only to the state of pardon, but to the full possession of all he had before his fall; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

II.

Let us now see how an Irish priest looks at the picture which has been so well brought out by the English Cardinal. Our Irish priest, however, is not preaching, as the English Cardinal was. We are going to quote from the "Lectures of a Certain Professor," which brightened the earliest volumes of this Magazine and may now be had in a three-shilling volume of their own. Father Joseph Farrell, in his essay "About the Commonplace," thinks of the Prodigal, as an example of the disgust the young heart often feels for the routine of ordinary, commonplace duty. Let us, however, separate our two layers of prose by a silver streak of poetry. Mr. Henry Coyle treats thus the same inexhaustible theme in an American Catholic Magazine; but we expect the poet did

not place the lines where we found them, with seven intolerable breaches of rhythm, which we have ventured to repair.

“ Give me my portion, father ; give thou me
That which is mine ;
I long to sail away across the sea,
To pierce the line
Of yon horizon where the sunset gleams,
Where sea meets sky ;
To see the world I dreamt of in my dreams
Of days gone by.”
Then, like a caged wild-bird set free, the youth
Left kith and kin ;
Sailed o’er the sea, and saw the world, forsooth,
The world of sin.
But soon his portion of red gold and treasure
Had taken flight ;
He gave his all for but a few days’ pleasure
Of mad delight.
His substance wasted, and the goblet drained
Down to the dregs,
Of the false friends on whom his gold had rained,
The spendthrift begs.
Nought gave they him, but scorn, for ’twas his gold
They had admired ;
For days he wandered, starving, houseless, cold,
Till he was hired
To herd the swine upon the hills all day,
And he did eat
Of the rejected husks that strewed the way
About his feet.
“ I will arise, and to my father go,
For I can live
No longer as a slave !” he cried ; “ I know
He will forgive !”
And to his father’s house, the prodigal
Returned once more ;
He was forgiven, and was loved by all
More than before.
Ah, thus we waste our portion, and transgress,
And take no heed ;
And we return, sin-stained and penniless,
In sorest need.

But like the Scripture prodigal, who came
Repentant—wise—
Back to his father's house in rags and shame,
Thus we may rise
And seek our loving Father's arms again,
Where we may hide
Our sinful past, and free of earthly stain,
With Him abide.
He will forgive! The patient Father waits
Until we come;
With outstretched arms he meets us at the gates,
To take us home!

Do you remember that immortal Prodigal who walks from the page of the Evangelist into the hearts of every successive generation? I seem to myself to have found out things about him which the Gospel does not expressly state. I am inclined to think that his childhood was one of more than ordinary promise, and that the servants and people at home loved him far more than that elder brother in whose character prudence, probably, encroached on some of the space that might have been profitably devoted to generosity. I should imagine he was one who loved to make those about him happy—a thing which men of (what they themselves deem) sublimer type not rarely either forget or despise. All this, however, was in the days when he was a boy, and blameless. But youth came, bearing into his blood the fullest breath of its fullest spring, and bringing with it that haunting vision of the unknown and the untried.

It is a sad story, or rather it would be a sad story, were it not that, in the Gospel, it ends so unlike the way a story constructed out of the same materials would end in the telling of a modern philosophico-poetico-romancist.

Something came upon him that made life feel irksome. Nay, not then does it seem to me to have come for the first time. I imagine there had been touches of it even on his childhood. I imagine there had been times when the ball hopped not as of old, and the marbles seemed to spin from the childish fingers not so lightly as they used; that then other toys were taken up, and the pleasure that was in them squeezed out quickly. Surely there was something better in the world than these simple contrivances for making childhood gay, and boyhood happy. Poor fellow, he

grew weary of the unfailing plenty and uneventful serenity of his father's house. He felt the young blood stirring in his veins, and dreams of larger license, which he called 'liberty,' rising in his heart. He longed to break away from what his fatal inexperience deemed the dull monotony of home. I have always, somehow, fancied that his home was situated in a fair valley, bounded by a circle of not very distant hills; and that his eyes got the habit of turning often to their summits; and that a wild dream haunted him of a world beyond the mountains fairer and more beautiful than any in which his feet had walked while they trod the quiet ways of home.

He thought, you may be sure, that he could find in that fairy land a field for such talents as were his; a place where the prizes of life would come to him; where, above all, he would have his own way, and be his own master. Did he think, too,—nay, did he *not* think?—that he would find friends more faithful, hearts more true, affection more tender and more enduring than he had ever found at home. How do I guess these things? Ah, my friends, there is one thing that does not change—the heart of a boy or of a man. Take the first bright-eyed, promising boy that comes in your way, in whose character boyhood and youth are just meeting, and, if you have the art (but it is a rare one) of making him show his heart and its nestling brood of callow wishes and half-fledged hopes, you will discover the inspiration of my studies upon the Prodigal.

However, at last, thinking his wayward thoughts, his heart swelled into the ingratitude of rebellion. He demanded his portion and went his way with a joy whose conscious guilt endowed it with an anticipated touch of the remorse that was sure to come. We have all of us, more or less, trodden those paths that trend across the distant hills that seem at first to lead us up where we can touch the very heavens, and make playthings of the silent moon and silver stars. Only at first, for when the heights are gained, the path tends ever downward, broadening as it goes.

Across those hills there are many paths. Let each one follow the foolish wayfarer by that which his own idiosyncrasy points out as the most likely way.

He had, at all events, emancipated himself from the commonplace. I may well suppose he found a world very different from what his foolish fancy painted on the unlimited sunlit canvass

which inexperience supplies¹—professing to supply it *gratis*, but in reality taking bond for costly after-payment to be rigorously enforced. Friends! Yes, there were friends; for by his girdle still hung the unexhausted purse. They were of the sort called “summer friends.” He thought them fine fellows whose smiles were worth gold. And with gold he bought their smiles—smiles that were so bright that they needed to be dipped in wine-cups to cool their glow—smiles of such protean capabilities that, when not on paid duty, they most easily assumed the undress of a sneer.

He met, you may take for granted, no love like that he had so lightly spurned, no heart like the father’s he had wounded so cruelly, with that thoughtless cruelty, whose very unconsciousness is its most bitter ingredient, in which youth is sometimes such an adept. And then, in a land far off, poverty came upon him. The summer friends fell, one by one, away, and he felt the sickness and the sinking of the heart that are the costly cures of the heart’s delusions. At last, in the meanest of menial employments, he sate among the swine, staying his body’s hunger with the acorn husks, but finding in the bitterer husks of memory and regret nothing that could appease for a moment the hunger of his heart.

I don’t know why I have so fully (and yet not half so fully as my heart would prompt me) written out his story. He occurred to me as the most eminent instance on record of extreme disgust with the commonplace. Moreover, there is some of him in most hearts worth anything. May they all, like him, come home at last!

He came home—home to commonplace. Have you ever pictured to yourself that unwritten and unrecorded after-life of his? Be sure the past came back to him at times, not only as a painful experience, but came back with a glow and a glamour that memory can fling over things past, let hard-won experience preach never so wisely. I wonder was he ever tempted—say, when the prudent elder brother put on the half self-complacent, half-scornful look of a man who, never having known temptation, escaped a fall—I wonder was the Prodigal tempted, at such times, to try the hillside paths once more. Had he a mother skilful to detect the gathering gloom of such a mood, and dispel it timely, as mothers well know how? There is one thing for which I deem him envi-

able. He had (what few men do) bought enough experience at a less price than his whole lifetime.

Yet I can never meditate on the Prodigal Son without thinking that even this revelation of the tenderness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus does injustice to the Divine reality. How poor an image, though painted by the Lord Himself, is this father of the bountifulness and forgivingness and compassionateness of Our Father Who is in Heaven? Who could dare to throw into the form of a story God's dealings with that most miserable of men, the relapsing sinner? But alas, no!—more miserable is the sinner who never relapses because he never tries to repent. Our Heavenly Father does not merely wait, in readiness to forgive the sinner when he returns; but He goes in search for him, he pursues the wanderer. This phase of God's mercy is put before us in the parable of the Lost Sheep; but the particular point emphasised in the inspired apologue we have been illustrating may be condensed into Adelaide Proctor's line:—

“Only Heaven
Means *Crowned*, not *Conquered*, when it says *Forgiven*.”

CONCIERGES.

WHEN I was an untravelled Australian, who gathered my impressions of Continental life mainly from books, I remember being a good deal puzzled at the important position occupied by the *concierge* in such French stories as came in my way. Whatever else was done or left undone in the course of smoothing the course of true love, and making things pleasant for hero and heroine, there was almost certain to be an intriguing *concierge* to bribe, cajole, or outwit. The rather hazy form in which this functionary presented him (or her) self to my mind's eye (for the *concierge* of romance, like the actual one, may be of either gender) was made up of an impossible combination of hall porter and stage chambermaid, who kept strict watch on the outgoings and incomings of the various *locataires*, and was ever ready to accept a five-franc piece in exchange for half-an-hour's gossip. Now, however, that I have become part proprietor of a *concierge*, and that I have abundant opportunity of studying those of my neighbours, I

find there are two distinct varieties of the genus, neither of whom, so far as I can judge, is more grasping or more crafty than people of other callings. The first and better known variety, so familiar to European travellers, does indeed wear a livery, and so far coincides with the hall porter theory I had formed of him, but he often carries his gold-laced cap and many-buttoned coat with such dignity of bearing as suggests a military uniform, and his gracious manners and grasp of modern languages indicate that under happier circumstances he might have won for himself a brilliant career in diplomacy. A competent *conciierge*, such as is to be found at most of the hotels one stays at in making the grand tour, is a providence to inexperienced travellers, a living encyclopædia (bound in green and gold) with satisfactory answers at a moment's notice for all manner of questions. The faculty the best of them have of being able to evince a keen personal interest in each guest in a monster hotel would be invaluable to a bishop or the governor of a colony, while their kindly welcome and sympathetic farewell (without counting the various good offices between those greetings) are inadequately paid for by the money offering with which it is usual to acknowledge these attentions.

Apropos of the parting ceremony I was amused and even touched by the simplicity and freshness of a middle-aged Englishwoman, who sat next me at a *table d'hôte* in Genoa, and who, in company with her husband and pretty young daughter, was, for the first time in her life, enjoying the delights of foreign travel. The whole party was simmering with enjoyment, everything pleased and interested them, and they were constantly congratulating each other on all they had seen in the six days that had elapsed since they had left London, though they had been most of the time *en route*. "We have been talking of coming abroad ever since our wedding trip," said my cheerful neighbour, "but have never been able to manage it. Indeed, we should still be in England if our daughter, who has just left school, had not taken things into her own hands and fairly carried us off. She has always been a dear, good child, and has a whole bookshelf at home full of prizes for German, Italian, and French, so that when she set her heart on a few months' travelling about the Continent, her father could not deny her the pleasure she so well deserved. My husband and I had been a good deal alarmed by the stories we had heard of the extortion practised at foreign hotels, and of how one could not

get the smallest attention without tipping the servants beforehand, but so far our experience has been quite different. For instance, last night we arrived at San Remo just before dinner time, and although we told the landlord we were only going to stay one night, I assure you, when we were going away this morning, the hall was full of waiters ready to see us off as if we had been old, old friends. There they were, half a dozen of them, beside the *concierge*, and the porter, who had taken down our luggage, all bowing and smiling, and the waiter, who had served us at dinner, put out his hand almost as if he wished to shake hands. They looked so well disposed and kindly that we smiled back to them as we stepped into the omnibus."

Her beautiful unconsciousness of what this gathering of the clans meant was so naive that I had not the heart to undeceive her, but I have since thought it was wrong to leave her to be roughly awakened from her innocent delusion by a head waiter lacking the fine feeling which actuated the staff at the San Remo Hotel.

Altogether different from the ornate and accomplished hotel *concierge*, whom I have described, is his poor relation; the *concierge* of houses let out in *appartements* or flats, who even in the finest houses in Nice, where wealthy English, American or Russian families establish themselves for the winter, are frequently cobblers or decrepid old women, who can no longer earn their daily bread by any more laborious pursuit than that of taking in and distributing letters and parcels.

One soon loses one's power of being surprised at anything in this cosmopolitan city of Nice, where the customs of so many nationalities prevail; but when I was fresh from the colonies, and still quite unsophisticated, it one day fell to my lot to make a call on Madame la Marquise de M. On arriving at the villa where my distinguished acquaintance abode, I entered a spacious hall adorned with palm trees, bamboos, ferns, and various pot-plants. On the wall hung a little row of baskets, each with a visiting card affixed, and some with an additional card, on which was inscribed the word "*sortie*." But stranger even than these mural adornments, the meaning of which was then unknown to me, was a small dark den behind the palms where an old man in a blue cotton jacket sat at work mending shoes.

"*Qui est ce que madame cherche?*" demanded the cobbler. I

scarcely considered it any part of his business to make such an inquiry, and replied rather loftily that I desired to see Madame la Marquise de M.

"*Deuxieme etage à gauche,*" he ejaculated, without raising his eyes from his work. It then dawned on me that it was a case of flats, and that the wall baskets were designed to receive cards, and save visitors the trouble of mounting in case their friend was "*sortie*." But the basket of my Marquise bore no such inscription, and therefore up the steep, uncarpeted marble stairs I toiled, wondering at each step how Madame de M. managed the ascent, for she was in every sense of the word one of the old *noblesse*; and her beautiful hair, though long and thick as a girl's, had been considerably powdered by time in the picturesque fashion proper to a French marquise.

When I was about half way up the first flight of stairs, the *concierge* shouted after me—" *Tenez*, if it is Madame la Marquise de M. you want, she's *au troisième*; it's la Marquise de B. who is *au deuxième*."

One of the *concierge's* duties—indeed, the fundamental one—is to lock up securely all doors and gates at a reasonable hour every night—say, 10 o'clock. Anyone who is abroad after this curfew must carry a bunch of heavy keys, much too large to be comfortably stowed away in the pocket of an evening dress, and, moreover, must act as warder, and fit all the keys into their various key holes by what light the moon affords, ere it is possible to affect an entrance into the house. An experience or two of this kind in frosty weather has quite convinced me, if I had any doubt before, that "a burglar's life is not a happy one."

Another of the *concierge's* duties I find it even more difficult to resign myself to, and that is that it is his business to distribute the mail to all *locataires* in the house, the postman never delivering a letter personally unless it happens to be registered. However little one likes precious correspondence to be given into the charge of a person who cannot read (as is the condition of our *concierge*), and who guesses at the destination of the letters as best he may, there does not seem to be any redress. Bribes, which can usually do a good deal, are powerless in this case. It appears to be against custom or tradition in this part of the world for the postman to cheer our ears by his erstwhile familiar knock, and neither love nor

money (we have tried a pretty parlourmaid and a large silver piece as inducements) are of any avail.

One duty of our special *concierge* is certainly peculiar to himself, and not by any means a matter of course. Every morning when the weather is good he brushes and plaits his daughter's hair under a shady tree in the garden. This labour of love (for the child has a devoted mother who would gladly act as waiting woman) is performed with the utmost simplicity, and in full view from our front windows. Father in bright-blue blouse and wide straw hat, and dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter form a pretty and very foreign picture—a picture only a degree less charming than the same little maid will make when, on New Year's morning, she comes, accompanied by father and mother, and laden with flowers and good wishes, to wish us *bonne année*, as is the gracious custom of the country.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

THE FIRST SIN.

*I said the prayer : " Into Thy hands
My spirit I commend, O Lord !"
And as my lips closed on that word,
Sleep pressed my eyes with velvet bands.*

THIS was my dream. The golden, noontide sun
High over pale blue mountains sat enthroned,
And flooded all the nether earth with light.
The broad infinities of space revealed
To our poor eyes in seagreen, azure depths
Were flecked with many feathered clouds ; around
A silence deep as Death held Nature tranced.
The forest leaves untouched by zephyr lips
Swooned sorrowstricken in their loneliness.
No droning bee preferred eternal plaint
Amid the twilight of the dusky glades.
So calm was all, one almost feigned to hear
The sunbeams flitting through the maze of leaves
To frame a fair mosaic on the green.
A grassy champaign, carpeted with flowers,

Sloped gently down to where about its waist
Was girded loose a wide and watery belt.
No strange a spell this wove upon my mind,
My eyes were glued unto its burnished face,
For something weird, and sad, unreal and yet
All undefined, hung round that quiet stream.
A light broke in at last : with awe-struck eyes
I looked and saw the stream was shadowless.
No plumes that hearse-like waved o'er its still face
Beheld their shadows in its opal depths ;
No osier sprang from water-painted picture ;
And no infinitude of sky below
Did make me shudder on the grassy bank
Lest I should hazard one false step therein
And lose myself in depths unfathomed.
Bright in its very blackness, on it flowed,
Beside me calm,—I thought it motionless,
And wrinkled with a tiny flower its face.
The flower sped on. But by the other bank,
And far away, the stream was turbid, dark,
A vast complexity of vortices,
Whirlpool to whirlpool linked, and beaded o'er
With yellow yeast that effervesced and foamed,
And died away into its funnel depths.

And as I gazed, adown the peaceful stream
Glided a bark, and in the stern-sheets sate
A golden child. Seven springs had fairly gemmed
The brown, bare, woodland arms with emerald buds,
Seven falls had made them brown, bare arms again,
Since that fair spirit, thus embodied, came.
Eyes, from whose holy depths Heaven's self did shine,
Were raised aloft with that mute, sightless gaze,
With which earth's cloistered angels love to look,
When o'er their heads the love-imprisoned God
Is raised to bless His virgin worshippers.
Nor looked he now to either side—the years
For him were full, and Memory's magic wand
(Oh ! what a brilliant conjuror she is
Till lashed by sin into that fiend, Remorse)
Some airy scene unto his vision gave,
For now he smiled, and clapped his little hands
And fain would leap from out himself in joy.—

Some pleasant nutting in the Autumn woods?
Some pleasant gambol in the fragrant hay?
Some painted toy, bestowed with many a kiss,
And tear—the wealth of mother's dearest love?

There came a rude,—a sacrilegious sound,
And smote the ear of listening silences;
A sound of mirth and wanton revelry,
More meet for midnight and the sickly gas
Where Dissipation flaunts its faded triumphs,
Than God's bright sunlight, making Sabbath sweet.
And where the river's banks did meet above
In dim perspective, rose a little cloud,
Not larger than the spiral-wreathéd mist,
That creeps from unswung censer in the choir.
And as it reared, it foliated wide
In thick umbrageous folds of leaden mist;
And from its bosom calm the wanton laugh,
The ribald Attic jest, the easy oath,
And then the great, unpardonable sin,
That cursed the high, unutterable Name,
Which when he wrote the bearded Jewish sage
Laid down his pen, and covered his pale face,
Lest Sinai's thunders should peal forth again,
And Sinai's lightnings fling him 'mongst the Dead.
The cloud crept on, and showed a gilded barge,
And sons of men were they that sat therein,
All heedless of the boiling waves beneath,
And flames that followed in their whitened wake.

I turned to look upon the boy again;
And groaned as miser groans when waked from dreams
Which turned whate'er he touched to yellow gold,
To find the filings from the weary years,
Which late last night did scintillate so bright
Even at the bleared look of mouldy taper,
Now heavy dull-eyed lead, or worthless brass.
The solemn years that in their silent course
Write ghostly legends upon adamant
Were powerless thus to change that cherub face.
For Heaven had died from out the lustrous eyes,
His forehead fair was seamed with heavy lines,
For Holiest Peace had left for evermore

That mansion now of festering care the prey.
Boat after boat came on, soul-laden,
With just a counterpart of this bright child ;
And as they passed came salutation sweet,
" The Name of Jesus be for ever praised !"
And he from whose sweet ruby lips did flow
Like words, as freely as the gushing wave
On Arab desert sands leaped sunsparkling,
When summoned from its granite prison-depths
By the famed leader of the chosen host,
Now scarce could utter one small word " Amen !"

The rudder of the little boat was tied
That thus it may not swerve to either bank,
But cut the middle bosom of the stream.
At this the Boy now pulled, nor pulled in vain :
With one fell sweep around the rudder swung,
The prow obedient yielded to its wish ;
Then rose from Earth to Heaven a stifled cry,
A many-mouthed murmur filled the air.
Perhaps you've heard in some Cathedral vast
Repentant sobs from many a sinning breast
When truths that just were slumb'ring unto death,
By some frail voice—magnetic in its might—
Are quickened into breathing life again.
E'en such the cry that winged its way to Heaven.
But louder still, and louder yet, it grew,
When now the boy, all haggard in his fear,
Approached the verge, where waves, Charybdis-like
In eddying circles leaped and lashed and foamed.
The hoarse, deep murmur, heretofore so void,
Took shape and thus in piteous accents borne,
It praised and pleaded in the ears of God.

O Holy God !
O Strong God !
O Strong and Holy God !
O Strong God !
O Holy and Strong God !
O Holy God !

And high o'er all, like seaman's dying shriek
O'er thund'rings of the tempest and the surge,
One voice did loudly plead : " Eleison !"

A thousand pleading voices caught the sound,
A thousand echoes flung it far and wide ;
Dumb things did speak to cry : " Eleison !"
In vain ! in vain ! the boy had leaped the line.
The surging waves seethe round the little bark,
One smile of triumph madly dashed aside,
And terror, aye, despair, hath seized the soul,
And linked it firmly in their fiery chains.

A sound went up ; hath some new rebel God
Raised his proud eyes to rival the Most High ?
Hath Michael's sword unsheathed been again ?
The Man-God driven with his scythéd car
New ingrate hosts from Salem's holy gates ?
The angels closed their golden-tippèd wings
To hide their burning faces from the sun ;
That day Heaven's lofty aisles were echoless.
No silver harp dissolved in brooklike sound,
No cymbals clashed in mighty unison,
No braying trumpet preached unto the stars.
The Holiest one did shroud Himself in awe,
And panic-stricken Heaven was found dumb.

*I woke : the birds proclaimed the day,
The sunlight dimpled all the wall ;
I rose, obeying Jesus' call
To tread with Him the thorny way.*

*Nor earth, nor earthly treasures seek ;
That golden child is all to me.
I start from sleep in agony,
And tears are wet upon my cheek.*

P. A. S.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER XII.

READING THE WILL.

“**M**EG, it was awfully good of you to think of making those for my birthday; it was really, especially as my toes, ‘in respect to you, ma’am’ (mimicking Peter) were making their appearance through the old ones.”

“Now, that will do, Charlie. I know all you would say, and I will take the will for the deed. What other presents did you get? Let me see them.”

“Vic gave this; it is a painting of a bird, but what bird I can’t make out unless it be a magpie, ‘one for sorrow.’ She might have done two—‘two for joy.’ This pouch is from Florence. Very useless, as I don’t smoke, but I suppose she thought of the future when I shall be an old man, sitting by the fire with no other pleasures than those afforded by my pipe, my paper, and my glass of punch. Oh, there are loads of others—a gun from Mr. Howard, an elaborately-bound book of devotions—I never looked at the name—from her ladyship. Aunt Anna sent these handsomely-framed portraits of father and mother, which she says were done the year before I was born, and are remarkably good ones. Strange there are no copies of them here—Vincent Blake is a downright good fellow; he writes to say that he is sending me a splendid young horse I admired when down there last summer, a son of Bajazet’s; they were training him then; he was a magnificent beast, and had splendid action. It would take me half a day to count them all for you, but if you go into my room, you will find the most of them there and all the letters.”

“But stay, Charlie, what is that hanging from your watch chain? Such a pretty ornament! Was it to-day you got it? Does it open? O, yes, it does. Who is inside? Ah, you sly boy, who is the owner of that lovely face? How is it that you were forgetting to show me this? What colour is red, Charlie?”

“It’s red, I suppose; what else would it be? Don’t be a fool, Meg.” (Brothers are sometimes very flattering.) “What would make me red? I got that birthday present from Pauline Gower, Arthur’s sister. Why should she not send me one as well as every other body? Mrs. Gower

sent some books, and Arthur a very curious walking-stick. Wonder where he picked it up. I must be off now. Run into my room and see all the things."

Charlie's sanctum was a very untidy room; he never allowed any one to put it in order. It was littered with all kinds of imaginable things—walking-sticks, guns, fishing-rods and tackle, skins of cats, dogs, foxes, badgers, &c. I used to hate to go in there, for I was always a great stickler for order and neatness, two "old-maid virtues," Charlie took pleasure in reminding me.

The morning on which this conversation took place was the morning of Charlie's twenty-first birthday. I was sitting in the old schoolroom, waiting to be summoned to the library for the reading of the will, when Charlie burst in with his awkwardly expressed thanks for the slippers I had worked for him. I did not stir after he left. The "things" could wait a while; my thoughts wouldn't. They were busy with that watch chain ornament and the sweet face of Pauline Gower, with my brother's confusion and blush. What could it mean? My thoughts had only got as far as this when Charlie entered.

"I have been down to see what they are about, Meg. Mrs. Howard says the reading of the will won't take place till after luncheon. So considerate of her; she does not want our digestions to be injured. Old Martyn has arrived; I met him in the hall, looking hale and hearty. Uncle Stephen and Father Pat have not come yet—slow but sure as usual. Are you superstitious always about the magpies? Turn and see the flock outside, one, two, three—seven, by Jove. What are seven for, Meg?"

I laughed. "Nan says that if they do not cross your path they cannot bring you any luck, ill or good. How many did you say were in it? Seven. Oh, there's luck in odd numbers."

"Hope so. Ding-dong, ding-dong. There goes the lunch-bell. Gather yourself together, Meg, and hurry down. The *Bête noir* waits for no one." And he went whistling and waltzing out of the room.

"You seem in high good humour, to-day, Charlie," I called after him. "Is it because you will soon be your own master, or because a pretty young lady has sent you a pretty little present?"

Immediately after luncheon we repaired to the library, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Uncle Stephen, Mr. Martyn, Father Pat, Charlie, and I.

When we were all seated, Mr. Howard unlocked a large writing-table, and taking out a small tin box, handed it and the key to Mr. Martyn. It contained the will, which he took out. It was carefully sealed and tied. Mr. Martyn, after examining the seals, broke them, undid the tape, and spread the manuscript out before him on

the table. Amid the dead silence, after a short pause, he commenced to read in a deep, sonorous voice. The very first sentence sent a thrill—an unpleasant thrill—through all there except the Howards. When it was finished, I was speechless, Charlie deathly pale and silent, Uncle Stephen red with anger. He stood up, and, striking the table with his clenched hand, exclaimed, 'That will is a forgery. I know it; I know it.'

"Take care of what you say, sir," answered Mr. Howard. "Forgery is an ugly word. Mr. Martyn will be able to tell you if it be a forgery or not."

"Pray compose yourself, Stephen," said the old lawyer, "this document, *unfortunately*, is perfectly legal."

"I'll dispute that will," Uncle Stephen thundered forth, "on the grounds of undue influence."

"Mr. Martyn," my stepmother said quietly, turning to the lawyer and ignoring Uncle Stephen, "there was nobody to exercise that influence but me, and I did not do it. Of course I don't expect prejudiced people to believe my word, but all right-minded people will. There was not time or opportunity for such wickedness after the dreadful accident. Mr. Howard was my husband's guest, a stranger to me. You all know Mr. Blake was not a man easily influenced."

She spoke very calmly, keeping her eyes fixed on Mr. Martyn's face the while. Uncle Stephen got ashamed of himself; he rose and walked towards her.

"Madam," he said, rather brusquely. "I take back the charges; the words were spoken in a moment of passion."

"Mr. Martyn,"—it was Charlie who spoke—"what does it all mean? I don't understand it."

"Listen to me, Charlie," the lawyer replied. "I am sorry to have to tell you the property no longer belongs to you, it passes to your stepmother. It appears that, when your father married Mrs. Howard here, he was so much in debt that the property, if sold, would not have been able to realise the amount he owed. What the devil he did with all the money is a mystery to me. I never took him to be such a nincompoop as he appears to have been. Shortly after his marriage, the creditors began to press very hard for payment. Who they were nobody knows; he seems to have kept the whole thing very secret. But they were probably some wily London Jews, and he was obliged to borrow the requisite sum from your stepmother. She it seems had it all with the exception of a few thousand—I find on consulting her bank book it is five thousand—in gold and notes, money which had been left her by an eccentric old relative who died a week before her marriage, and she had not had

time to invest it up to that. I must say, indeed, it was rather a foolish thing for her to carry so much money about with her. Your father always meant to pay this back to her, but he was not able to do so before he died, and so he was obliged to leave her the property in lieu of it. If you could pay the debt now, you would get the property, but of course you can't, Charlie. Your sister, Margaret, comes in for her mother's fortune, which will be able to keep you both; that was so tied that your father could never touch it."

"Mr. Martyn," I interrupted, "let my portion be given to Mrs. Howard in payment of the debt, and let Charlie be left his own."

"My dear young lady," he replied, "your fortune would not be a drop in the ocean. Where I find fault with Mr. and Mrs. Howard is that they did not tell you of this before, and insist on Charlie following some profession, which would be means of support for him now."

"But, Mr. Martyn," my stepmother said, "both I and Mr. Howard did all we could to make him follow some profession, but he wouldn't; and we could not give plainer hints than we did without breaking our faith with the dead."

"Perhaps," said Father Reilly, speaking for the first time, "Mr. and Mrs. Howard might be kind enough to make Charlie some allowance."

"No," exclaimed Charlie, rising, "I will have nothing of the sort. I think we might separate now, Mr. Martyn. No good can come of any further discussion. I wish to have a few words with you before you leave."

"Charlie," said Uncle Stephen, by way of consolation, "I never thought your father was such a d—d ass. I always took him to be a sensible, wide-awake fellow. This ought to be a good lesson for you: don't follow in his footsteps; never get into debt. You needn't fear starvation while I have a penny, but it would be well if you tried to do something for yourself. Meg will some day want her own money."

Before leaving that day, Mr. Martyn, on Charlie's behalf, rented the Black Cottage and all the lands that went with it, from the Howards, and thither we intended to go as soon as ever it was fit to receive us. Charlie went away that evening with Father Pat; he would not stay another night under his old roof. Father Pat had a room to spare, which kind-hearted Peggy made as comfortable as she could; and the poor creature used to tax her brains trying to devise dainties to tempt Charlie's appetite while he remained with them. I stayed on at Blakescourt.

There was a great hubbub among our friends, and indeed among all the people around, and especially the tenants, when the terms of the will became known. Vincent Blake and Aunt French came down

together in a state of great wrath, and demanded to see the will, in which of course they could find no flaw, though they declared it was a monstrous shame, an injustice, which no law should allow. It was nothing short of robbery.

It was surely very hard on us after all our expectations and plans; it was a terrible disappointment from which we took a long time to recover. Our father had treated us cruelly, in forbidding the will to be read until this time, for if we had heard this after his death we should have been too young to understand our position; and as we grew older we should also have grown accustomed to it. We should not have been expecting anything, and Charlie would have been independent of others; now he was dependent on me for his daily bread. It was for him I felt; I was provided for; but he, poor sensitive Charlie, was penniless, and I knew he was feeling it dreadfully, though he tried not to show it. He knew himself that he was not forward enough nor hard enough to battle with the world. My poor darling, it was a terrible fall for him.

In a week the Black Cottage was ready, painted, cleaned, and aired, and furnished in the simple manner our limited means could afford. On a Friday we went to live there—Friday, you know, is the lucky day—and nobody in our country would think of changing into a new residence on any other day in the week. I was not sorry to leave Blakescourt.

Our household staff consisted of Nan, who was delighted to come with us, Bridget, Peter, and Miss Thyme, no longer wanted, as the 'young ladies' were now finished. It was a new experience to me to be mistress of a house, and I felt very important and proud of my new dignity, and anxious to do the honours to all my friends. We had a "house warming" the week after going there; Aunt French and Vincent Blake remained for it (they were staying at the only hotel the village could boast of, a very primitive one). Mr. Martyn and his very pretty daughter Ida came over for it. We had also Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, Father Reilly, Robert Derrick, and a few other neighbours. There was a little gate-lodge at the entrance, and we induced Shamus and Cauth—have you forgotten our friends on the mountain?—to leave their smoky cabin and take up their abode in the lodge. Cauth was to mind the gate and take charge of the poultry, and Shamus was to work in the garden. I was very hopeful of reforming Shamus; he would be under my constant supervision in the garden, and I meant to try and make a new man of him; I felt sure I could, but, alas, I was reckoning without my host. Shamus did not want to change; habit was second nature to him now. He had, since he married, left all the drudgery to his hardworking wife, and now he could not work, even if

he wished to ; I believe that now he could not shake off the indolence and laziness which seemed inborn in him, but which were habits he had acquired only since he married a woman who was so industrious and active that it was merely child's play to her to do herself what little work they had. She spoilt her husband. Having no family, Shamus could not see the necessity of seeking labour elsewhere ; he cared not for money or luxuries ; he was satisfied if he had sufficient bread for to-day. "Let to-morrow take care of itself." And in this way he developed into what his wife often called him, and what she surely helped to make him, an "ould *litchamarie*." I do not know the English equivalent for that, but I have always heard it applied to idle, lazy persons who were good for nothing but spinning yarns and telling tales of their neighbours. Such was poor Shamus.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

We had been about a fortnight in our new residence, and feeling quite content there, at least I was, when Charlie one day burst into the sittingroom, where I was reading, exclaiming—"O Meg, the horse, Vincent's birthday present to me, has come. Do come out to see him ; he is in the paddock here."

Of course I went. Peter was walking him up and down, holding him by the bridle.

"Isn't he a beauty, Meg ? A splendid colour, Peter, real chestnut. Ho, ho, my beauty. See how he pricks his ears. Think you are among strangers ; never mind, old boy, you'll know us all soon. Look, Meg, look, what a splendid arched neck he has, and his head is so well shaped. There's mettle in him, eh Peter ? His eyes show that ; he is not one of those half-bred, half alive humdrums that are to be met down here. He has the finest coat I ever saw, so silky, so glossy ; shows he has been well cared ; you must keep him in that style, Peter. I say, Meg, why aren't you talking ? You've never said what you think of him."

"My dear Charlie, you don't remember that you haven't given me time to say a word ; you address a question to me or to Peter, but, before we can answer you, you ramble off into something else ; you are quite excited over that beast."

"Well, and no wonder. Isn't he a magnificent animal ? But, Meg, he has no name yet. What shall we call him ?"

"Really I don't know, Charlie. Why not call him Bajazet II. ?"

"Oh ! no ; I don't like that."

"Call him after some hero of fiction or history."

"You would like Godfrey de Bouillon, I suppose, after your hero of heroes."

"What? Call a horse after that grand Crusader, that brave-hearted man, who said—'I will not wear a crown of gold when my Saviour had but one of thorns' Oh, it would be a desecration."

"Indeed, I think it would be an honour for the name, Miss Meg."

"Call him Roderick Dhu."

"No, no! He should be black in colour for that."

"Well, well; it is impossible to please you, When you were christened, had your colour anything to do with your name? As Bridget says, 'You drive a nail in every hole I make.' Let me see if I can think of any other. Oh, it's a bother. Yes—no—well yes; call him Horatius, after him

'——who kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,'

and he will keep the hunting field for you; none will be able to beat him."

"'Horatius.' That will do for want of a better one. Another time and I could think of hundreds of appropriate names."

"That settles the dispute, I suppose; I can go in now. Good bye, Horatius, be worthy of your name. By the way, Charlie, I am going out for a walk; I have been cooped up all the week, and am in need of a little fresh air. Should you want me, I shall be at the sea road."

I had been so busy since I came to the cottage, trying to put things in order and to make the place homelike, that I had not had time to go out all. Anyhow, the weather had not been good, but this was a dry day, though grey and gloomy, and I intended to take a long ramble. The sea road was a favourite walk of mine, though it called up painful recollections, for it was on this road that my poor father met the accident which took him from us. It ran along by the shore, from which no wall or fence divided it, for a considerable way; on the other side was a grove of firs which sheltered it; it commanded a splendid view of the bay, and for this I liked it.

I had not gone very far when I saw Robert Derrick coming towards me. He was the last in the world I wished to meet, but avoid him I could not. I had nowhere to turn unless I went back, and that would be a too pointed avoidance after all the kindness he had shown us.

He was, I might say, Charlie's greatest friend and best adviser; he spent a portion of each day with us since we came to the cottage—it was there he was going now—and he was indefatigable in his

efforts to make us comfortable. We were very much indebted to him indeed.

I walked forward, trying to devise some plan for getting rid of him, should he impose his company on me, as I apprehended.

My fears were well grounded. After the usual greetings, he said :

"May I ask you where you are going, Miss Blake?"

"Only for a walk, Mr. Derrick. I left Charlie inside, he has just got the horse from Vincent Blake and he is like a child with a new toy, he cannot be separated from it. No inducement, I think, would bring him away from the stable now. You will find him there, Mr. Derrick, if you go up; I shall not go in for a while yet."

"That is a very clear hint. You want to get rid of me, Miss Blake," he said, smiling.

"Oh! no, by no means, but I supposed you were on your way to see Charlie."

"Well, I was going to the Black Cottage, not altogether to see Charlie, though. But as I have met you now, if you will allow me, I shall walk on with you. There is something I have to say to you."

Of course there was nothing for me now but to resign myself to the inevitable, to make the best of a bad business. I knew too well what was coming; I had feared it for a long time. I had the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and Charlie's hints besides. What was I to do? Oh, God help me. I dreaded giving pain to a warm generous heart, but I should have to do it. I did not care for him, and therefore I could not marry him. I knew I could never care so for anybody; I did not want to. My whole affections were given to Charlie, there was no room for any other.

We walked on in silence, neither of us seeming inclined to break it. I was racking my brain for something to talk about; if I did not want them, hundreds of things would crop up; but now I was in an agony, and I could think of nothing. At last, almost in despair, I said—it was not much of a beginning, but it was better than none:

"Have you been to Blakescourt, since we left, Mr. Derrick?"

"Of course I have not been there, Miss Blake. There is no love lost between Mrs. Howard and me. I saw her in town yesterday, and her eldest daughter with her."

"Victoria. She is a faithful copy of her mother and her constant companion. Mr. Howard rarely accompanies them anywhere."

"He is very much taken up at present, I believe, with some improvements he is carrying out."

"Oh yes, I hear he is widening the avenues."

Silence again: it was dreadful. What should I say to break it?
"Charlie tells me you are making great changes in your place, Mr.

Derrick," I blurted out, then almost wished I had bitten off my tongue before I said the words. It was a most unhappy remark to make.

"Yes, I am making some changes. I should be very pleased if you would come over some evening with Charlie and tell me what you think of them."

"I, Mr. Derrick? What in the world do I know of such things?"

"But, Margaret——"

Oh, what could I say to stop him? I *must* find something. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, but not one to which I could give expression. What should I do? Oh, blessed relief; before he could get any farther, I broke out:

"Whose car is this coming towards us, Mr. Derrick?"

"It is the doctor's," he answered. "There is nobody on it, but himself and Mrs. Ryan."

They pulled up when they met us; I was delighted at the interruption. We remained chatting with them for about a few minutes. Mrs. Ryan, a buxom lady, with match-making propensities, threw many little shafts at us and gave me many significant glances, to my great annoyance. When they started off again, we resumed our walk in silence. I never saw anybody so abstracted as he was.

"Are not the doctor and his wife very like brother and sister?" I ventured, feeling sure I was on safe ground.

"Very, indeed."

"They are both stout, good-natured, jovial people."

"Yes."

Laconic! It certainly was depressing and very tiresome trying to keep up a conversation with a person who would not talk, but it was the only safe thing to do. I was afraid to remain silent to give him time to say what I did not want to hear; so I went on:

"They are very fond of one another; the doctor will go nowhere without her, and he ascribes all his good fortune to her."

"Yes. They always look happy and content with one another. I envy them. Margaret——"

Oh, I thought it is coming again, and no escape this time.

"You understood Mrs. Ryan's hints, I know. She spoke only the truth. I want——"

"Miss Marget! Miss Marget! Granny wantsto see you, she's awful bad to-day."

The sound of that child's voice then was more pleasing to my ears than the sweetest music; not so with my companion, for I heard him mutter—"Confound you, you little brat." The child had run out of a house we had just passed by. Her grandmother was one of my

"pensioners" and I was in the habit of often going to see her. She was a garrulous old woman, and I knew if I went in to her it would be long before I could come out. So much the better. I went, leaving him outside; he said he would wait my return, though I told him I feared that would be long. Old Maurya was worse than I expected, she certainly was "awful bad." She had a bag load of complaints to make to me of her daughter-in-law—a quiet, industrious woman, who, though standing by and hearing all, never said a word—of her son, a hard-working man, and of each of her grandchildren, the terror of whose life she was; then the neighbours came in for their share of the abuse. She was never so valuable as she was that evening. I really thought she would not let me go before night came on. When I arose, in the middle of one of her tirades, I found I had spent a considerable time with her. Surely Mr. Derrick's patience must have long ago been exhausted, and he has gone away, I said to myself. But alas! no, for there he was, walking up and down the road. What was I to do now? Home alone with him I would not go, for I could not expect to be favoured again as I had been. No doctor's trap, no harsh-voiced child, would turn up in the nick of time and keep back the words trembling on his lips, the words I did not want to hear. I must have recourse to some stratagem, but what could it be? Ah! yes, that will just do. I really clapped my hands with delight.

"Maurya," I said, turning to the old crone, "I have not been able to send you anything lately, so busy have we all been kept; but there are some little dainties at the house which I intended for you, but forgot to bring with me. If little Nannie can be spared, she might come now with me and bring them back to you."

"Let her go, let her go, the stumph, she's good for nothing else. God bless you, Miss Marget, 'tis you that never forgets the poor, an' sure me ould heart is burnin' for somethin' good," old Maurya replied, while the child's mother hurried her into her Sunday clothes to make her "decent enough to walk with a lady."

Nannie, poor child, was only too glad to get the chance of coming. I told her to keep close to me all the way, and on no account to linger behind. I feared she might be shy of Mr. Derrick, but she wasn't in the least. When we came out he looked sharply at her, and inquired where she was going. I replied, and he said he thought I was too kind-hearted, and that I ought not to bother myself so much about those people, the one-half of them were not so badly off as they pretended. We drifted into conversation after that about local news and affairs, and when we got home we found Charlie lounging in the garden. He took Mr. Derrick to the stables to see the horse, and I went into the house to get the things for the child.

I came out shortly afterwards to see what work Shamus had done in my absence—he and Cauth were already installed in their new home—the two gentlemen were there before me, having returned from the stables, where I thought they were safe for the evening. When I came up, Charlie said—the thief, it was all a plan of his—that he should go in to write some letters which he could post, when going out with Derrick. I was therefore obliged to remain with the latter; very reluctantly, you may be sure. I took him around the garden pointing out all the improvements we had effected in so short a time. The garden, certainly, was looking splendid, but you must remember that I had been setting it to rights ever since the first day I discovered it. Thinking we were alone, he commenced again, but he had only got so far as—“What I was going to say to you when we were interrupted twice this evening—” when Shamus called out:

“Come over here, Miss Marget, and see the cut of this bed. Troth it's a credit to you. There's a *lawangh* in it. Look how straight an' nice is the wans *I* done.” It was only the day before I found him putting some of them all out of shape, and planting bulbs and roots upside down; but Shamus never remembers his own mistakes and faults.

“What does he mean by a *lawangh*?” Mr. Derrick turned to ask me.

“I thought you knew all those Irish words,” I answered laughing. “Shamus means that I did not plant the flowers straight; they are all to one side. It is partly true. Never mind, Shamus; 't will do very well.”

“O 'twill do, will it? An' every visitor'll think 'tis *my* fault.”

“But I'll be sure to tell them Shamus that it is not. Will that satisfy you?”

“It is getting late,” Mr. Derrick said at this moment, “and I shall not have time to say what I want to before Charlie comes out, but I think there is no occasion. You ought to know what it is by this.

“No, indeed, Mr. Derrick, how could I?” [another fib] “Let us go down this walk, we are sure to be free from interruption.”

We turned to go down it, and came face to face with Nan, who was standing behind a clump of rhododendrons, which had hidden her from our view. She was in the habit of saying her beads every evening in the garden. Robert Derrick, being one of her favourites, she came to meet us. I could have laughed at all the disappointments; I have always felt sure that he thought it was purposely I brought him down that path, but it was not. I had never thought of Nan.

They chatted for a while; he was always very friendly with her. She was really an old woman you could not but like. She was a

wonderful creature, so neat and clean, so active and straight in spite of her weight of years; for she was, as she would proudly tell you, 'four score and a half and a quarter less by two years,' and she hardly knew what it was to be sick for a day even. She had been all her life very healthy, and had had no serious illness since she was a baby, when she had nearly died of a bad attack of the measles, as she often told me.

Charlie came out with two letters in his hand; one I saw was addressed to "Miss Gower;" and he and Derrick went away to the village. Charlie was back in an hour. I was reading when he came in, and, being deeply interested in my book, never spoke to or looked at him. He sat down in silence on the other side of the fireplace, and after about five minutes startled me by drawling out:

"Well?"

"Well!" I repeated after him. "What's the matter, Charlie!"

"Have you no news to tell, Meg?"

"No news! Why no. What do you expect?"

"Wasn't Derrick with you all the time you were out this evening?"

"Ye-es—nearly. I met him at the cliffs."

"And you have nothing to tell me."

"Well, he wasn't very communicative, he didn't speak much, but he said Howard was trying to buy Slievebocha from Armstrong."

"That's not the news I want. I want to hear something about yourself."

"Ah-h."

"He told me some time ago, that he wished to ask you to be his wife, and I was delighted, because he is an uncommonly good fellow. Did he ask you?"

"Well no, Charlie, but I suppose he meant to, but every time he tried something would turn up to prevent the words being said—" with a short laugh as I remembered the many interruptions. I went on more seriously: "and I want you, if he ever again speaks of it to you to say I don't intend to get married."

"Meg. What do you mean? Will you pain him by a refusal. You don't surely mean to develop into a sour old maid?"

"I mean what I have said. It matters nothing to anybody whether I am a sweet matron or a sour old maid."

"Oh, of course not. Have your way, but you'll repent yet, when it's too late. Bob Derrick is far too good for you."

"Perhaps so."

And he went out of the room, banging the door after him. He was sorry the next morning and made me an humble apology for his rude words. I do not know if he told Mr. Derrick of my intention,

but certainly the often interrupted sentence was never finished. Charlie tried frequently to alter my resolution and did not relinquish the hope of doing so for many and many a day; all in vain, however.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE CRITICS ON "SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE."

THAT very estimable member of the human race, our constant reader, is by this time fully aware that it has become a traditional custom with this Magazine, when a book in which it is specially interested, such as a first book by one of its own contributors, has been before the public for a sufficient time, to sum up the opinions passed upon it by the various organs of criticism. For instance, this operation was performed on "The Lectures of a Certain Professor"—those delightful essays with which the Rev. Joseph Farrell (*cujus animæ propitiatur Deus!*) enriched some half dozen of our earliest volumes. So was it also with regard to three poetical volumes of very great worth—"Poems Original and Translated," by Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder, who has since succeeded Cardinal Newman as Provost of the Birmingham Oratory; Rosa Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses," and Katherine Tynan's "Louise la Valliere and Other Poems."

In these last three instances a very small number only of the poems gathered into these volumes had made their first appearance in our pages. Very much stronger claims, therefore, on the parental interest of this Magazine can be urged by the fourth volume of verse towards which we are now about to pursue a similar policy. Strange to say, every line of Miss Margaret Ryan's "Songs of Remembrance" is reprinted from our pages, although there the poems were generally assigned to a fictitious Alice Esmonde, who was invented as a convenient substitute for the equivocal initials M. R., already identified with another very faithful contributor.

Perhaps our present object will be gained most readily by tabulating in the first instance some of the opinions published about Miss Ryan's volume on both sides of the Atlantic. We make no attempt at order or classification :—

Miss Ryan's volume is true and pure poetry of "words that weep and tears that speak."—*Truth.*

Miss Ryan's genius is essentially Celtic, with a certain note of sadness breaking forth in the fine stanzas "To Alice" and in the lovely poem "A Letter and a Life," which we remember gave us quite a shock of pleasure when we read it some years since. We cordially recommend this book as the work of a true though limited poetic genius, full of pure and ennobling sentiments.—*The Lyceum*.

The name of "Alice Emonde" is pleasantly familiar to all who love the pure and high in Irish song. Miss Margaret Ryan—for as such she now reveals herself—recalls, by the purity and directness of her work, our own singer of her name. Even to those of different faith from the singer, the purity of a young girl's life and heart, as revealed in her song, must prove attractive beyond the ordinary magnetism of verse.—*Daily Register* (Mobile, U.S.A.)

In Miss Ryan's delightful work, filled to overflowing with heart-felt sympathy for the poor and suffering, there is much more than the ordinary performance of a cultivated person of taste.—*Oxford University Herald*.

They breathe a strain of tender regret and deep religious sentiment. The writer evidently possesses that much coveted sign-manual of a poet, a delicate ear for the varied effects of metre. Some of the poems are of excellent workmanship, and the book as a whole will be welcomed by all who have at heart the interests of literature in Ireland.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

These poems will be regarded as a precious possession by those who love to hear the noblest human emotions sung in harmonious verse. A fine Christian philosophy pervades every stanza.—*Cork Examiner*.

These poems have already received the high tribute of praise to which their great merits so justly entitles them.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Many of these poems are worthy to rank beside the best works of modern Irish poets.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

Style she has, to an extent which often makes her phrasing felicitous, while it is never less than sweet and pure. She is always simple and sincere. The sonnets are among the best work in this beautiful and pathetic book.—*Weekly Register*.

An unusual power of pathetic expression is given to this singer of the sad, whose melancholy is softened by the deep religious feeling breathed in her verse. The volume is of unusual merit, and well suited for a gift-book or school-prize.—*Dublin Review*.

Lyrics of feeling and meditation, stamped with sincerity and reality. Miss Ryan has the gift of song. Her verse is characterised by fresh, spontaneous movement. She has the true lyric impulse, and there is more than one of her poems which exhibits real dramatic emotion and

condensation. Perhaps the best of these poems are "At Rest," "A Promise," "A May Song," "A Passage Paid," and "Mary;" but there are many others in which the sincerity of true poetic feeling and the capacity of right poetic expression are to be found.—*Newcastle Leader*.

Overflowing with thought, and marked by great elegance and purity of style.—*Mayo Examiner*.

All who appreciate delicate and high-souled verse will gladly welcome this Tipperary poetess. One characteristic of her poetry is the melody of it. There is no straining after an affected originality; the sweetest and simplest words come first to her mind, and it is the sweetest and simplest that she chooses.—*Catholic Household*.

In earlier days three gifted Irishwomen, "Mary," "Eva," and "Speranza," published their poems in an collected form. Now we have volumes from Rosa Mulholland, Katherine Tynan, and Margaret Ryan. That the last of this trio of poets has the genuine spark of genius, the following exquisite lines from her recently published book will show.—*The Young Collegian*, New Orleans.

This beautiful collection of poems deserves a hearty welcome in every Irish home, for their tenderness, pathos, beauty of expression, and noble yearning after glorious ideas.—*Morning News*, Belfast.

Very few of our contemporary writers are capable of producing verses more deeply imbued with sweetness and tenderness.—*Belfast Examiner*.

These poems are full of the inspirations of genius.—*Limerick Reporter*.

Many of the verses are pretty, and there is a flow of graceful language.—*The Tablet*.

They breathe the genuine spirit of poetry; they are pure and clear as an Irish stream, and are full of a pathos which is distinctly Celtic.—*Cork Herald*.

She is a not unworthy successor of "Eva," "Mary," and "Speranza," of the *Nation* in its best days; and there cannot be a doubt of her taking rank with our modern sweet singers, Rosa Mulholland and Katherine Tynan, both of whom are enshrined in the hearts of all who love and appreciate true poetry.—*Newry Reporter*.

A rich and true poetic note is clearly struck. All through we find the graces of rare rhythm and melody in conjunction with a singularly felicitous choice of language and delicacy of poetic expression.—*Drogheda Independent*.

In many of them the hills and valleys of southern Ireland are brought before us with a charm not unworthy of Thomas Davis's "Tipperary." We predict for "Songs of Remembrance" a hearty

welcome in the Irish and Catholic homes of America. *New York.—Freeman.*

She hallows human tears with a grace not intrinsically their own. "Waiting" and "A Passage Paid" are nearly perfect in tenderness and strength.—*Catholic News*, Preston.

No less varied than the subjects are the metres, chosen for the different themes with correct taste and sound judgment. Some of these crystallised thoughts are exceedingly beautiful.—*The Month*.

Full of good and pure poetry. There is a wistful pathos and tenderness in all her work. The volume is full of beautiful thoughts. It is the product of a mind rich in spiritual experience, and attuned to the music of human companionship as well as of nature.—*The Nation*.

A delightful collection of poems. The versification is easy and graceful, the thoughts noble and refined.—*North Western Chronicle*.

More important and more interesting than any of this *nubes testium* is a private criticism which we venture to quote. The author of "Songs of Remembrance," knowing our interest in her book, allowed us the gratification of reading a letter received from Aubrey de Vere. We yielded to the innocent temptation to keep a copy of it, and now we succumb to the much more serious temptation to share it with our readers without asking the permission of either the illustrious writer or his correspondent. But we are sure that the same kindness which prompted the following letter will forgive the use to which it is now put. It is another proof that the most highly qualified judges are not the most severe, but the mildest.

Curragh Chase, Adare,
October 6, 1889.

DEAR MISS RYAN,

I have found your much valued present on my return here and very much obliged to you I am for it. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of occupations that crowd upon us after an absence from home, I have already found time to read the greater part of the poems in your volume, and several of them more than once. Of these I find that I have marked in the table of contents the following:—"A Friend of the Bridegroom," "Thanks," "After Twenty Summers," "Mary," and "A Long Farewell;" but I do not doubt that there are others which I shall read with equal enjoyment, in different moods, or when making acquaintance with the rest of the book. Those poems seem to me to be rich in just and elevated thought, in pathos, and in human feeling. Many of the descriptive touches are also very vivid and true to nature; and I need not say that the book is much ennobled by the religious tone which pervades so much of it. The title, I think,

is singularly well chosen. No doubt it will help to keep long in the remembrance of those who read it, the brother with the memory of whom so much of it must be associated in your mind.

Your metre seems to me in general excellent; but in a few instances I observed lines in which the emphasis required by the *metre* fell on a monosyllable, itself unemphatic as regards the *meaning*. Browning often does this; but it seems to me a mistake in almost all cases. All such lines could quite easily be corrected, and the emphasis needed by the metre and the meaning made to coincide. Thus, in page 100,

“For hopes that had scarce birth or death,”

you might read—

“For hopes that scarce had birth or death.”

I have always thought that those who have the gift of poetry should exercise it carefully, if only in order thus to increase their enjoyment in the poets of higher power. My enjoyment has thus been much increased. That is an enjoyment which seems to me never to grow old, and it is one of those enjoyments which exact no compensating pain.

I trust you will give us another volume before very long.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

Beside my surreptitious or at least unauthorised copy of the foregoing, I had placed an extract from another letter of our great national and religious poet, omitting to take note of the person to whom it was addressed. It is well worth printing here, even if it were less pertinent than it is where our subject is poetry that draws much of its inspiration from deep religious feeling. The author of “May Carols” gives here a very satisfactory answer to the cavils directed against religious poetry by Dr. Johnson, who, though a religious-minded man, was not blessed with the full possession of the faith of Crashaw and Calderon.

“I regard religious poetry as a very noble form of poetry, and rejoice that you think of making a special study of it. I believe that much would be effected by religious poetry, really poetic, as well as devout and sound in sentiment. There seems no reason why all that is touching in the Humanities should not have a place in it, or why the imagination should not find in it as fair a field as in secular subjects. Of course the *didactic* vein should be avoided, and themes of a very awful as well as a sublime kind only glanced at indirectly, lest reverence should be in any degree sacrificed. Wordsworth’s ‘Primrose of the Rock’ seems to me a beautiful specimen of a poem at once poetic and Christian. So is Cardinal Newman’s ‘Lead, Kindly

Light.' Many of Archbishop Trench's sonnets are also noble religious poems. He has just now republished his poems. I prefer them to Keble's; they are stronger and more thoughtful. He is an earnestly good man. So were Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Southey; and, if Byron had been a good man, he would have been ten times as great a poet as he was."

Long as was the Litany of praise which we wove a moment ago out of the reviews of "Songs of Remembrance," we find that we have culled no phrases from the critiques of *The Ave Maria*, *The Michigan Catholic*, and several other transatlantic journals, besides several at home, the most interesting being "M. A. C." in *Young Ireland*. We should like to know "M. A. C." It cannot be a certain client of St. Augustine who has the same initials.

Miss Ryan speaks somewhere of Aubrey de Vere "weaving sad pathetic song o'er the commonplace dark ways"; and it would not be right to pass over the fact that this, which she meant as a compliment, is urged as a complaint against herself by many of her reviewers. For instance *The Ave Maria* speaks of her "persistent undertone of sadness," and *The Guardian* of "the too uniform melancholy of her *Songs of Remembrance*," and it argues from her own lines—

"Kind voices blame that I but catch sad chimes

Of death-bells ringing through the patient years"—

that her attention must have been called to what the reviewer accounts as a defect.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* makes the same accusation, but in these gentle terms: "Miss Ryan is undoubtedly the sweetest, though it may be the saddest of Irish poetesses in this generation. Her songs are pitched throughout in a minor key, but they are full of the sad beauty and pathetic melody that are inseparable from the poetic genius of her country."

There is no denying that this thoughtful muse is not by any means sprightly. But in this fallen world is there not room for a good deal of sadness? Edgar Allan Poe pretended that he chose the theme of "The Raven" expressly because sadness is the most poetical of feelings. The true poet whom we have more than once quoted wrote to us on this very point: "I think that sadness is no blemish in poetry if it be balanced by gladness of the right sort." Miss Ryan's book was formally and directly intended to be sad. She would almost have been content to call it "A Sister's Elegies." It seems strange to some why others can attach so much importance to a few years' separation, and how they can resist the force of our Lord's appeal, which all who *dormiunt in Domino* can make their own: "If you loved me, you would indeed rejoice." Yet the same charge was brought

against a volume which we named at the beginning of this paper, though it was not inscribed to a brother's memory. *The New York Graphic* wrote: "There is more sorrow than joy in Miss Mulholland's singing. Woman poets tend that way more than men. It was so with Mrs. Hemans; it was eminently so with Adelaide Proctor and with Elizabeth Barret Browning; it is so with Christian Rossetti. There is a wail, a plaintive moan under all their music. What profound pathos there is in this 'Outcast's prayer!'"

From a note, dated "March 28, 1890," it seems that I put to our poet the rude question: "How do you defend yourself against the charge of sadness?"—and she referred to what a great poet has written about "our sweetest songs" and "saddest thought." "In my case unhappily the thoughts are sad enough, but the sweetness is wanting. The poems that refer to ——— could not well be otherwise than sad. God knows they came from a sad heart anyhow. As to the other poems, I am sorry that I cannot see that sadness is such a great fault. There will be no deep feeling without it; and I never could like the things that are on the surface. I am sure you will agree with me that it is a shame how easily and how entirely people forget the dead. The living fill up the places that might be left vacant without the least harm; and how soon past favours are forgotten!" This pious Muse at all events does not forget; and I do not know any poet who has written more fervently and more feelingly about the faithful departed or who could advance a stronger claim to the title of Laureate of the Suffering Souls. And then, after discussing other topics, the fourth page of the letter returns cunningly to the critics. "The birds are singing now from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., and such melody and perfect harmony! The blackbird's notes will not be so sweet for the year. Did you ever remark that the robin (like the present writer) has too much of sadness and sameness in his song? He should sing only in the autumn or in the late evening when all things are in keeping with a pensive vesper hymn. He does not at all suit the morning or the spring. 'Tis well he can't hear what people say of him."

Two years ago Mr. H. D. Trail gave in one of the magazines this list of sixty-six living poets which I transfer, as a curiosity to this spot.

Arnold, Sir Edwin
Austin, Alfred
Barlow, George
Beeching, H. C.
Bevington, Louisa
Blaikie, J. A.
Blinde, Mathilde

Morris, L.
Morris, W.
Myers, E.
Myers, F. W. H.
Nichol, John
Noel, Roden
Palgrave, F.

Blunt, Wilfrid	Patmore, Coventry
Bridges, Robert	Payne, John
Brooke, Stopford	Pollock, W. H.
Buchanan, Robert	Raffalovich, M. A.
Clark, Herbert	Rawnsley, H. D.
De Vere, Aubrey	Robinson, A. Mary F. (Madame Darmesteter)
Dobson, Austin	Rodd, Rennell
Dowden, Edward	Rossetti, Christina
Fane, Violet	Rossetti, W. M.
Freeland, William	Sharp, William
Garnett, Richard	Simcox, G. A.
Gosse, Edmund	Stevenson, R. L.
Hake, T. Gordon	Swinburne, A. C.
Hamilton, Eugene Lee	Symonds, J. A.
Henley, W. E.	Tennyson, Frederick
Holmes, E. G. A.	Todhunter, J.
Inghelov, Jean	Tomson, Graham (Mrs.)
Kemble, Francis A. (Mrs. Butler)	Tynan, Catherine
Lang, Andrew	Waddington, Samuel
Lefroy, E. C.	Watson, William
Locker-Lampson, F.	Watts, Theodore
Mackay, Eric	Webster, Augusta
Marzials, Frank	Wilde, Oscar
Meredith, George	Woods, Margaret (Mrs.)
Meynell, Alice (Mr.)	Yeats, W. B.
Monkhonse, Cosmo	

Mr. Trail contends that there are at least fifty living Englishmen able to speak in the veritable and authentic language of the poet. He evidently does not include Americans, and he evidently does include Irishmen. Many remonstrances were addressed to him at the time for flagrant omissions, and he issued a supplementary list, which I am unable to furnish. In the present list I can only count seven Irishmen, and five Catholics; but I think the judicious reader will have no difficulty in adding two or three more, even if the publication of at least one separate volume of verse be a limiting condition, as it seems to be. Among the additional names will certainly be that of the author of *Songs of Remembrances*.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Mr. John James Piatt, like the wise householder who brings out of his treasury old things and new, has just presented the lovers of poetry on both sides of the Atlantic with two very beautiful volumes, one of which is a new edition of "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley," which, when they appeared nine years ago, received very high and hearty praise from discriminating critics in *The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, and other English journals not unduly prejudiced in favour of American writers. A very pure strain of human feeling runs through all Mr. Piatt's poems, and many of his themes have for us of the Old World the additional merit of freshness and novelty, such as two of the largest and most important, "The Pioneer Chimney," and "The Mower in Ohio." He finds very true and solemn poetry in such seemingly commonplace subjects as "Walking to the Station," and "Taking the Night Train." We seldom, if ever, allow ourselves to indulge in quotations in this place; but a quatrain needs little room, and here is how Mr. Piatt contrasts the functions of microscope and telescope :—

Look down into the Microscope, and know
 The boundless wonder in the hidden small;
 Look up into the Telescope, and lo!
 The hidden greatness in the boundless all.

We would like to quote "Transfiguration," "Apple-gathering," "Conflagration," and many others; but here is an old warning for the young reader to get off by heart :—

So much to do, so little done !
 In sleepless eyes I saw the sun ;
 His beamless disk in darkness lay,
 The dreadful ghost of YESTERDAY !

So little done, so much to do !
 The morning shone on harvests new ;
 In eager light I wrought my way,
 And breathed the spirit of To-DAY !

So much to do, so little done !
 The toil is past, the rest begun ;
 Though little done, and much to do,
 To-morrow Earth and Heaven are new:

Mr. Piatt's new volume is entitled "Little New-World Idyls and other Poems." It is so new that we prefer to study it for another month before committing ourselves to an estimate of its worth. Both these volumes are produced with faultless elegance by the historic firm of Longman and Company—now a sort of Bibliopole Colossus, having houses in both London and New York. In both the Old World and the New, these "New-World Idyls" will enhance Mr. Piatt's reputation as a poet.

2. *Defunctus loquitur*. Father Coleridge's death has not put a stop to the Quarterly Series which he originated and carried on through so many years with marvellous perseverance. One of the latest additions to the series is the Life of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, founder of the Little House of Providence in Turin, compiled from the Italian of Don P. Gastaldi, by a Priest of the Society of Jesus (London: Burns and Oates). The holy man's career, which stretched from the year 1786 to 1842, is full of interest and edification. The narrative might in English have been boiled down still further with advantage, and some of the very short chapters might have been rolled into one. The translation or adaptation has evidently been done very skilfully.

3. A good man, who is dead for some years, used to object that nearly all the edifying stories in spiritual books referred to *un jeune homme de Poitiers*. He would have preferred some hero nearer home. More interesting than Father Cottolengo of Turin, will be for most of our readers the Life of Father Charles, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Rev. Father Austin, C.P. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker). Father Charles spent more of his life in Ireland than in his native Holland. He was born in the province of Limbourg in 1821, and he died at Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, Dublin, January 5th, 1893. The Catholics of Dublin, who know how great was his reputation for sanctity for many years, will read with a very special and almost personal interest the excellent biography produced so promptly by Father Austin. There are some good illustrations, and the get-up of this very cheap book does credit to the Dublin firm of Sealy, Bryers and Walker.

4. "The Heart of Tipperary, a romance of the Land League," by W. P. Ryan, with an Introduction by William O'Brien, M.P. (London: Ward and Downey). Mr. Ryan's Irish novel is happily named; but we are not sure that the sub-title is a judicious addition. or that the moral of the tale needs to be pointed by the author of *When We Were Boys*. It is a real story with a hero and two or three heroines, and all ends happily by marrying the hero to the right one after a sufficiently prolonged suspense. Mr. Ryan does not waste

time with descriptions ; he at once sets his characters talking and acting very naturally, expressing incidentally what he conceives to be the aspirations of Tipperary's heart during our latter-day Irish politics. This is, we believe, his first book. Already we are promised a volume of "Irish Stories" from his pen in the new Irish Library just inaugurated.

5. The first volume of the Irish Library, which we have just named, has been issued by Fisher Unwin, of London. The founder of the series, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, has begun with Thomas Davis' "Patriot Parliament of Ireland in 1689," which has never before been given in an accessible form. This historical essay, which the historian Lecky has praised highly, is preceded by a long and valuable introduction by Davis' friend and colleague, who has added so many years to his thirty. He promises also from his own pen a Life of Roger Moore, and from other pens "Owen Roe O'Neill," "Ulster's Part in Irish Struggles," and many other interesting volumes, especially "Latter-day Irish Poetry." We are not sure that a true poet like W. B. Yeats is the best editor for this last. We wish to Sir C. G. Duffy's new enterprise a full measure of the success which attended his Library of Ireland, nearly fifty years ago.

6. "The Seven Cities of the Dead, and other Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets" (London and New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.) is the largest of many volumes of verse which we have had from Sir John Croker Barrow. As far back as our fourth volume in 1876, we introduced him to our readers, and he had published "The Valley of Tears" eleven years before that remote date. He has given that sign of a true vocation—perseverance. This English baronet, who is the representative of those two very dissimilar Protestant celebrities, Isaac Barrow and John Wilson Croker, shows himself an ardent Catholic as much in the present more varied collection as when "Mary of Nazareth" was his theme. The generous enthusiasm he betrays for Ireland proves in itself the Catholicity of his spirit ; and Leo XIII, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and even Stuart Knill are among the subjects of sonnets. The title-poem of the book is a vision of the life after death, very different from *The Dream of Gerontius*, but with great merits of its own, and perhaps Sir J. C. Barrow's most poetical poem, though "Home Life" is the one we should be disposed to rank highest.

7. Do not ask us the precise position of the Italian town of Acireale, from which comes to us "Le Spighe di Ruth, Prose e Rime di Fr. V G. Lombardo de' Predicatori," published in this present year. Father Lombardo has made a pleasant volume of prose and verse, easily understood and relished by outsiders except the division called *Prosa*

Festevole—one needs to be a native to appreciate the fun of it. The discourses are of an academic character, on education, on the study of foreign languages, etc. The poetical portion of the volume consists of hymns, odes, and elegies—no sonnets, strange to say, in the land of Petrarch. Two of the poems are addressed to St. Aloysius Gonzaga. One of them opens thus :—

O serafino del celeste amore
Cui nutre amor nella magion di Dio,
Sale a te dalla valle del dolore
Il prego mio.

O seraph of celestial love,
Love-nurtured in God's mansion fair,
From this dark vale to thee above
Ascends my prayer.

8. The third thousand of *Moments before the Tabernacle* has just been issued by Burns and Oates, who have also published a second little book on the same subject by the same writer, under the title of *At Home near the Altar*. Even if the separate American edition issued by Benziger Brothers numbered as many more copies, these statistics are left far behind by the sale of numerous editions of the *The Child of Mary before Jesus Abandoned in the Tabernacle*. The latest edition (Guy and Co., Limerick) has been enriched by a very full and devout morning oblation drawn up by Father Daniel Jones, S.J., of holy memory. Other edifying books of scanty bulk but of great worth and piety are the small tracts of a "Missionary Priest," published by James Duffy & Co., on Baptism, Zeal of Souls, The Last Sacraments, etc.—the fruit evidently of great pastoral devotedness guided by long experience. The latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society are "A Book of the Mass," and two "Readings in Catholic Doctrine" on the Christian Sabbath and Prayers to the Saints. A good deal above this halfpenny and penny level is their new edition of the excellent "Manual of Prayers for Youth," edited by the Rev. John Morris, S.J. We may have no other opportunity of recommending "The Poor Souls' Friend and St. Joseph's Advocate," a pious periodical issuing from Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, Devon; the subscription is 1s. 6d. a year. At the end of these small books we must announce two very large ones that can only be grouped with them on account of the religious subjects treated of—namely the two large and very thick octavos which are the ninth and tenth volumes of Father Hunolt's Sermons, translated from the German edition of 1740 by the Rev. Dr. Allen, of South Africa (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago). These two very portly volumes treat in the fullest manner "The

Christian's Last End"—namely seventy six solid discourses on Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven. How can an Irish priest, working in South Africa, achieve a literary undertaking of this magnitude? The publishers have produced the work with fine large type and massive binding.

9. Which is the biggest, a short history, or a concise history? Dr. P. W. Joyce calls the thick crown octavo, published by Longmans for half a guinea, "A Short History of Ireland," and the two-shilling book published by M. H. Gill and Sons, "A Concise History of Ireland." The former only reaches down to the year 1608, the latter comes to 1837. As far as the large volume goes, the Concise History of Ireland is an abridgment of it and uses the same words when possible. Dr. Joyce's experience as a teacher and writer and his peculiar qualifications have enabled him to perform his task very satisfactorily. He has aimed at "showing fair play all round." The five divisions of his subject are the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the Ancient Irish; Ireland under Native Rulers, the Period of the Invasion, the Period of Insurrection, Confiscation and Plantation, and the Period of the Penal Laws. What name might be given to *our* period? "Would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well!"

10. The very enterprising American publishers, Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago—we ignore in this context their continental establishments—have sent us another work by the Bishop of Burlington, Dr. Louis de Goesbriand—"The Labors of the Apostles, their Teaching of the Nations." The most interesting pages are the first and the last—namely the preface "in which I speak of my life and of what was the occasion of writing this little book," and the appendix "A Short Way to the Truth."

11. The death of Father Coleridge has not put a stop to the Quarterly Series which he carried on with characteristic uniformity and perseverance. We have already spoken of the Life of Venerable Joseph Cottolengo; and another addition to the series, which will be much more welcome to a great many readers, especially in religious communities, is "The Lights in prayer of the Venerable Fathers Louis de la Puente, Claude de la Colombière and the Rev. Father Paul Segneri, all of the Society of Jesus." There seems not to have been room on the title page for the editor's name, which would have been an additional attraction. Father John Morris is the most accomplished of editors. He ought, we think, to have furnished an index at the end, and a fuller table of contents at the beginning. Indeed we imagined for a moment that some pages might have dropped out of our copy, after page 332, which does not look like the last page of

a book. It is an extremely valuable and interesting book of deep spirituality, not meant for flimsy or superficial readers however.

12. *The Bookman* states that there has been in Ireland a greater demand for "Whither?" by M. E. Francis, than for any other recent work of fiction, even Miss Jane Barlow's very clever "Irish Idylls."

THE LATE MRS. FRANCES WYNNE.

ANOTHER gone! The one whose loss we mourned last month left us at the end of a long and useful life. Mrs. Atkinson died full of days, and her days had been full of good and holy work well done. Frances Wynne seemed to be only at the outset of a bright career, with plenty of good work before her; and to very many, even outside her own wide circle of kinsfolk and friends, the news of her early death has come as a shock, and as a keen personal grief. She was a rarely gifted as well as a singularly amiable and attractive woman; and she will long be remembered with affectionate admiration by all who had the happiness of knowing her during her brief passage through this world.

What can be told of her life may perhaps best be given as she herself told it in a pleasant "interview" (which now reads so sadly) reported by the graceful pen of Miss Charlotte O'Connor Eccles in *The Lady of the House*, so lately as June 15, where will be found also reproduced, very successfully, her picture and her signature. We can only extract a few passages here and there, omitting the conversational links which lend a Boswellian liveliness to the interview. After a picturesque description of her home in Stepney—where a water-colour sketch of her Irish home in the County Louth hung on the wall—"I began (writes Miss O'Connor Eccles) inquisitorially to examine my friend and hostess, who, with her pleasant, warm-hearted and unaffected manner, is a charming type of a simple and well-bred young Irishwoman. Still a girl, with a pleasing mobile face that changes with every passing emotion, brown hair, taken back from her forehead, and brightening in the sunshine to gold, eyes set in dark lashes, under thick brows, she possesses an attractive personality and the 'winning ways'—

no pun intended—that Erin's daughters claim as their special property.

“‘My native place,’ she said, ‘is Collon, a little village not far from Drogheda, and near the cross of Monasterboice, which is the lion of the neighbourhood. When we have visitors we bring them the first day to Monasterboice, the second to the scene of the battle of the Boyne, the third to Mellifont Abbey. After that they have exhausted the neighbourhood, and I fear there is nothing left for them but to go home. A certain interest attaches to our house in that it was inhabited by Mr. Speaker Foster, the last speaker of the Irish House of Commons, who was related to the Massereene family. . . . As children we were never whipped, though we were strictly brought up. It was quite enough for my mother to say, ‘you have disappointed me,’ to reduce us to submission. I was an insatiable reader, and the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me was to deprive me of my books. When I exhausted my few children’s books, I fell back on ‘Smith’s Wealth of Nations.’ . . . My first piece of verse was a hymn, presented to my grandmother, who kept it in a bible bound in blue velvet, where I came across it not long since, written in a round, childish hand, and evidently based on Watt’s hymns or others familiar to me at the time. I know it ended thus:—

‘And my eternity shall be
Thy presence and Thy love.’

The next thing I remember was written at school, and very proud was I of the praise my companions gave it. Its subject was the Academy painting, ‘Her Father’s House’—a little waif looking into church. My idea then was that poetry should be written in a *furor* of inspiration.”

Some particulars are then given of the first poem in *The Irish Monthly*, and of her first (alas, her only) book, “Whisper!” But these matters are known to our readers, especially if they can turn back to page 130 of our last year’s volume, where the very favourable opinions of the critics on Frances Wynne are given at full length. Those who know the usual attitude of publishers to volumes of verse will find the most laudatory of all her criticisms in the fact that a very rising firm should not wait to be asked, but should volunteer to introduce her next volume into the world. Her later poems were accepted by Mr. Andrew Lang for *Longman’s Magazine* and by *The Spectator*.

Further on in this "interview," Miss O'Connor Eccles remarks with perfect truth: "Unlike many other people, Mrs. Wynne resembles her poetry. She has the same freshness of feeling, breeziness, and charm. No one who meets her after perusing her writings is disappointed."

We hope that our readers are so far interested in the subject of this note as to thank *Hearth and Home* (August 31, 1893) for telling them that "the young poetess had a charming face, dark-fringed eyes under thick brows, brown hair, and the winning manner of a true daughter of Erin."

The tell-tale initials "C. O'C. E." are appended to the excellent "London Letter" in *The Evening Telegraph* from which we take the following. The last words refer no doubt to the interview that we began with:—"Frances Wynne is dead, dead in the flower of her youth, dead ere her fair promise was fulfilled. How much this means to all who knew her, I can scarcely trust myself to say. So frank, so simple, so affectionate, so full of joy of living, so full of possibilities, destined, alas! never to be realised, she has gone from amongst us at a moment's notice, and left an ache in every heart. Her beautiful verses, full of delight in all that is good and fair, innocent and pleasant—the sea, the skies, the blustering winds, the flowers, the birds—know scarcely one sad line. I have been reading them through to-night with a heavy heart, and noting the sweetness of nature that breathes through them. We met for the last time but a few weeks ago. Who could then have foreseen that her time would be so short?"

This Magazine, which had the honour of first introducing her to the public, will take a pride in noting hereafter proofs which will certainly be forthcoming that Frances Wynne is not forgotten with her early death. The pathos of that death was emphasised at the time in a touching tribute by Mrs. Hinkson, whose grief and friendship inspired also the exquisite elegy, "A Young Mother," in our pages last month. "There died last week, in London, a young Irishwoman, Frances Wynne, before whom a world of love and honour seemed opening. Her death was very unexpected, for after the birth of her son on the third of this month [August] no apprehensions for the young mother were entertained. There seems a special holiness about such a death; it is a supreme sacrifice—the buying of a life with a life. . . . She was greatly beloved. Her personal charm was exactly that of her poems—

something winning, gay, and innocent, which delighted all who knew her. For many her death leaves a blank, even for those outside the immediate circle of the people who loved her and prized her love, and for whom her going means an abiding sorrow."

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

A *ci-devant* boy, who certainly did not number a romantic pensiveness among his characteristics, used to say long ago that a perfectly bright, cloudless, sunny day in summer made him feel melancholy. And now, after very many years, he finds something of the same sort in Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography (vol. i. page 103). "It was not scenery of the gay Italian type that I loved, but rather sylvan recesses and some 'boundless continuity of shade;' and I had a feeling which I have never seen expressed except in three lines of George Darley's 'Sylvia':—

There is a melancholy in sunlight fields
Deeper to me than gloom; I'm ne'er so sad
As when I sit amid bright scenes alone.

We may have more to say about this George Darley and his "Sylvia." He was a gifted but not very successful Irishman, often mentioned in the letters of Mary Russell Mitford of "Our Village." By the way, there is to be a new edition of this famous book—which would not be so famous if it came out now—to be illustrated by Hugh Thomson. M. H. S. in *The Westminster Gazette* calls him "this young self-taught Irishman;" and it is this circumstance which has secured for him the honour of a pigeonhole. The well-known art-critic, whom we have just named by his initials, says that this Irish artist's knowledge of English life and customs seventy or a hundred years ago is far profounder than Caldecott's was.

* * *

Translation of even the humblest kind is a difficult and interesting task, and a task that is very often executed poorly

enough. Mistakes occur which might have easily been avoided. An example has come across me in almost the newest book of meditations—"Nouvelles Meditations Pratiques pour tous les jours de l'année sur la vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, destinées principalement à l'usage des Communautés Religieuses, par le Père Bruno Vercruyse de la Compagnie de Jésus." Two English translations have appeared—Burns and Oates, of London; Benziger, of New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati. The New York edition is more than double the size and probably double the price of the London one; but we find that in reality "the two Maguires is one"—the Yankee editor has merely supplied the affections, resolutions, and colloquies which the Saxon had cruelly cut down to those three words, but the meditations themselves are textually the same on both sides of the Atlantic. In the Meditation for July 21st the leper, "fearless of a rebuff, as everyone else was," comes to our Redeemer to be healed. The phrase which I have enclosed between quotation-marks puzzled me a little, and sent me to the original—"sans craindre de se voir rebuter comme il l'était par tout le monde." And so the unmeaning phrase ought to bear the excellent meaning that the poor leper came to Jesus "with no fear of being repulsed by Him as he was by everybody else." All the rest would turn away from him in disgust, but Jesus would not turn away from him.

* * *

In answer to the first of our September Pigeonhole Paragraphs, P. A. S. is tempted to challenge the supremacy of Newry as the cradle of Irish Talent in favour of his own little town of Mallow. "What do you think of this? The Church—Archbishop Purcell; the Law—the late Lord Chancellor, Sir Edward Sullivan; Medicine, Sir Richard Quain; Literature and Politics, Thomas Davis and William O'Brien."

* * *

The Rev. John B. Tabb, under the name of "Christ the Debtor," gives this striking answer to the famous question, *Mulier, quid mihi et tibi?*—

What, woman, do I owe to thee
That I should not deny
The boon Thou dost demand of Me?
"I gave Thee power to die."

NOVEMBER, 1893.

ANNIE BYRNE'S WARNING.

A STORY OF ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

“**L**ORD take care of us! What’s this for at all? What’s this girl about? Annie! I say, Annie, where are ye?”

“Here, mother,” came a voice, sounding faintly above the din of the storm.

Then a crash was heard, and finally Annie succeeded in shutting the back door, on which the wind was blowing with full force.

“I’ll have a light in a minute, mother,” Annie continued, her voice distinguishable now above the howling of the storm; and she proceeded to light the lamp. As she did so, both she and her mother were forming their respective opinions as to the cause of the commotion.

“You must have fallen asleep, mother, an’ somebody was stealin’ a herrin’ for a trick. Look! Here’s the lid off the barrel—and before they had the front door shut I opened the back door, an’ that’s what blew out the lamp.”

“Nonsense, child! Asleep, indeed! It’s not fallin’ asleep I’d be, and lettin’ the world run away wid me share, me that reared you these twenty-two years.”

“Well then, no matther, mother dear. There’s the kettle boilin’, an’ if you wet the tay I’ll lay the table. Mrs. Toner’ll be here in less than no time.”

But Mrs. Byrne was too highly indignant at her daughter’s supposition to subside so quietly into silence, and while she helped to prepare the tea she gave free vent to her own ideas as to the extinguishing of the lamp.

"I tell ye what it is, Annie," she began, "It's my opinion ye were playin' some thrick th' night; an' of coorse it's aisy to turn round an' tell me I was sleepin'. It 'id be far betther for ye to go up to Daroy's and burn nuts and melt lead an' do innocent thricks like that, than be purtendin' to stop at home an' help me, an' then risin' the divil in the house, the Lord betune us an' harm!"

Poor Annie was for the moment speechless with indignation, and before she had recovered sufficiently to make any answer the front door opened, and their expected visitor entered.

"Glory be to God! It's a fearful night," was the first exclamation. "God take care iv them that's at say."

"Amen!" fervently responded her hearers.

"We were thinkin' ye wouldn't come out at all th' night," said Mrs. Byrne, while Annie took the wet cloak and hung it near the fire.

"See what a good cloak is. Yours is as dhry as a bone," she said, smoothing its folds admiringly.

"Aye, and many's the bad day an' night the same cloak seen," it's owner said with a sigh—a sigh that Mrs. Byrne echoed. The howling of the wind wakened in the hearts of both women the saddest memories of their lives. Widows, both of them—robbed of their husbands on other nights like this, by that same sea they could hear beating beyond the sand-banks.

"Set times are the worst times of all. Many's the Holly Eve poor Tom an' me had together, an' many's the sorrowful one I had since without him."

"When did ye hear from Ned?" inquired Annie, wishing to change the mournful tone the conversation was taking.

"I had a letther last Sunday, an' he expects to be home in a fortnight. The Lord grant he's not at say this night."

"Owen is not, anyway. Sure he's not, Annie?" said Mrs. Byrne.

Annie blushed rosy as the apples she was placing on the table.

"No, mother," she said.

"A sailor's life is the poorest in the world," Mrs. Toner went on, shaking her head. "From the day Tom came coortin' me"—even now there is what seems a reflection from Annie's rosy young cheek on the elder woman's wrinkled brown one, as she speaks of that happy time with a softening in her pleasant voice—"till the day that Father Doyle came in and tould me there was bad news—

sure I might have known somethin' was happenin to him when I heard his name called in the middle iv the night, as plain in me ears as ye could say it yerself, Mrs. Byrne. Sure people don't get signs for nothin'."

"Aye," said Mrs. Byrne, "ye got some warnin', an' ye heard about it from them that saw it all. But I never got any sign nor warnin' nor heerd a word about my poor man from the day he said good-bye, a month before that child was born. Never a word, never a word," she repeated in that low musing tone of mourning, which shows that the keen bitterness of sorrow has passed.

"Well," said Mrs. Toner, after a moment's silence, "I often heerd it said that the Banshee follyed the Maguires, and if"—She checked herself suddenly, with a glance at Annie; but neither mother nor daughter caught the inference she had been about to draw from that hearsay fact she had stated. So little did such an idea seem to strike Mrs. Byrne that she went on—"An' it's the thruth. I heerd her meself the night before Owen Maguire's father died. I was down in Trabally—that's where the Maguires belong to, and where Owen was born. I was stoppin' with a sishter iv me mother's when I was only a slip of a girsha; and that night everyone about the place was wakened with the cryin'."

"Did ye see the Banshee, mother?" inquired Annie.

"No, dear. I only heerd the cryin'—the awfulest cryin' an' moanin' I ever heerd in me born days"—Mrs. Byrne shuddered at the thought of it, but whatever fascination such terrifying remembrances had for her hearers Mrs. Byrne did not continue them.

"Get me out that little dhrop, and clear the tay-things away, Annie," she said, "an' do you go down to Darcy's an' have a bit iv fun. Don't sit there, listenin' to ould women gosterin'."

"Aye, do," said Mrs. Toner. Annie, finding it easier to obey than to make excuses, went.

Her mother's house stood nearly in the centre of the row, which of itself formed a little suburb to the seaport town half a mile further up the river. Opposite the houses lay a waste of sandbanks, grown over with purple-topped thistle and yellow furze, and studded with pools of brackish water. Beyond this again you saw at low tide only the little river, that flowed on to the sea through a wide stretch of mud-flats, which at full tide were covered for miles by the rising waters. When Mrs. Byrne's husband had been lost, before the birth of her only child, she had opened a little shop, which the neighbours

at first frequented "to help the widda," as they said themselves, but where they continued to leave their custom when they found she gave them as good value as they would get by walking half a mile into town. So she struggled on till she had outgrown her sorrow with her youth, and her baby had grown to be a woman—a pretty girl with soft brown eyes and waving brown hair, and a complexion whose fairness was somewhat embrowned, but whose roses were heightened by the fresh sea-breezes that almost always blew about her mother's little house. In spite of her mother's warnings Annie had given her heart to Owen Maguire—a sailor, like her father.

As she stepped out of doors, wrapped in her mother's ample cloak, she found that the wind had almost subsided. The moon was shining fitfully through the scudding clouds, some of them black as ink, others with edges softly tinged with the yellow light, and through the rents the blue-grey sky shewed peacefully.

"I don't know what's the matther with me," Annie was thinking as she went slowly along. "I have no heart for fun to-night. I'd rather listen"—

Her thoughts were checked by a sudden mournful crying that seemed to come from the desolate wastes of mud beyond the cottages. She stood and listened a moment. Such heart-breaking wails she had never heard from human voice. Her first impulse was to help or comfort the sufferer who seemed to cry to her from beyond the ridges of sand; her next to run wildly towards Darcy's with that fearsome lamentation ringing in her ears and striking a chill to her heart, as she thought of her mother's story of the Banshee.

There was a lull in the noisy mirth as Annie suddenly entered.

"Why, you're perished, Annie," said Mrs. Darcy. "Come here to the fire and take a dhrop iv hot tay to warm ye."

They would have attributed her paleness to the cold, had she brightened up afterwards, but she could not bring herself to join in the fun that was going on.

"She's frettin' for Owenie,"* said little Mary Darcy, mischievously.

* The country people used to pronounce this diminutive as if written "Oiny."
—Ed. *I.M.*

"That's just it, the craythur," put in Larry Conlon. "Don't be botherin' yerself about him, Annie," he went on in a low tone, "sure I'd take ye meself if all fruit failed."

"Katie Kerley, are ye listenin' to Larry here?" called out Mary. "Come here an' look afther him, or——"

Katie, not very handsome and jealously disposed, cast disdainful glances at all three; but the prospect of teasing Katie had no delights for Annie to-night, and she soon rose to go home.

The next morning came, and its freshness and brilliance and the cheerful holiday gaiety that seemed to pervade the air, breaking out in the pleasant greetings of neighbours coming from the early Mass, made Annie begin to think her last night's terror a little foolish. As she walked to Mass, feeling the exhilarating influence of the day and returning the cheery salutations of companions who joined her on the way, the depression that had weighed upon her heart speedily disappeared. After all, she told herself, the sound might have been the wind—it sounded so piteously sometimes across those bleak wastes, and her imagination had been excited last night by her mother's story. So she argued, and, as the day wore on, she had almost got over her fright.

That night, after her mother had gone to bed, Annie remained to sweep the hearth and trim the fire and leave a large candle burning in one of the old-fashioned brass candlesticks, according to custom. When she went to her room, she found her mother fast asleep, and was speedily following her example when that dreadful cry broke upon her ears again. She sat upright, trembling all over, and listened. It was not the freakish moaning of the wind. It was like the weeping, mourning cry of a woman in dire distress, but more utterly sad and piteous in its piercing wail than, Annie felt, mortal woman could give utterance to. While it continued, she listened, as if spellbound in an agony of formless terror. Her mother slept on. When it ceased, Annie drew her beads from beneath her pillow, and shivering from cold and terror, lay praying, scarcely knowing what she prayed for. Now there came ringing in her brain the words: "The Banshee follys the Maguires;" and dreadful fears for Owen's safety came thronging on her mind, to be lulled again by the remembrance that this was All Soul's Night, and the thought that she had been allowed to hear the wailing of some poor suffering spirit that wanted her prayers.

Annie went about her work for a week, without much disturbance shewing outwardly, indeed ; but with such fear gnawing at her heart that each small task seemed an overwhelming labour. At the end of a week came a letter—was ever letter more welcome ?—saying that Owen would be home in a week, and reminding her, with much less circumspection than Owen's honest tongue would have done the task, that she promised the wedding would take place as soon as possible after his return. Annie's fears soon melted in the sunshine of this letter, and the last clouds vanished when Owen walked in. Dressed in his best suit of blue pilot cloth was Owen, with the sailor's dearly-loved expanse of shirt front, and no tie or collar fettering the free movement of his bronzed throat. His hair and beard were curly brown, and the glance of his fearless blue eyes seemed to transmit courage to Annie's timorous heart.

"Are ye goin' home the night?" inquired Mrs. Byrne, as the evening wore on and Owen was not setting out.

"No," he said, "I can't go till to-morrow evenin', an' then as soon as I lay everythin' ready, I'll be back. Ye know, Annie, ye said it 'id be before the next voyage. Aren't ye ready, Annie dear?"

Annie blushed only for answer. Owen, almost as shy himself, took the blushes for acquiescence, and went on—

"Well, I'll settle everythin' in the town to-morrow, an' then be down to see ye before I go home, and we can settle it. I'll go across in the boat. The tide 'll serve about nine."

Before he went he quietly passed a little white jeweller's box to Annie, saying: "Thry them to-night, dear, an' mark the one that'll fit."

Oh, Annie's blushes then! And happy Owen went in the highest spirits, leaving her nearly as blithely gay as himself. She waited till her mother had retired before she opened the box. There lay three gold rings. One would be a magic circle before many days were over. Annie did not blush much as she fitted them on. She looked gravely down at the slender circlets, thinking solemn thoughts of all that one of them would mean to her in a few short days. Then, deciding which was to be *the* one, she tied a scrap of coloured worsted on it and replaced it in its box.

Next evening, according to promise, Owen made his appearance and Annie passed the little box as they clasped hands. The time passed pleasantly, though Annie felt unusually shy. She would

have made those moments of quiet happiness longer if she could. At last it was time for him to go. They said good-night at the doorstep. Then she stood watching him stride away. Once, when he came to the highest of the sand banks, before descending its farther side he stood and held up something that glittered like a little bar of silver in the moonlight. Annie knew it, and shyly waved her hand. She still stood watching till he crossed the sand hill and disappeared into the lower ground beyond. Everything around was still, with that almost unnatural stillness which often precedes a sudden uprising of storm. The soft splash of the water on the distant beach was borne to her ears by occasional gusts of sea wind, and Annie could even hear the monotonous tones of someone reading aloud in a house hard by, or the gay laugh that sounded at intervals from a cottage further away. Then—O my God!—that cry again! With a wild terror seizing her heart, Annie rushed indoors as if to shut out the unearthly sound. Her mother was rising from the fireside, her eyes dilated with terror. She came forward to meet her daughter.

“What is it, Annie, what is it? Cross of Christ be with us, it is the Banshee? It is the cry I heard before. The Lord take care of us all.” She sank back in a chair, crying and lamenting, while Annie hid her white face in her hands and listened to the fearful cries that came without ceasing on the night-wind.

Even as they listened, the snarling gusts of wind were coming at shorter and shorter intervals increasing in violence so that for moments the unearthly wailing was almost drowned by the howling of the rising storm. At last a yet more fearful burst shook the house, making its windows rattle and sending a loosened brick from the chimney-top down on to the hearth. The mother ceased her lamenting.

“Annie,” she said, “God’s will be done, whatever it is. Kneel down and we’ll say the Rosary for him. The Lord an’ his Blessed Mother be with him an’ guard him this night.” And again her tears broke out overwhelming her speech.

So, sobbing, she began the prayer, scarcely able to repeat it, Annie making her responses far more steadily, but moaning piteously all the time. The wind was roaring fearfully now, and no other sound—not even the piercing cry of the Banshee, it still continued—could be heard above the storm. Poor Mrs. Byrne,

tired out with sobbing and praying, began to prepare for bed, and induced Annie to do the same.

"God is good, dear," she said, "An' sittin' here all night 'll only wear ye out an' do no good.

So they lay down, dressed as they were, half afraid that even their stout little house would not endure against the appalling vehemence of the storm.

Many were the forebodings amongst Mrs. Byrne's neighbours that night, and many the sympathetic glances cast next day at those who had anyone at sea. "God help them, it's sore news they'll have, I'm afeard," was the whisper when any such one passed, but it was not spoken to them.

Annie's face was paler as she went about her daily work, but she said no word to those around her of her fear, nor they to her. Two days passed and news came to most of those who waited in suspense—some good, and some bad—but to her none came; she waited on in silence.

The third day after the storm she was filling her pail at the well when there came across the sand banks from the river a sailor whom Annie knew to be a companion of Owen's, and with him a woman of about her mother's age, clad in dark gown and shawl, with the customary check apron and white cap. Billy Maakin looked startled when he saw Annie who stood upright—the terrified questioning that her tongue refused to speak looking at him from her eyes.

"Is your mother in?" he asked, at last.

"She is," Annie said, mechanically stooping for her bucket; but she was trembling from head to foot. Billy lifted her burden and carried it to the house, while the old woman looking curiously at Annie seemed to guess the truth that, indeed, it was not difficult to read from her face.

"Are ye the Widda Byrne's daughter," she asked abruptly.

"I am," said Annie. She was paying but little attention to the old woman: her mind was fixed on Owen's comrade who must, she felt, bring news of him.

"Where is me boy?" cried the old woman, excitedly.

Then Annie, knowing for the first time who she was, looked at her shrinkingly. But they were at the door of the house by this time, and Mrs. Byrne, seeing a stranger, came out. She greeted

Billy, who was so completely nonplussed by Annie's presence that he only nodded awkwardly. His companion came to his relief.

"Are ye the Widda Byrne that has a daughter that was to be marri'd to my son?" She said the final words with a gasp.

"Are ye Owen Maguire's mother?" was the widow's counter-question.

"I am." Poor woman, she spoke less excitedly now; and Mrs. Byrne led her to a seat. "I heerd that my son was here on Friday night"—poor soul, tears were breaking through her utterance now—"an' that he went across the ferry."

"Was he not home yet?" said Annie in a whisper.

Owen's mother turned, almost fiercely, towards her as she answered.

"No; he wasn't home. He went to see you before his mother. Oh, me darlin' boy, an' will I never set eyes on ye again?"

They tried to comfort her, telling her that hope was not over yet, while poor Annie shrank back, feeling that she had indeed committed an injustice, and robbed the mother of her right.

But there was no certainty as yet, and with such negative comfort the mourners had to be content, and Owen's mother went home again to wait.

Soon came news that the boat Owen had borrowed had been cast ashore farther up the coast. Still there was the frail hope that he had been picked up by some passing vessel. Such like tidings had come to other fearful watchers in the neighbourhood, and a flame of hope still flickered in Annie's heart. Alas, it was never to turn to happy certainty. A flying rumour came first that a body had been cast ashore at the Head. Fear seized on Annie's heart again. It was whispered about, and soon the whisper came to her ears, that "drowned man's corp' would go home to its own place." Then came a message for her, poor girl. There were many men there who had known his face in life; but, ah me, who could know it now?

Annie made her journey as if in a dream. Kind faces looked, and pitying voices spoke to her; and, when the journey was ended, they wanted her to eat and sleep—as if she could, poor girl. Then they took her to a room where something lay, covered with a white sheet, on a long table. They shewed her a little white box and a ring within.

"Owen's," she said; and then the unnatural strength that had sustained her gave way, and she fainted.

They took her from the dreadful room. Her mother's arms were about her again. A kind old grey-haired priest was saying words of comfort when consciousness came again, but still it seemed to her a dream. A dream, too, the journey home, with friends who whispered words of fear that reason had forsaken her, and nuns whose peaceful eyes dropped tears as they knelt with her to pray for the dead sailor's soul. Then, one day, came an awakening. A grief-worn face, looking from a white cap with broad black ribbon that spoke of mourning and bereavement, touched some thrilling chord of memory. She looked again. That face had looked before at her with anger in the bright blue eyes and tears on the weather-worn cheeks. This face was thin and pale and the eyes dim with grief, and there was no anger—only heart-broken sorrow. And the woman put her arms around her. Then at last Annie came out of her dream, and wept and uttered words of lamentation that before had been strangely silent. Owen's mother and Owen's betrothed grieved together and comforted each other for a while; and then they went their separate ways. Annie did not "die of a broken heart." She was never her old light-hearted self; but she was tender and more pitying, and when sorrow came to the home of one of her neighbours, as it came often along that bleak and stormy coast, she was the first to come with words of comfort and of sympathy, "for," she said, "they'll think more of what I say because they know my own loss."

LOUISA MCGAHON.

[The writer of this story died of the same disease and almost at the same time, and at the same age as Miss Lillie White, whom we lately introduced to our readers. Louisa McGahon, however, unlike the Author of "A Summer Idyll," contributed to our pages in her lifetime. In our seventeenth volume (1889) "Dark Way and the Good People" at page 141, and "St. Bridget's Birthplace" at page 372, are hers, though marked by different initials and both wrong—"M. McG." and "K. McG." instead of "L. McG." These misleading signatures were unintentional mistakes; but it was with the express intention of disguising herself that Miss McGahon put, not her initials, but her final letters, "A. N.", to "Mick Dunne's Cure," a pleasant little tale at page 481 of our eighteenth volume (1890). She intended the present story, her last bit of writing, for the fate that has befallen it, after a delay for which we are not responsible. Louisa McGahon was born at Dundalk, March 14, 1867, and she died there February 24, 1891, after having made a brave attempt to become a Sister of Mercy at Downpatrick. But God took the will for the deed, and let her off with a short and easy noviceship for the life of Heaven.—ED. J. M.]

THE PAIN OF FIRE.

IN the King's dungeon far below,
 Mother and child at length have met,
 One white almost as untracked snow,
 One darkened still with stain and fret.
 There evermore an Angel stands,
 Lifting some soul with tender care,
 A chalice in his outstretched hands :
 Alma, masses, charity and prayer.

Each moment pays an awful price
 In that baptismal font of fire—
 Closed in around, and heated thrice,
 Beneath, above—a molten pyre :
 From patient captives crushed with pain,
 Low moans and prayers rise far and near ;
 Voices once loved, that now in vain
 May plead to heedless heart and ear.

*" O judged and saved, and safe from sin !
 Through the long years I've wept and prayed
 God's blessed Saints to lead you in—
 O saved and safe, though long delayed !
 Kind Angel fan with your cool wing
 The bed of pain on which he lies,
 Sweet Angel bring your harp and sing
 If tears may soothe his aching eyes."*

*" Oh ! the dread struggle at the last !
 The awful Shades to hear, to see,
 Their rabid rage to hold me fast
 Till our sweet Lady prayed for me !
 Oh ! patient mercies of the Lord !
 Come, blessed fires, search me to-night,
 Find smallest stain of sin abhorred,
 Come, search and cleanse, and burn me white !"*

*" As pleasure went, so, child, will pain ;
 More than the need will be the grace ;
 Small will the price seem for such gain,
 When you behold God face to face."*

*Friends left on earth forget too soon :
 Love should be changeless, tender, true—
 You wept a twelvemonth and a moon ;
 Then on my grave the thistles grew."*

*" I loved you well, but love is frail,
 Alas ! and human hearts forget ;
 Mad dreams rush up life's pictured vale
 And crowd out memory and regret.
 Just like a steed with frightened pace,
 That flies and flies before the wind,
 The rush and roar of life's wild race
 Left me no time to glance behind."*

*" You had spare gold for gems that shine
 Yet scant for me the alms or dole,
 The masses said at holy shrines,
 Or rosaries for my tired soul."*

*" Have I not fed the orphan child ?
 (An Angel read the written scroll)
 And turned off wrath with answer mild
 And offered it for your dear soul ?*

*" There were white fields where sinless feet
 Went down a thorny path to God,
 And fair vine-slopes and bending wheat,
 Where all day long glad reapers trod."*

*" Alas ! I found but barren lands,
 But salted marsh and tainted air,
 Where grape nor grain grew for my hands
 And sheltered slope hid wild beast's lair.*

*" My soul was as a field where foes
 Met sword to sword in fierce array ;
 I fell and fell, but always rose,
 And conquered still at close of day.
 Alas ! like show of festal board
 Spread for a king or queen to see,
 Devoured, defiled by ravening horde—
 Life's broken feast was yet to me."*

*" As snows at dawn your soul was white,
 As pure as streams through hills that sing."*

*" Alas ! how fares the snow ere night ?
 Where cattle drink, how fares the spring ?*

My cleanest days had touch of stain,
 My safest work had rent or flaw ;
 I was like field of unripe grain
 Which birds devoured and left but straw.

" Or like the man who slothful stands,
 Through the bright hours till set of sun,
 Yet from a generous Master's hands
 Receives full wage for work not done."

*" Sweet Angel, touch his wounded palm,
 And soothe his lips with oil divine ;
 On his seared brow drop down soft balm,
 That he may make the Holy Sign."*

" Oh ! I have stood in that dread place,
 And heard His voice so strange and sweet.
 Oh ! I have seen His human Face—
 Have seen the Wounds in Hands and Feet,
 And His sad Eyes, that fain would hide
 My sins, yet saw them in such light !
 I saw my soul—and shrank aside.
 O God of Love, the foul, black sight !

" Now I must go where hot waves rise,
 Find stronger fire and fiercer pain,
 To burn the stains that grieved His Eyes
 That I may see His Face again."

*" Sweet Angel, guard him through the night,
 Nor leave him in that maze alone,
 Keep far wild beasts and shades that fright
 Till we shall meet before God's Throne."*

ALICE EDMONDE.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN JUANA.

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

From the Spanish of Luis Coloma, S.J.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

III.

AFTER this scene the Infanta lost heart somewhat, and the domestics of the palace abandoned all hope. Knowing more intimately than the princess the madness of the queen, and confiding less in the sanctity of Father Francis, they did not believe that anything short of death could terminate that long illness of mind, now almost fifty years in possession. Francis Borgia alone remained unaltered, manifesting neither hope nor fear. He had succeeded in escaping the hospitality which the Infanta offered him in the palace, and that pressed on him by his daughter, who owned a mansion at Tordesillas, and lodged according to his custom, like the poorest travellers at that period, in the public hospital. There he earnestly negotiated with heaven the success of his undertaking. Day by day appearing paler and thinner, as if prayer encroached more and more on his sleep, and penance more constantly afflicted his body, he visited unremittingly the aged sufferer, whose bodily strength ebbed hourly away, without any improvement becoming visible in her mental condition. She did not, however, shun the presence of the saint, and appeared to hear his words without annoyance; interrupting them from time to time by some unreasonable remark, which made it plain how far she was from profiting by their import.

To all but the Infanta these ministrations appeared to be mere waste of time; and the prevalent opinion received a strong confirmation when after a few days a fresh paroxysm seized the queen, in which, notwithstanding her advanced age, the difficulty of her respiration, and the pain of her wounds, two strong women were scarcely able to cope with the violence of her frenzy. Not until a late hour of the night did she yield in utter exhaustion; and then, after so much agitation, she sank into a remarkably calm and tran-

quail slumber. The faithful Maria de Cartama, watching at her side, was astonished at this novelty, frequently scanned the sleeper with her eyes, and felt her pulse. She feared that this unusually deep sleep might prove the precursor of syncope, in its turn the immediate forerunner of death. The sun's rays were brightly illuminating the apartment when at length the attendant resolved gently to awake her mistress. Juana opened her eyes with a deep-drawn sigh; then, turning her head, she asked in deliberate tones what hour it was. The maid, amazed at a question so unexpected in one for whom so many hours, days, and years had lapsed away unheeded, consulted a large water-clock which hung, high out of reach, on the wall of the room, and returning replied that it was half-past eight.

"I ask you," said the queen, "in order to know whether the Duke Francis will soon be here."

Maria de Cartama's bewilderment at this remark increased still further when Juana, quitting with difficulty her couch, asked her for a certain large dark-coloured cloak, indicating at the same time where it was to be found. She put it on, then again heaved a deep sigh, and asked gently for a crucifix. The maid brought her a large one from its place in a niche, and the queen, taking it in both hands, her great weakness scarcely allowing her to uphold it, gazed at it silently a considerable time with eyes of tender affection, and then, in tones expressive of the deepest emotion, repeated first in Latin then in Spanish, "*In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in eternum.*"

Amazed beyond measure, her attendant hastened from the room, crying aloud to all whom she met that the queen had returned to her right mind. Her words aroused the utmost excitement throughout the palace, some refusing to credit the tale, others crying out "a miracle," and all making their best haste towards the royal apartment to see with their own eyes.

The Infanta was one of the first to appear on the scene, and keeping back the others, she entered the room with the Countess of Lerma. She found her grand mother on her knees, with the large crucifix in her hands, and tears streaming from her eyes. So profound was her emotion at this spectacle that she did not venture to draw near, but stood leaning upon her companion who was almost equally overcome. The queen turned her head slightly towards them from her bedside, and said in a calm tone:—

"Come hither, Juana, and tell me about the Duke Francis."

Weeping joyful tears, the princess approached, and understanding the queen's words to refer to the saint's anticipated visit, replied that he would soon appear. But the queen, nodding her head, returned:—

"I know that, daughter; but I want to hear from you what manner of life the Duke has now taken upon himself."

The Infanta seated herself upon the huge bed; and, as the countess remained standing, the queen bade her bring a cushion and sit beside them. She listened attentively to the story of the Duke of Gandia's conversion and retirement from the world, of his profession in the Society founded by Ignatius of Loyola, and of the apostolic life, glorified by supernatural marvels, which had since excited the admiration of Europe. Now and again she caused the narrator to repeat some words which, owing to her partial deafness, she had failed to catch. At the conclusion of the tale, she remained long silent, and said at last as if in wonder:

"I assure you, daughter, I ever thought highly of the page Ignatius and of the Marquis of Lombay; but I should never have believed they were to become such saints."

This remark quite astonished the Infanta, and put it out of question that memory and intellect had fully recovered their sway in the aged brain. For who could have expected that the name of Ignatius Loyola would recall to her the youthful page she had known at the court of her father, Ferdinand, and that she should promptly identify the Duke of Gandia, whose heroic life was now depicted to her, with the young Marquis of Lombay, who had attended of old her daughter, Dona Catherine?

Meantime Francis himself appeared, accompanied by Doctor Herrera, and by the aged John de Arispe, accountant to the queen; she received them with marks of pleasure, and expressed a desire to be left alone with Father Francis. Their interview lasted for two hours, during which it was made very plain to the saint, how wonderfully and mercifully his prayers had been heard. For Juana not only spoke with good sense and clearness, and answered his questions with precision, but she fully realized that she was standing at the gates of death, expressed an ardent desire of making her confession, and deplored along with her sins the excesses of insanity, as if so grievous an affliction had not exonerated her from deliberate guilt.

Impatiently was the termination of the long interview awaited by the Infanta and all the inmates of the palace; their excitement had even communicated itself to the people of the town, large groups of whom had gathered around the walls. At last Francis came forth into the saloon, his countenance beaming with holy joy. Addressing the princess with the quiet gaiety wherewith he habitually diverted attention from whatever was extraordinary in his life and actions, he said to her :

“Your highness, give great thanks to God; the little idol has fallen, and the enchantment is broken.”

At the same time he placed in her hands an old silken bag or purse, within which were three bronze keys. Deeply stained with rust, as if the tears of fifty years' unforgetting widowhood had fallen drop by drop upon them, dearer to her far than all the jewels of her crown, Juana had yielded them up to the saint; they had closed within his oaken coffin for the last time the mouldering remains of her husband, King Philip.

IV.

FROM that hour Francis Borgia took up his abode in the palace. Next day, Palm Sunday, he heard the Queen's confession; and, as the Saint used to relate with wonder in after years, no greater piety, no more fervent contrition, no more careful self-accusation could have been expected, had she been constantly receiving the sacraments since her youth.

After that, in presence of the Infanta, he addressed the Marquis of Denia, the Doctor Herrera, and the accountant, John De Arispe, saying that in his opinion the queen's sanity was so perfectly restored that the Holy Viaticum might be lawfully administered; that nevertheless for the satisfaction of the public who might otherwise be scandalized, and because the danger of death did not seem urgent, he wished the case to be decided at Salamanca; and also desired that the friar Master Dominic Soto, should be brought to Tordesillas to express his opinion upon the queen's condition.

These proposals were at once agreed to, with sentiments of admiration for the humility and prudence of Father Francis; and that evening John de Arispe started for Salamanca. He returned the following Wednesday, accompanied by Friar Dominic Soto, at

that time a chief luminary of the illustrious Dominican Order. This learned religious tested in various ways, and on more than one occasion, the integrity of the aged queen's intellectual powers, and declared in conclusion that she possessed not only a clear judgment and vivid memory, but also a certain high spiritual enlightenment which bore the character of a special divine infusion. He had no doubt whatever, for his part, that the remaining sacraments should at once be administered, and exhorted all to gratitude for a most singular manifestation of the Divine mercy, vouchsafed, as seemed clear, to the potent intercession of Francis Borgia.

The queen heard his decision with transports of joy, and fixed the following day, Holy Thursday, for the reception of the last sacraments. She prepared herself in the morning with tender devotion; but the great consolation she looked for was to be withheld. When the Viaticum was about to be brought to her, a violent fit of vomiting came on, which, several times recurring, prevented her receiving the sacred species. It was then resolved to proceed at once with the last anointings, for the rapid failure of bodily strength became more and more apparent. Towards night the agony set in. Tapers were lighted; Father Francis placed one in the dying woman's hand, which the Infanta helped her to uphold; the Saint took his place at her pillow, in his left hand the image of the Crucified; around knelt Friar Dominic de Soto, the Marquis of Dénia, the Count of Lerma, Doctor Herrera, with other gentlemen and ladies of the princess's train and of the queen's household, all more or less profoundly moved, all contemplating the last struggles of the aged sufferer with the fearful pity natural to all of us at the sight of that last passage into eternity, which each knows to await himself, a little sooner or a little later.

In devout and impressive words, often holding to her lips the crucifix, the Father breathed strength and comfort to the fluttering soul. The queen, following their meaning, sometimes raised a feeble hand to beat her breast. As she seemed to have lost the power of speech, the Saint asked whether she wished the profession of faith to be made in her name; to the general surprise, however, she turned her face towards him, and said distinctly:—

“Begin it, that I may repeat it after you.”

He did as she desired, and the dying woman not merely repeated his words, but sometimes, in fervour of spirit, anticipated

entire phrases, and ended with a loud and firmly-pronounced "Amen."

He then presented to her an image of Our Lady, to kiss its hand; she preferred, however, to kiss its feet, which she did with great humility and devotion. She manifested a wish to kiss again the crucifix, and after that drew a deep breath and exclaimed with all her remaining strength—"Jesus crucified be with me!" A few more difficult gasps, a turn of the head towards the crucifix, some murmured syllables—and the soul of Juana went forth to stand in the presence of its Redeemer.

* * *

Thus passed into eternity, with sane intellect and holy dispositions, on the 11th of April, 1555, at the hour when the Church commemorates the Saviour's agony in Gethsemane, this sorely afflicted sovereign, after fifty years of partial or total insanity. The strange story, which we have taken from the words of Father Coloma, is historically accurate in all its essential points. It rests upon the evidence of Orlandini, in his history of the Society of Jesus, of the Chronicle of Charles V., by Prudentius de Sandoval, Bishop of Pampeluna, and chiefly upon the Life of St. Francis Borgia, by Alvaro de Cienfuegos, afterwards Cardinal, who derived his information from the papers of Doctor Herrera, who, as our narrative has shown, was an eyewitness. Francis Borgia himself, with the simplicity and modesty one might have expected from his character and his sanctity, gave the following account to the Emperor Charles of what he had done in his mother's behalf:—

"By a message sent to your Majesty by the Marquis of Denia concerning the queen's indisposition, your Majesty was informed of the mercy which our Lord displayed towards her Highness in her infirmity, in giving her, according to the judgment of those who were present, very different thoughts and feelings concerning the things of God from those which had hitherto been observed in her. Of this the accountant, Arispe, will give a more particular relation to your Majesty, being a man who ever had a care of the spiritual welfare of her Highness, and who laboured much that every means might be employed to bring back her thoughts to God our Lord. I give great thanks to the Divine Majesty for the consolation given to these realms by the happy end vouchsafed to her Majesty, whose last words, shortly before she expired, were:—
'Jesus crucified be with me.'"

Not, however, to the worthy John de Arispe, nor to any other than Francis himself, do our other authorities assign the honour of having brought about, under heaven, the happy circumstances which excited his gratitude.

So singular and dramatic an episode might well have engaged, one would fancy, some of that attention which historians so abundantly bestow on the details of military manœuvres, court intrigues, and abortive conspiracies. But it has been suffered to rest almost undisturbed in the general obscurity wherein pride and policy combined from the beginning to cast the story of Juana. It is strange from how many popular books of reference her name is totally absent, while pages are devoted to her nearest relatives—to her parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, to her sons, Charles and Ferdinand II., and to her sister Katherine, wife of the English Henry VIII. Like the courtiers of her own day, the chroniclers up to ours have turned their backs upon the helpless queen, widowed, poor, and melancholy-mad, cloistered within the decaying walls of Tordesillas. And if her life became indeed a mere blank under the blight of insanity, the strange interest of her holy death in the arms of Francis Borgia appealed only to those who were not unwilling to record a miracle or to glorify a saint.

But it was reserved for our own day to witness the success of a literary production in which the story of the Arragonese Queen is depicted in wholly false colours and distorted outlines. The tragedy "*La Reine Juana*," by M. Parodi, has been produced with considerable success in leading theatres in Paris and London. It has been favourably noticed in the periodical Press, though with large reserves on the part of the more serious reviews. And yet we doubt whether many who in the quiet of a private reading compare M. Parodi's tragedy with the true facts of the story he professes to revive, will find it anything better than an overcharged melodrama, whose lavish employment of spectacular display was a very necessary concealment of its intrinsic feebleness. They will not admit that its sounding declamations against kings and priests have any grace of appropriateness. They will not see in the death-bed of Juana a becoming *cathedra* for invectives and insinuations against that religion which so sweetly consoled and so strangely elevated her last moments. Nor does it appear to us that "*La Reine Juana*," in spite of some powerful lines and couplets, can boast of imaginative power or excellence of style in a measure

which might atone for its perversion of truth and its odious pervading spirit. It suggests comparison with Victor Hugo's "Marie Tudor," but is greatly inferior in dramatic power. Father Coloma's story, though simply told, is really a work of much higher artistic merit. That, however, is probably not the encomium which its author would most highly prize. Whatever charm he has invested it with is literally the "splendor veri." His imagination has but lightly gilded the authentic outlines of a striking and suggestive historic episode; and he might well feel a pleasure even higher than that proper to the artist in rescuing it from the dust of long oblivion, and from the bad faith of the partisan sensation-monger.

G. O'N.

ROSE VOICES.

THE RED ROSE.

*A brown bee sang through the summer's rain
And the dip of the skimming swallow,
While a Red Rose called from the garden door
To a White Rose down in the hollow.*

"White flower," she said, with a toss of her head,
"For a blossom whose life is brightness,
Your cheek's too pale for that light green veil;
Who cares for your bride-like whiteness?"

"O! up, and above, I'm the colour of love,
I am cherished in song and story,
Since, gay for the dance, the gallants of France
All plucked them a 'Dijon Glory.'

"White Rose, I say, she will pass this way,
Make ready yourself to meet her,
For the glad surprise in my Lady's eyes—
O! I'll be the first to greet her.

"With the rain in my cup, filled up, filled up,
And wet with the steam of grasses,
Those thorns of mine, they are sharp and fine,
And I'll catch her gown as she passes.

"White saint-of-the-sky! you are up too high,
You grow where her lips can't kiss you;
You fade like a dream, or a cloud on the stream,
You are gone ere a flower can miss you.

"Hold up on your stalk, by my Lady's walk,
Where to bloom is a rose's duty;
My heart shall expand to the touch of her hand,
And I'll blush as she lauds my beauty.

"O! I'll watch the grace of her perfect face,
Where purity's self reposes;
And I'll sink to rest on the wave of her breast,
For I am her Rose of Roses."

*The ferns assented with bending fronds.
And the lilies applauded mutely,
While the queen of them all, on a sunburnt wall
Leant, stating her case astutely.
The bee sang on through the summer's rain,
And the dip of the skimming swallow,
As the Red Rose called from the garden door.
To the White Rose down in the hollow.*

THE WHITE ROSE.

"Too pale, you say! Red Rose, nay, nay,
O! queen, that is just as may be.
What lovelier flower could you place in a bower.
Or the hands of a white-souled baby?

"An ancestress mine saw a sight divine-
'Twas a feast where the pure were bidden;
In her spotless dress, she was loveliness,
And she gazed, and gazed unchidden.

"She was called one night by a spirit all white,
A diamond and silver fairy,
And she saw through the bars of the distant stars
The face of Christ's mother Mary.

"O! beauty untold, so new and so old!
The blossom absorbed its brightness,
And down through the spheres, through the cycles and years,
Transmitted its vestal whiteness.

" You've heard, Red Rose, for the whole world knows,
That I've been to a bridal lately,
And my place was there, in the sun-gold air
Of a royal bride, and a stately.

" My petals meek, near her exquisite cheek,
O ! we rivalled rich and rarest ;
And the eyes of men who beheld us then,
They wondered which was the fairest.

*A butterfly danced on a dancing spray,
Till 'twas caught by the summer swallow,
And the White Rose murmured " Too pale ! nay, nay "—
The White Rose down in the hollow.*

M. J. ENRIGHT.

MEG BLAKE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER XIV.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

LIFE for the inhabitants of Blakescourt passed very pleasantly during the autumn and early winter months. Even the servants and tenants had their balls. We seldom saw anyone from that house except on Sundays at Mass, and a few times that we met Mr. Howard and Victoria driving along the roads or through the village streets, and whenever we received one of Florence's rare visits. We both rather liked Florence; she was very different from her mother and elder sister, and we were always pleased to see her at the Black Cottage. Whatever we knew of their doings we heard from her; she did not care much for their ways, and all her sympathy was with us; she thought, as many others did, that we had been very unjustly treated. She was an honest-minded girl.

Mr. Howard was seldom seen with his worthy spouse; he seldom put in an appearance even at her numerous entertainments. He always seemed taken up with some improvement or other on the property. He was never idle himself (one would have thought he had been all his

life a country squire), and he gave constant employment to a large number of workmen. Somehow he always managed to keep out of our way; we never by any chance could meet him, and we often, very often, missed him from his seat in the church.

When we had been about two months living at the Black Cottage, I noticed a great change coming over Charlie; he was fast losing all his old sprightliness and gaiety, and beginning to look very preoccupied and moody. I put all this down to Miss Pauline Gower's account. I felt sure she was the cause of this change in him, but later on I found she was not. I had been wrong, as nearly everyone is who rushes to a sudden conclusion. He began, too, to absent himself very much from home. Some nights he returned quite late, and, if I asked him where he had been, he would answer me very sulkily that he had only been with Robert Derrick. If I could have believed that statement, I should have been quite content, but latterly I was beginning to fear that Charlie was not everything I could desire, that sufferings and disappointment had no purifying or elevating effect on his soul; the furnace of affliction had not separated the dross from the gold. Often in those days some words of my stepmother came back to me. "Charles is tainted with revolutionary sentiments," she had said, on hearing him express sympathy with the cause of the people. And now I began to fear that he had something to do with some dangerous movement, and that it was this that took him so often away from home and kept him out so late at night. I sometimes ventured on a hint or a warning, but he never seemed to hear me, so much occupied was he with his own thoughts and projects.

One afternoon, going into the library, I found Charlie poring over old letters and papers of our father's. Wondering at his employment, I exclaimed—"What on earth are you doing, Charlie? A great change has come over you lately. You seem now always occupied with something or another, and something, too, of a secret nature."

He paused at his work, but did not answer for a few minutes; then, looking up quickly, he said:—

"Yes, Meg, I am very much occupied about something, and I think it is time that you should know of it too. I am thinking of disputing my father's will, after all. I don't believe he ever made that will; neither do Vincent and Derrick, and they are urging me on. Old Martyn thinks I am a fool. He says that if I take an action against the Howards I shall certainly lose it—that the will will hold good in any court in the kingdom—not a flaw in it, and he examined it thoroughly. But I am convinced he was mistaken. The will was written out entirely at the last moment by Howard; only the signa-

ture is in my father's handwriting. It is quite possible that either Howard wrote it differently from my father's dictation or that he made a new will and forged the signature. I incline to the latter idea, and so do Vincent and Bob. Howard has often volunteered the offer to let anyone I like examine the document, and I am going to take him at his word this evening. Bob has made this sort of thing a special study, and he is almost as good as an expert, and the very best expert can be employed afterwards."

"And you never told me a word about all this! But, Charlie, what about all the money Mrs. Howard lent papa?"

"Meg, don't believe that affair at all. It was a lame story, when you come to think it over. If he had taken that money, there would be some account of it somewhere. No woman could have so large a sum to hand over in that fashion; it is ridiculous."

Mr. Derrick called for Charlie a little later on, and together they went to Blakescourt. It was pretty late when they returned. Mr. Howard had at first refused to show the will, but they insisted that he should keep his word. I need not say Robert examined the document very closely, and the conclusion he arrived at after a long study of papa's signatures on different papers and letters we possessed, was that his name on the will was forged.

Soon afterwards Charlie instituted proceedings against the Howards, who were taken very much by surprise. They engaged some of the most eminent Dublin lawyers, but Charlie was satisfied with our old friend, Mr. Martyn, who, though he thought it a foolish action, and had no faith in Derrick, said that for his father's and for his own sake he would do all he could for Charlie, and that was a great deal, for he was a very clever man, much more so perhaps than the great Dublin men with all their fame. Fame is earned very easily sometimes by a lucky few. The case was to come on at the Four Courts towards the end of January. It of course attracted a great deal of attention throughout the country, and many and different were the opinions expressed about it. The majority of the people were on our side, but Mrs. Howard had a good many sympathisers, chiefly among the small fry around her, who were wont to partake of her hospitality pretty often.

The week before the trial one morning Charlie got a letter from Vincent Blake, who was suddenly called away to France by the death of his brother-in-law, his sister's husband, asking him to meet him at a little village which was near the station. His own house was at an inconvenient distance; indeed, for the matter of that, it was at an inconvenient distance from anywhere, even from their parish church. He was, therefore, going to pass the night in the village inn and get away

by a very early train next morning. He mentioned that it was about the lawsuit he wished to see Charlie; he was afraid he would not be back for it, as he had to get his brother-in-law's affairs in order and arrange for taking back his sister and her family. Charlie went immediately after breakfast; he was to ride across the mountain, and it would take him some hours to accomplish the journey.

Next afternoon, when I was expecting Charlie's return, I walked down the avenue to meet him. What was my consternation on nearing the lodge-gates to see Horatius come galloping in riderless, with the reins hanging loose! "O, my God," I cried, "where is Charlie?" I rushed madly down the road and in among the cliffs on the shore, thinking of another who had met his death among them; but no trace could I find of the unfortunate rider. I ran back home as quickly as I could, and into the stable-yard, where the servants were gathered around the frightened horse, talking loudly, and examining some cuts on his knees.

"Peter," I exclaimed, "what can have happened to Mr. Charles?"

"Begorra, Miss Marget, I don't know; sure I'm afraid, the Lord betune us an' all harm, that he's come to grief; or mebbe he left this villain of a chestnut (I wanted him to bring the ould mare) outside some house that he wanted to visit, and, guiding himself without either master or whip, the cracked divil, savin' your presence, Miss, turns on his heel, an' makes for home, lavin' Mr. Charles, God bless him, to come home on shank's mare."

"Well, Peter, I hope that is how it is; but anyhow you and the other men here had better search along the roads for fear your master has met with any accident."

"All right, miss, we'll go this minute."

I turned towards the house, but, glancing towards the avenue, I saw what made the blood freeze in my veins—for the first thought that rushed into my mind was that these men who were approaching had found Charlie, and were now carrying him home on a stretcher, dead or dying. I was mistaken, as I knew a few seconds later, but during those seconds I suffered an agony. When they had come a little nearer to me, I saw that they were policemen, walking separately and bearing nothing between them. Policemen! But what could they want? Where were so many of them going? My God! Could it, could it be anything about those Fenians, I thought. I was in that frame of mind when one arrives at once at the worst conclusions, and cannot think of anything less terrible than the worst, the very worst. I went quickly inside. I would not wait to meet them. I sat on a chair in the library far enough away from the window to prevent

me watching those men, and yet near enough to be able to see the rows of trees that marked the road. That evening, what I thought and what I saw are ineffaceably stamped upon my memory. I can see now that row of trees along the road, gaunt, bare, black, silhouetted against a dreary wintry sky, their arms stretching out, as if in a vain, angry endeavour to grasp at something; and I can remember quite well my thoughts; they were all of Charlie, unfortunate Charlie. I was aroused from them by the policeman's knock at the door, but I did not stir. Bridget came in and said, with a scared look, the district inspector wanted to see me. I knew Mr. Stewart slightly, and desired her to show him in.

"Miss Blake," he said (and he looked very embarrassed), "I am sorry to have to come on such an errand, but I must do my duty; it is indeed a very unfortunate business, but I beg of you to take it calmly, until we are able to clear up matters, which will, I hope, be soon. It will end all right."

"All's well that ends well," I exclaimed, laughing hysterically. I could scarcely know what I was doing or saying, so frightened was I. "What is it all about, Mr. Stewart? Tell me, tell me, I know nothing."

"My dear lady, I thought you knew all. I judged so by your manner. It seems—it—that"—he was dreadfully confused, poor man, he did not know how to break it—"it seems—of course you know it is all a terrible mistake somehow—it seems—last night a band of men broke into Blakescourt, into the library, I believe, and they rifled Mr. Howard's desk, taking with them some papers, fortunately of no importance, and a considerable sum of money, that was there; and—and——"

"Well? Do not be afraid to tell me the worst, Mr. Stewart."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Howard have sworn that your brother was the leader of the gang."

"What! My brother, Charles Blake, a robber! How dare anybody think such a thing? It is near their time now, and little mercy they need expect from us. To swear falsely! My God, how little they valued their souls. My brother a robber!"

"They accuse him only of trying to steal your father's will."

"Did you not say there was money taken?"

"Oh, yes, but not by him of course. One of the others——"

"One of his accomplices; then he knew of it."

"Oh, no; besides you know the whole thing is a blunder; a case of mistaken identity."

"Of course, I know it is a mistake, a very great mistake for the Howards; their little plot will be soon overturned, and their wicked-

ness laid bare. They know as well as I do that my brother never entered their house last night; but they are trying to stave off the suit against them."

"But, Miss Blake, forgive my unpleasant visit, I have a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Charles Blake——"

"What? And you told me it was all a mistake!"

"Yes, but the law must be obeyed; I am only its servant. Mr. Blake is its prisoner till his innocence is proved. He must come with me now. If he does so quietly, I will send the men away. Of course he can give bail and come back to you this evening."

"But he is not here. He went yesterday to see a friend, and has not yet returned. His horse came home a while ago, and I am afraid my brother must have met with an accident."

"Ah—h! Absent last night. It is my duty to go in search of him. You must not let yourself be unduly disturbed. Please God, the matter will be cleared up."

I watched them disappear down the avenue, and then I went out. I could not remain within inactive and in suspense. I walked along the sea road. It was very rough and cold, but I did not mind that. The waves in a mad frenzy were lashing themselves against the rocks; the water, the beach, the rocks looked desolate and black, except where the yellow foam, the angry froth of the sea, lay like a fringe along the shore. I stood looking out at the waves, rolling and swelling, and breaking themselves on the sand and rocks. The sight had a strange fascination for me: my heart was in a tumult, and so were they. I always delight in looking at the sea when it is in a rage, and the waves are breaking themselves in their frenzy. They bring to my mind the sad picture of a soul, torn and rent with its passion. Poor waves, and poor soul!

While standing there looking out over the waves, I heard the tramp of many feet coming along the road. It was my own men carrying Charlie on a stretcher. He was smiling when I rushed up to them, and told me, laughing, there was no need for my long face; he could walk as well as any of them, but they would not let him. However, he was much worse than he tried to make me believe; he was greatly bruised and cut, and his right arm was broken. It appears that in his hurry to reach home he took a short cut across the mountain. At one very rugged spot the horse stumbled, then got fidgetty, frightened I dare say, and began to rear and grow unmanageable; my brother was thrown off and fell between some rocks. He lost consciousness—for how long he could not tell; but when he recovered he found his horse gone, but his faithful friend Bob Derrick, bending over him. Mr. Derrick fortunately had been

shooting on the mountain that day. He was with him now, and so were Mr. Stewart and two policemen; but these turned back from the gate. Of course arresting him now was out of the question. Mr Stewart kindly undertook to send Dr. Ryan out to Black Cottage.

Charlie made very light of the charge against him. He maintained that it was a clumsily laid plot altogether, unworthy of the cleverness of Howard and his charitable consort. In answer to my enquiries as to how he was to disapprove it, he said Vincent Blake's evidence would do that. Luckily he had given Charlie the names of the hotels in Dublin and London where he purposed staying a night; and Robert Derrick, with his wonted kindness offered himself to pursue Vincent; by starting at once he would reach the station in time to catch the mail train to Dublin. Oh, how I prayed that long, long night and the next day that he would overtake Vincent before he could cross over to France; and my prayers, thank God, were heard, as he told us afterwards, on reaching Dublin he went at once to the hotel, only to find Vincent gone; he had crossed to England by the Kingstown steamer. He had just time to catch the boat that started a little later from the North Wall. The same luck awaited him in London; he had just left the hotel when Derrick reached there. But at last his pursuer found him as he was about to enter the train for Dover.

When the case was tried, Vincent Blake's evidence established my brother's innocence. Soon afterwards the real thieves were caught. They were a band of lawless characters who lived in the mountains. What must have been the feelings of that unfortunate woman who swore she could not have been mistaken when she identified Charlie as their leader? Her friends and the charitable said she was labouring under a hallucination brought on by trouble and the fright of the the impending law suit.

CHAPTER XV.

A TURN IN FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

CHARLIE was not long in coming round in Dr. Ryan's skilful hands though the doctor insisted on attributing his patient's quick recovery to what he was pleased to call my careful nursing. He was quite well enough to bear the journey to Dublin when the trial came on. I went with him. When the case was called, the lawyers who appeared for the Howards denied, of course, the charges of undue influence, forgery and so forth, and in turn brought very serious allegations against Charlie and me; but all the same the case was turning in our

favour, and on the third day we were in good spirits. The next morning the first witness to be called was an expert who undertook to prove that the signature to the will was a very clumsy imitation of our father's handwriting, the characteristics of his genuine autographs, strange to say, being wanting in this one.

I was in our lodgings quite alone, my brother having gone to spend the evening with Arthur Gower, who was staying in town. Shortly after he had gone out and while I was sitting at the window, watching the people passing in the street below, and trying to imagine what the life and occupation of each one could be, the servant entered with a letter which she said was to be delivered to me immediately. I was surprised to find it was in my stepmother's handwriting, and still more so when I read these words:—

"I beg of you for the love of your dear dead father to come to me at once. Do not refuse and do not delay.—J. S. HOWARD.

What did she want with me? Ought I to go? I was grieved that my brother was not there to decide for me. Though the house was near, I shrank from going there so late alone. I hesitated, until the thought struck me that what she wanted might be something conducive to Charlie's welfare; it might be something she wanted to tell me about the will. Then I arose at once, wrote a note telling Charlie whither I had gone, and asking him to come for me, which I gave to the servant to hand him the moment he came in.

With many misgivings I made my way to the house where my stepmother was staying. The servant who answered my knock brought me down a long hall, and pointing to a door, said the lady was there and I might enter. I knocked twice, and, getting no answer, opened the door and went in. The room was dark; there was no light except that given by a bright fire. For a few seconds I thought I was alone. I did not see a figure crouching in one of the corners; but, when I perceived it I was frightened, until becoming accustomed to the room and firelight I recognised my stepmother. I came there fully resolved to hurl scorn and contempt at her, to bow her head to the ground, to make her suffer all she had in the past made me suffer, and no matter what her prayers might be to show neither mercy nor pity. But when I saw that proud imperious creature crouching on the ground, watching me with terrified eyes, her parched lips compressed, her whole attitude showing to what depths of despair and misery she had sunk, my thirst for revenge was quenched, and my anger melted away into pity. I pitied her from my heart. I had suffered, but never as she was suffering now.

I came near her, but she shrank away from me ; I waited for her to speak, but, when she did not, I said very gently and low : " You sent for me, Mrs. Howard ? "

" I sent for you, that you might gloat over my misery."

" Oh ! do not speak so wildly, I intreat of you, I pity you, indeed I do. I know how you are suffering. You have sinned, sinned deeply against God, and against us. I forgive you, and I know my brother will forgive you, too. But the wrong you have done us is nothing to the sin you have committed against God."

" Hush, do not speak to me of God. There is no hope for such as I am. You do not know all. Listen to me, Margaret Blake, while I tell you why it was I called you here. No, it was not to let you gloat over my misery. I have some pride left yet"—and she arose and stood there towering over poor insignificant me, her eyes flashing, and her lips parted, showing her beautiful teeth. " It was to tell you what all the country will know to-morrow. The will which deprived your brother of his home and property was a forged one ; your father never caused it to be written, never signed it ; he did not owe me any money. There was no money left to me by an eccentric relative ; your father had no money in bank when he died, because he had spent all he had on me, but neither was he in debt to me or any one else. When he felt he was dying he made his will ; it was written by Mr. Howard from his dictation, and witnessed by Miss Thyme and me, in it he left Blakescourt and his property to his son Charles, and in the event of his death while in his minority, to Vincent Blake. You got your mother's fortune, while to me he willed an annuity of four hundred pounds, which was to come out of the property, and he appointed Mr. Howard and me your guardians. I represented to him that should he die and should the will be read, as is always the case, after the funeral, you and your brother would know its provisions, and in a few years, when you understood your positions, you would get quite beyond my control ; then he wrote the paper which was read after the funeral instead of the will. God knows that, at that time, I had no thought of wronging or injuring you in any way ; it was Mr. Howard who suggested the forgery sometime after our marriage. At first I would not listen to such a thing and I was very wroth with him for thinking of it ; but he kept always talking of it, saying how easily it could be done, and that it would never be detected, and you both deserved no mercy or consideration from me. In the end I weakly gave into him, and he drew up and sealed the forged will. He gave me the other to burn, but a strange feeling which I could not overcome, prevented me from destroying it ; and now I give it to you. Take it, it lies there near you, on the mantel-piece. This is the only reparation which I

can make for all the suffering I have caused you. Will you be generous enough to do me now one act of great kindness? A happy future is insured to you, mine will be black and sunless. The man I have called husband, who is more guilty than I, has deserted me—has left me to bear all the punishment of his sin and my weakness. Seeing that all was over he fled to-day, and I don't know where he has gone. My daughters shun me—I cannot blame them. When they speak to me, it is to upbraid me for the shame I have brought upon them. I ask you now for the sake of your dear father to shield me from the punishment of the law. What I propose is this: to-night I can cross to England by the mail boat, and from there to the continent, where I shall settle down in some quiet out-of-the-way place; my daughters, of course, go with me; they cannot help it; and to-morrow when the suit is ended, will you and your brother use your influence to hush up the scandal, and save me from the further penalties of my conduct?"

"You may be assured of that, Mrs. Howard. My brother and I will do what we can to screen you."

"Then I can breathe freely. And now there is no more to be said. We shall never meet again."

"Let us then," said I, "part as friends"—and I advanced towards her with extended hand. She drew back with her old haughtiness, saying: "No, there can be no pretence of friendship between you and me."

I found Charlie waiting for me outside. I walked home with him in silence, and then told him all. His only remark was: "Well, I suppose, Meg, we can afford to be generous now. We must do all we can to save her from any more suffering. She has been more sinned against than sinning, more weak than wicked."

Later on, Mr. Gower and Mr. Derrick came in to discuss matters. They were amazed at what we had to tell them. After much trouble we managed to induce Robert Derrick to join with us in trying to shield the guilty pair. His influence was great. To a certain extent we succeeded: things which are impossible now-a-days could easily be managed then.

CHAPTER XVII.

"MY STORY IS TOLD, MY TASK IS DONE."

We returned home from Dublin immediately and were accompanied by Arthur Gower, who was to spend a couple of weeks with us, and, of course, by Robert Derrick and Mr. Martyn. The last-named was in high spirits, as he well might be, for he had more than held his

own against the great legal luminaries of the metropolis. We went straight to our old home, where Miss Thyme, who had come up from the Black Cottage, and warm-hearted, dear old Father Pat were waiting for us. We got a cheery welcome-home from all. The hills were a-blaze with bonfires, and the whole body of tenantry met us at the gate and conducted us to the house, cheering all the time. They were not sorry to find themselves free from Howard's clutches. He had not proved a lenient landlord towards the end; he had in many cases raised the rents, and they were beginning to fear they had "fallen on evil days," but now all that was at an end, and their wrongs were soon be righted.

Dr. and Mrs. Ryan drove over with their felicitations, and it was a very merry party that dined together that evening in the dear old homestead.

We took back all our old servants. The Black Cottage was shut up until, as Charlie said, a tenant could be found for it; but I suspected that I myself would be the first. Shamus and Cauth, however, were to remain in the lodge. Shamus was to keep the grounds tidy and to work in the Blakescourt gardens, where he was not at all welcome to the gardener, who knew his faults. The first time I met him after our return he was very loquacious, and very curious to know all about the "thrial" and what had become of the Howards. "To think," he said, speaking of Mrs. Howard, "how *chadagh* she was, flyin' about the counthry in her carriage and pair, sportin' other people's money. Begor she was a cool colleen." But I gave him, as he afterwards confided to Nan, the "could showlder;" knowing what a gossip he was I did not tell him much.

When Arthur Gower was leaving, he extracted a promise from Charlie to pay them a visit in the summer. I think the promise was only too willingly given, for when May came Charlie was all impatience to be off, and July was some days with us before he returned. The very evening he came I noticed there was something the matter with him; he was so fidgetty and restless, one moment running from room to room, singing or whistling, and the next sitting glum, gloomy and silent in some corner. He reminded me of a schoolboy who had done something which brought much pleasure to himself, but which he was afraid others would not regard in the same light, and which he wanted to tell, but did not know how to do so. I was much amused watching him at first, for I could make a shrewd guess at what was the matter with him; but in the end I lost patience, having, as you know, a not very equable temper, and I called out not very sweetly:—

"Charlie, you're in the fidgets ever since you came home. What's

wrong with you? I'm afraid your trip to England hasn't improved you."

"Meg, what do you mean?" he asked, turning sharply round and knitting his eyebrows.

"My dear boy, you need not look so cross. I'm only asking what is wrong with you? There evidently is something the matter. Shall I tell you what I think? Well, I think you have something to tell me, and you can't make up your mind to it——"

"Look here, Meg, old woman, that's just it. The fact is I'm engaged to be married to—to—to—Pauline Gower," he blurted out without more ado, "and—and——"

"And you thought that was news I wouldn't care to hear. O, you silly boy!" I looked at him quizzically, then burst out laughing, which he did not seem to like. "And how old is Miss Pauline? Is she seventeen yet?"

"Seventeen! She will be twenty in November."

"Really. You think that quite a respectable age, Charlie. Well, I think your years and hers added would amount to a decent number. Oh, you needn't get angry, my dear boy; I'm sure you never thought I'd take it so coolly. I hope you have left me plenty of time to get new toggeries for the wedding. That sour look ill becomes you, Charlie."

"I can't help it, Meg. It's your fault if I'm looking so. Why can't you be serious? I would rather hear you speak angrily than flippantly."

"I speak flippantly! Oh now, Charlie, that's too bad. Nobody ever accused me of being flippant. If I have spoken so now—pardon me if I have—it is because I can't help being amused at the state of affairs. I have been wont to look on you as a mere boy, little more than a child, and counted on having you to myself for at least ten years longer."

"I should be an old man in that time."

"What nonsense! Robert Derrick is even older now than you would be then, and you don't, surely, count him an old man, do you?"

"Derrick is a right good fellow; no better in the country; and now, Meg, that you spoke of him, Pauline and I have been planning a double wedding; it would be nice if you and Bob——"

"Stop, stop, Charlie; I'll hear no more. I'm much obliged to you and Pauline, but I intend to 'order' my own life *myself*. I thought I told you that subject should not be broached again. There always was an old maid in our family, and I am for keeping up good old customs."

"I suppose it is no use for me to say any more; but, Meg, you won't be an old maid for a good many years yet, and I expect there will be many a change in your sentiments before then. I don't despair. Good night, now; I'm tired after my journey."

"Stay one moment. You have not told me if the wedding-day is fixed."

"Oh, no! It won't be until next summer."

"Well, that's sensible at any rate. She can learn something of housekeeping and you a little common sense in a year. Good night. Never mind me; of course I'm a bit jealous."

The year was not long in passing. I thought it the shortest year I had ever spent. What a difference our own feelings and wishes make in everything! If you are looking forward to some pleasure at the end of a year, how interminably long that year seems to you: you can hardly believe but some new weeks and months have been added; and if it be something unpleasant the time seems to fly on wings of lightning; you think the month is hardly begun when it is ended. This was the case with me. Charlie's marriage was to bring me no happiness—on the contrary—but I never let him know so, and I made all preparations for it joyfully. I was never so gay or cheerful as at that time; I should deceive him or else pain him.

Pauline wrote asking me to be bride's maid, but I declined the honour. I did not meet her until I went over for the ceremony, and then indeed I was charmed with her, she was so pretty and so winsome. At once I thought to myself "she will be a delightful sister-in-law," and I never since have had reason to think otherwise.

The tenants and servants at Blakescourt were not over pleased at getting an English mistress, but all the same they gave Charlie and his winsome bride a very warm welcome home, and it was not long until Pauline gained all their hearts and uprooted all their prejudices by her charming manners, her goodness and her charity. Dear Pauline! And there was a time when I, too, was prejudiced against you, when I did not believe in your many good and amiable qualities; but that time was before I knew you, when I was jealous of the place you had in Charlie's affections.

Shortly after my brother's marriage we got the only news we ever received of the Howards from Vincent Blake, who, with his wife, had been travelling through Germany and met somebody who knew them. Mrs. Howard and her husband were then living a very secluded life near a small town in the south of Germany; the two girls were married; Victoria to an English *roué*—her's was not a happy marriage: but Florence was more fortunate; her husband was a Bordeaux banker, a

good Catholic, a wealthy and sensible man. We never met them, nor after that heard of them.

If you have exercised your patience in following me so far, you will be rewarded now in finding you have come to the end. I have nothing more to tell. Since Charlie's marriage I have lived at the Black Cottage an uneventful life, and there is no reason why I should bore you with an uninteresting chronicle of the daily routine of that life. I am an old maid now at any rate. I thought there was no place in my heart for any other than Charlie, but I was deceived, for five others now share it with him—Pauline, my beloved sister, two manly nephews, and two very beautiful, very good, and very affectionate nieces. God bless them all!

It is night; a solemn stillness reigns through all the land. Bird and beast and man are silent—only the river, the fussy, turbulent river, makes a noise, only the pale harvest moon is awake, only the moon—and I. Well, good night—yes, good night and good bye. It is time that I, too, should go to rest, for I am tired and my story is told.

THE END.

MY BEST COMPANY.

WHO could be lonely by this glorious sea?
 The sea is ever my best company.
 As some lov'd, mobile face, whose fair caprice
 Wears now a sunshine of exceeding peace,
 Anon, the mists of a dim, moonlit woe,
 So, o'er the mighty front of ocean go
 A thousand changes; mists the moonbeams chase;
 Now clouds, now sunshine, shade or light her face.
 Forever old, forever young, she rolls
 (Checked and changeful as a dream of souls),
 The very life of all that's bold and free,
 Supremely bright and beautiful to me,—
 Who could be lonely by this glorious sea?
 Who, shun the realms that her sway controls?

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Sea Isle City, N.J.

MISS DORA SIGERSON'S REVIEWERS.

THE operation to which the "Songs of Remembrance" of Miss Margaret Ryan ("Alice Esmonde") were recently subjected in these pages must now be performed upon Miss Dora Sigerson's "Verses." It is only a few months since the eminent publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster Row, London, brought out with even more than his usual elegance this first book of a young Irishwoman. Many organs of criticism will not pronounce their judgment upon it for some months to come; but already very many have spoken. There has been by no means a "conspiracy of silence" on the subject. Several critiques have no doubt escaped our vigilance, even when aided most efficiently by the Argus-eyed Mr. Durrant and his Press-Cutting Agency, 57 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.; but we have before us notices of Miss Sigerson's book from *The Saturday Review*, *The Times*, *Truth*, *The Guardian*, *The Speaker*, *Black and White*, *The Weekly Sun*, *St. James' Gazette*, *Public Opinion*, *Freeman's Journal*, *Aberdeen Free Press*, *Liverpool Mercury*, *Derby Mercury*, *Birmingham Post*, *The Scotsman*, *The Rock*, *The Independent* (London), *Cambridge Independent*, *Glasgow Herald*, *The Warder*, *Dublin Evening Mail*, *Irish Daily Independent*, *The Baptist*, *Cork Examiner*, *English Churchman*, *Scottish Leader*, *Irish Society*, *The Lyceum*, *Christian Globe*, *Bookman*, *Publishers' Circular*, *Literary World*, *Galway Observer*, *Tuam News*, *Newry Reporter*, *The Sketch*, *Catholic News* (Preston), *Evening Telegraph*, *Morning Leader*, *Manchester Guardian*, and some others. When only half of these had spoken, their judgments were thus tabulated in one of our advertising pages, a phrase from each—of course not the least favourable:—

A poetess who has a future, and a brilliant future, before her. Singular wealth of imagination and depth and delicacy, and wistful Irish tenderness and weirdness.—*Truth*.

A perusal of the book leaves the reader with a marked impression of strength, of the presence of subtle and often striking thought and a native power of observation.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Miss Sigerson possesses the "rare gifts," the silver thread of poetry runs through all these verses in this dainty volume, sharp, clear, and glitteringly defined.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

She has the mastery of many metres, a rich vocabulary, and a faculty for fortunate phrases.—*The Sun*.

"Goodbye" at the end shows a power and originality of verse-construction that is rare in the minor poets.—*St. James's Gazette*.

Short poems, rich in music and varied in sentiment; evidently the work of a highly refined mind.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Miss Sigerson has the glow and fancy of Keats, combined with the delicate refinement and religious ardour of Eugénie de Guérin.—*Newry Reporter*.

The authoress possesses the poetic faculty in a high degree, and her work is marked by singular felicity of expression, powers of graceful narrative and (especially in the Irish poems) a weird impressiveness which is extremely characteristic.—*Derby Daily Mercury*.

The book, as a whole, is perhaps more interesting for its promise of good things in the future than for its present value.—*The Scotsman*.

There is a freshness and vigour about them which cannot fail to make them acceptable.—*Public Opinion*.

The writer possesses undoubtedly the poetic instinct, and often gives it forceful expression.—*The Rock*.

In "Verses by Dora Sigerson," there is variety of theme, genuine sentiment melodious but unequal versification, and an occasional touch of inspiration.—*The Times* (London).

A volume of distinct poetic merit.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Lovers of poetry will find in them true music wedded to genuine thought; and higher praise it is not possible to give.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

The first sentiment they awaken is astonishment at the strength of artistic treatment shown throughout in verses which in most cases possess a deep human interest.—*The Warder*.

In these Verses, as she modestly calls her book, there is abundance of the material of which poetry is made. There is thought and imagination and fluency of word and epithet. It is a remarkable first book.—*The Irish Daily Independent*.

Miss Sigerson's work is the spontaneous out-pouring of an imagination rich and powerful, and shows great maturity and strength for one so young.—*Cork Examiner*.

She sings very sweetly the romantic legends of her country; but her faith finds expression in an *Ave Maria*.—*English Churchman*.

I have seldom read poems in which metrical mastery is so observable.—*Irish Society*.

There are some of these "Verses" which are no less than poetry of a rare and exquisite kind.—*Weekly Independent*.

Let us give more fully some of these critics' remarks before passing on to others. For instance, the accomplished reviewer in Mr. Labouchere's brilliant and not particularly sentimental journal, *Truth*, speaks thus of our young poet:—

Exquisite is the treatment of a similar subject which I have come upon in a collection of "Verses" by a poetess who has a future, and a brilliant future, before her—Miss Dora Sigerson. These "Verses" are of imagination all compact. If

you are as sick as I of the thin tinkle of most modern verse, where an affected and fantastic obscurity is made to conceal a lack of ideas that you cry, "Il dit tout qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien à dire," you will welcome the singular wealth of imagination and depth and delicacy, and wistful Irish tenderness and weirdness of such poems as "The Flight of the Wild Geese," "The Little Brother," "Eclipse," "Remorse," and "Good-bye." For my own part I may say that, albeit not given to poetic abandonment, I read these exquisite poems, and many others in the volume, again and again.

Before the phrase we have quoted from *The Freeman's Journal*, the reviewer attributes to Miss Sigerson "a distinctly original and wonderfully fresh note of inspiration;" and, while he charges her with "a certain disregard, if not disdain, for the restrictions of artistic technique," he discovers even in this blemish a proof of her strength. Her "undoubted and remarkable gifts," which this writer characterises as intensely Celtic, are these: "A passionate protest against the transient and deceitful pleasures of life, a deep underlying sense of the spiritual significance of the issues that come up for daily solution, a perception of the heroism of self-sacrifice, and an open-eyed and altogether personal delight in the 'natural magic' of the country."

To pass on to critics who cannot have any patriotic prepossession in favour of the poet, we may quote *The Baptist*, whose name indicates partially its character:—

We have a new poetess here. She sings in strains that move and melt us. There is a soft and even flow about the rhythm of these poems that is perfectly charming. "The Path of Life," "A Singing Bird in the City," and "Weary" are gems. Indeed, it is hard to select where all are so good.

The religious sentiment of this volume is surely unobtrusive; yet *The English Churchman* is wroth because the Blessed Virgin is once addressed:—

"He will listen to my prayer for love of thee."

Here is the entire criticism:—

The little volume thus modestly entitled has a better claim to be called poetry than much that passes through our hands. The rhythm is easy and melodious, and we should have given unqualified commendation to the book as suitable for girls, had it not been for the fact that what there is of religion is coloured with Romanism. The poetess is an Irishwoman and sings sweetly the romantic traditions of her country, but her faith finds its expression in an "Ave Maria."

So did the reverence of the Archangel Gabriel, at the express bidding of Almighty God.

We hope Miss Sigerson will take the hint dropped by the *Publisher's Circular* at the end of an appreciative notice:—"We should

imagine that she would be able to write prose of a high order, for in her poems she has displayed considerable command of good and forcible English." We do not know that Miss Dora Sigerson has ever yet wooed the *Musa pedestris*.

The Saturday Review, often so ruthless in its criticisms, has no harsher greeting for our Irish poetess than this:—

In divers tones the "Verses" of Miss Dora Sigerson are sung—most of the poems in this little book are truly singable—and show a greater variety of mood than is usually to be found in verses by ladies. "Little White Rose," with its charming Irish refrain, is an extremely graceful song, and, like some others in the book, ought to move our musical composers to the emulative work of setting it. The Irish element in Miss Sigerson's book is conspicuous, especially in the more stirring of the lyrics, which are noted for spirit and ardour that are eminently Irish. Such are "Lady Kathleen" and "The Flight of the Wild Geese"—a poem that charms us by its "eerie" quality—and the pretty poem of "The Changeling," and the delightful song of "The Fairies"—a bewitching lyric of fantasy.

The suggestion about Irish words in the following passage from *The Sun* seems a very proper one. Spell them correctly in the text and incorrectly in the footnote:—

"All Souls' Night" is full of beauty and poignant and emotional force. Miss Sigerson is at her best in rendering such traditional sentiments as those with that Celtic accent which seems to be one of her gifts. She would do well, we think, to give the phonetic spelling (if only in a foot note) of her Gaelic words. How is an English reader to know that "Roisin Ruad" should be pronounced "Roseen Ru"? There are some noble verses in "A Singing Bird in the City," though here and in the poem that follows we come upon a vein of misleading, if not uncommon, sentiment.

If we were not on friendly terms with critics so benevolent as those quoted and others whom we must leave unquoted, we should be disposed to poke a little fun at them by pitting against each other their contradictory opinions on various points. One attributes to Miss Sigerson a faultless technique and perfect success in the management of rhyme and rhythm, while another alleges that in her long swaying metres the proper music can sometimes be brought out only by accenting and emphasising certain words in a way that the meaning does not require. Again, one at least of the reviewers tries to be very severe upon "The Old Violin," deeming it the worst that its author has written, whereas half a-dozen rank it as one of her very best. One of those who prize this poem highly is the writer of a long and excellent review in *The Lyceum* for August, which begins by crediting our poet with the possession of "a sympathetic sense of the beautiful in nature, and imagination

which seizes the hidden analogies of things, a picturesque fancy and a fair control of graceful language."

It is by this time abundantly evident that Miss Dora Sigerson's modestly named book of "Verses" has been greeted with a *cead mille failte* from all sorts of critics, even cold-hearted Saxons, who don't know what *that* means. This is enough for the present—though at the last moment comes to us from Cape Town, the September number of *The South African Catholic Magazine*, which reviews the book before us in its usual clever style. "Here is a modest tap at the door of the temple of Poesy by a youthful Irish maiden. Will she be allowed to enter? Passion, pathos, humour, faith, a loving heart, and an ear for word music—are these credentials enough? If so, this little volume promises that the world will some day hear much of Dora Sigerson."

* * *

There was not room for this *nubes testium* last month; and meanwhile Mr. Durrant's cuttings from the not very cutting reviews keep dribbling on in their halfpenny wrappers. Even a full leaf from the stately *Month* is for our convenience subjected to this mutilation. Whoever publishes a book and desires to know what the critics say of it, and who yet neglects to enlist the services of some press-cutting agency, would (in Dante's phrase) "fain have desire fly without wings," failing to use the best means of gaining his desire. Nay, as in the present instance, not the author only can adopt this method of learning the verdict passed on a new book. You can do the same for the work of a friend—or of an enemy. In the latter case, what a delightful guinea's worth would be 125 adverse notices! But our young poet's enemies had better refrain from such an investment, for adverse notices are not forthcoming—nothing worse than *The Cambridge Independent*, who tells us that "these charming verses are all brief, but they are bright and sometimes brilliant," or *The Birmingham Daily Post* (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's organ, is it not?) who finds here "genuine emotion clothing itself in rhythmic utterance which is one with the inspiring thought."

The journals of the United States have not yet had time to pass their judgment on the new Irish aspirant; but *The Boston Pilot* of September 16, has come into our hands, with a long column of its "Books and Bookmakers," devoted to Miss Sigerson.

Of the bookmaker herself it tells us that "the instinct for letters is in her blood. She is the elder daughter of Dr. George Sigerson of Dublin, Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland himself a great scientist and scholar, and of Mrs. Hester Varian Sigerson, the author of several stories and poems. Those who care for details may like to be told that Dora Sigerson is a little past twenty, and of a very winning personal beauty; that she is of Danish and Huguenot descent, and that her family are patriots and Catholics." After these obliging confidences the clever critic from the Hub of the Universe proceeds to remark that "seldom does a young writer show so much mature evenness and calm." He selects such vital things as 'All Souls' Night,' 'The Bridal of the Lady Aideen,' 'The Flight of the Wild Geese,' and in less degree 'Cean Duv Deelish,'—things with the dreamy, unmistakable Celtic passion and pathos in every line. These four—with the very tender poems called 'Innocence,' and 'My Rose;' with 'Who is He?' and the sweet philosophy of a 'Singing Bird in the City,' 'What we must Do,' 'But for the Tear,' 'Recompense,' (which should be dear to those who love man and beast) 'Last Eve,' and the *Welt-schmerz* of the unforgettable 'Ave Maria'—constitute the unalloyed gold of the book." After quoting two of these, "The Bridal of the Lady Aideen," and "My Rose"—"a touching seventeenth-century-like lyric which it may not be rash to associate with the memory of Rose Kavanagh, a gracious woman and well-remembered writer who died some three years ago"—the *Boston Pilot* concludes by saying that "the girlish hand which can command such widely sundered strings as those of our two extracts has not only the promise of growth but the sense of present skill and power."

MRS. SARAH ATKINSON.

A FEW NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

“**I**N memory of a noble Irishwoman” who passed away on the 8th July, 1893, we borrowed in September what had been written of her by two of the most devoted and most gifted of her friends. There will often be occasion to refer to Mrs. Atkinson in the pages of a magazine in which she took the keenest practical interest from its first number to the last that appeared before her death; but at present it will be enough to put down a few particulars about her life and the good works that filled it. She once told me that she was born on the wrong side of the Shannon; and to this the writer of the following paragraphs alludes.

“Sarah Atkinson was the eldest daughter of John and Anne Gaynor. She was born on the 13th October, 1823, in the town of Athlone, not many paces from the western bank of the Shannon, which divides the rich lands and picturesque scenery of Westmeath from the far less interesting plains of Roscommon. Even the town was in those days, before the present beautiful bridges and quays were built, less attractive on that side than on the other. Hence her saying that she was born on the wrong side of the river.

“She was from her earliest years a remarkable child. Tall, pale, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and perfectly formed, she was of a lively disposition, open-hearted, full of talent, fond of reading, and acquiring knowledge with great facility. She loved stories, and made up imaginary characters of her own, with whom she conversed in a way that astonished the younger members of the family. She was very communicative at that period of her life; but, as she grew up, she became silent and thoughtful, and preferred the company of persons older than herself.

“Sarah Gaynor’s mother was a woman of considerable cultivation, and of a strong and noble character, hidden under a sweet and gentle exterior; while her father commanded universal respect by his strength of mind, the largeness of his views, his practical sense, and his eagerness to lend a hand to every good and useful work.

"When she was about fifteen years of age, her family removed to Dublin on account of the facilities it afforded for the education of the children. She distinguished herself very much by her application and success; and she began already that system of diligent and systematic note-taking which till the end she applied to all subjects that interested her.

"She was specially formed for friendship; she was emphatically a true friend—and this capacity for friendship she maintained to her dying hour. She had an exalted idea of the capabilities of woman for the higher virtues and gifts in all walks of life; and, wherever her influence reached, she used it to help women to attain this ideal.

"As time went on, she lost that shyness which had fallen upon her as she approached womanhood: but she still preserved a certain dignity which, for all her sweetness, never left her.

"About her 25th year she married George Atkinson, M.D., of Dublin. Her only child died in his fourth year; and this grief, which endured through all her subsequent years, seems to have changed completely her view of life. She was never able to speak of him; many who thought they knew her most intimately were unaware that she had ever been a mother. Ever after, her whole thoughts were turned upon what she could do for God—for the poor, for orphans, or for any good cause. God alone knows the number and extent of her good works, maintained with such self-sacrifice and steady perseverance. Good works formed her happiness, and her devoted husband left her perfectly free to carry out all the plans that she formed, and helped her earnestly in executing them."

I have thought it best to give these particulars in the very words of the writer, who only jotted them down as hints, to be treated in another way. She adds: "It was not until after her happy marriage with a man of congenial tastes, whose affection, admiration, and devotion were unbounded and unchanging, that she was induced to make her first public essay in literature. She never signed her name to her articles, and she only wrote for the purpose of doing some direct practical good. Far the greater part of her writing was done without any remuneration; and the money received for some part of her work was carefully assigned to special works of zeal or charity."

Of Mrs. Atkinson's contributions to literature, especially in Irish and Catholic periodicals, I am happily able to furnish a correct list from a memorandum, which, at my earnest request, she drew up many years ago. The juvenile story-telling faculty, alluded to above in a sister's reminiscences of childhood, is not represented in her mature work; she never seems to have ventured into the realm of fiction. The list of her anonymous articles was introduced by a letter which bears no date but "Friday evening"; but the "Hotel Panier d'Or," to which allusion is made, appeared in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* in August, 1875. Mrs. Bishop's "former name" was Mary O'Connor Morris.

2 Drumcondra Terrace, W.,

Friday Evening.

DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I send you the list you wished to have of certain contributions to the *I. Q. Review*, leaving out specimens of poor-house literature by way of reports.

You will also see that you have got more than you asked for—the titles of articles I am accountable for that have appeared in other publications.

With very good reason you will say that I must have lost myself in Bruges, when I tell you that there is not a word in *Our Foreign Post Bag Letter* "Hotel Panier d'Or" about S. Teresa's Jubilee!

I began by sketching a foreground for the procession, and finished by having it all foreground. Some future day we may, perhaps, do the centenary in a *very* short letter.

Have you noticed the announcement of a Life of S. Teresa, by the author of "A Dominican Artist"? Whom will they take next?

The *Irish Monthly* certainly keeps up its credit for punctuality. I have opened it to take a general glance. I think it looks very well this time. A varied table of contents—history, fiction, biography, theology, poetry, notices of books. No one can say there is not reading enough for sixpence. Dr. A. is again visiting Pompeii with delight in Mrs. Bishop's pages.

The lady's former name was certainly a better one for signing an article.

Either by this note or by some other opportunity I will send you two or three reprints and some newspapers, in which you will find articles mentioned in the enclosed list.

I do not want any of these except three copies of the *Nation*, marked to be returned.

Note the review of the Irish Brigades. Rosa and I have more than

once talked over the subject, and agreed that such a period and such scenes as are there referred to might form the subject of a very interesting historical romance. She, however, would be afraid to attempt anything so ambitious at present. It would take a good deal of reading and study to produce such a story. But might it not be most picturesque and interesting?

Very sincerely yours,

S. ATKINSON.

We may print Mrs. Atkinson's list exactly as it stands:—

Irish Quarterly Review.

Vol. VII., Oct., 1857—The Manchester Exhibition.

Vol. VIII., July, 1858—John Hogan.

„ Jan., 1859—Begin at the Beginning.

Vol. IX., July, 1859—Christian Philosophy in Word and Work.

„ Oct., 1859—Idylls of the King.

No Signature.

Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.

Vol. I., July, 1860—Mrs. Anna Jameson.

„ Sep., 1860—Banks of the Tolka and Banks of the Thames.

Vol. II. Jan., 1861—Field Day at Glencree.

„ Mar., 1861—Out in the Low Countries.

„ May, 1861—Flight Across the Dykes.

Signed R.

Duffy's Hibernian Magazine—New Series.

Vol. III., April, 1863—Story of Sibylle.

„ June, 1863—Draughts of Hippocrene.

Vol. IV., Aug., 1863—Shrine of St. Dymphna.

Vol. V., April, 1864—Muses in the Workingday World.

„ May, 1864—A Model Woman.

Vol. VI., Dec., 1864—Out in Ninety-eight (unfinished).

No Signature.

The Month.

Vol. I. July, 1864—Half Out of the World.

„ Aug., 1864—A Glimmering Dawn.

Vol. II. Jan. 1865—Hope for the Prisoner.

No Signature.

The Nation.

Several Reviews and Literary Articles in 1869-70.—Among the rest, “Glasnevin,” “The Irish Brigades in the Service of France,”

"Father O'Leary," "Gheel," "St. Clements," "Rome," "Children of the State"

No Signature.

Freeman's Journal.

Three of the Series entitled *Pictures of Town*, viz.—"Among Incurables," "Our National Gallery," "St. Vincent's Hospital."

Nov., Dec., 1871.

No Signature.

This List of Mrs. Atkinson's fugitive papers* may be supplemented by an enumeration of her chief contributions to the magazine which almost enjoyed a monopoly of her pen during the the last twenty years of her life. Our second number (August, 1873) contains a pleasant paper signed "S. A." the first of a series called "Our Foreign Postbag," describing "St. Mark's Day in Venice." October gave the second of the series; and then there is a breach in the series till page 319 of our second volume, when the third letter from our foreign postbag, "An Untravelled Islander Abroad," describes the Belgian Experiences of the writer, who is no longer "S. A.," but "R. M."—namely Rosa Mulholland, now Mrs. Gilbert. "S. A.," however, resumes the series in our third volume and describes Ghent and Sienna very graphically. But meanwhile she had taken to subjects more interesting than even the most picturesque sketches of foreign travels. Our second volume was enriched with Mrs. Atkinson's admirable account of the Irish sculptor, John Hogan; while in our third yearly volume she devotes four admirable papers to St. Catherine of Sienna, whom she calls "A Citizen Saint." More interesting still, because revealing more of the writer, is "Rounds of Visits" in the same volume. This most edifying and delightful article on workhouse visiting, is said to be by "A Discursive Contributor"—an extremely inappropriate signature for Mrs. Atkinson, who was never discursive, but on the contrary kept to the point most tenaciously.

* Pinned to the memorandum of Mrs. Atkinson's miscellaneous papers, I find the following note of articles contributed to *The Month* (the great English Catholic magazine) by the Rev. Thomas Finlay, S.J. The list is very incomplete—"Volume xvii., in the year 1879, page 100, 'The Educational Crisis in France'; vol. xviii, page 90, 'A Christian Poet of the German School'; and at page 219, 'Legends of the Saxon Saints,' 'Communion in one Kind,' in the series of answers to Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons,' 'The Heaven of Christianity,' &c., &c."

In our fourth volume (1876) Mrs. Atkinson begins her sketches of old Dublin under the title of "Old Houses Re-Storied"—the Custom House, the Rotunda, etc. Her knowledge of Dublin history and society a hundred years ago was marvellous. The account given in these papers of the Beresford family is deeply interesting. The same extraordinary diligence and skill in ferretting out facts in every likely and unlikely quarter are exemplified in her stories about out-of-the-way saints under the title "Friends at Court." Nowhere can there be found more information about St. Barbara (for instance) than at page 651 of our seventh volume. How many an hour must have been spent in amassing the materials of that admirable paper! And so with every piece of work she put her hand to—she omitted nothing that she could secure to give to it its due completeness and perfection.

Many a seemingly elaborate and learned tome contains less of real learning and is the fruit of less labour than were expended on these anonymous papers, contributed gratuitously to a sixpenny Irish magazine. The most valuable of these are the biographical sketches of Eugene O'Curry and John Henry Foley, the sculptor, though there is more curious erudition displayed in our twelfth volume in the series of papers upon the Dittamondo and upon St. Fursey, and in a previous volume on Irish wool and woollens. One of her last contributions was "The Rapt Culdee," St. Aengus, in our seventeenth volume. Indeed Mrs. Atkinson deserved well the title which Dr. Russell gave to his friend Dr. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth, in the inscription placed upon the statues of St. Patrick and other Irish saints, presented by the latter to the junior chapel of the college—*Sanctorum indigetum cliens devotissimus*, "most devoted client of our native Irish Saints."

The subject of her last "quarry" (as she used to call her laborious compilation of materials for an article planned) was the great composer Palestrina. Unfortunately I once chanced to mention that recent German researches had thrown doubt on some of the received legends about Palestrina; and Mrs. Atkinson, with her usual conscientious regard for perfect accuracy, would not proceed till the result of these investigations could be utilised by her. I find among her papers a note I had received from Father Bewerunge, the learned professor of ecclesiastical music at Maynooth College, in which he says:—"The material about Palestrina, published lately by Haberl, is not exactly what Mrs.

Atkinson wants. It is the biographical information she wants, and that will not be published till 1893; and then Mrs. Atkinson will have full scope to write a really meritorious biographical essay on Palestrina."

We have spoken too long of Mrs. Atkinson's literary work without naming "Mary Aikenhead, her life, her work, and her friends." We can hardly imagine anyone else doing so complete justice to her theme. The labour she expended on it was immense, though of course a good deal of the "quarrying" was done for her by some of Mrs. Aikenhead's spiritual children, amongst whom are two of her sisters, the Superior of the Irish Sisters of Charity, Stanhope-street, Dublin, and the Superior of Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's-cross. She took incredible pains to secure as many life-like details as possible and to be accurate in every particular. For instance, she went by herself to Dundalk to "interview" the venerable Dominican, Father Bartholomew Russell, who had been acquainted with the Foundress, though perhaps her journey might secure the accuracy only of a sentence or two in her narrative.

The readers of this noble biography are aware that Mrs. Atkinson's introduction is in reality an historical and antiquarian essay of great originality and research. It is a skilful retrospect of Irish history and a view of Irish society towards the end of the penal days, showing what sort of Ireland was that into which Mary Aikenhead was born. It was this part of her work which attracted the admiration of the historian, Mr. Lecky. Her own opinion of Mr. Lecky's merits as an historian I chance to be able to give from one of her letters. The whole letter may be given and not merely the part about Mr. Lecky. It will be a sample of Mrs. Atkinson's warm interest in other people's work, and also of her watchfulness in her reading about everything that concerned Ireland and the Catholic Church. The Major Butler whose *Macmillan* article pleased her so much is now Sir William Butler, in command at Aldershot, whose wife is famous in the world of art for "The Roll Call" and other great pictures, while her sister, Mrs. Alice Meynell, has given us a book of perfect prose, worthy even of her own exquisite "Preludes."

2 Drumcondra Terrace, W..

May 26, 1878.

DEAR FR. RUSSELL—I am delighted with the little volume of

"Eucharistic Verses"—and pleased to find it not so *very* little after all. Accept my best thanks for the nice copy with its kind inscription.

Surely the book ought to be a success. Every Catholic can understand and appreciate the poetic prayers; and few purses are so straitened as not to have two shillings for the purchase. If I am not mistaken, many of the poems will be greatly liked by the young, and gladly committed to memory in order really to be used as prayers. Such, for instance, as the poems of the "Communion Day." Several of the poems might well be set to music. "Heart of Jesus, all for Thee" is an animating hymn, and would *sing* with great effect.

The appendix is highly valuable, and what a number of good names as well as good poems you have associated in the concluding pages! Rosa may rejoice to see herself in such choice company. *Her* prayer is really beautiful.

I have lately read the second volume (or most part) of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the 18th Century." Surely there never was such justice done to the Irish people in historical literature as in this work. As I have just gone over the same ground, though travelling by field paths while he has journeyed along the high roads, I have been able to understand the value of the historian's work.

Did you happen to see Major Butler's "Plea for the Peasant" in *Macmillan* for May? The article is worth reading, and worth keeping too.

Again sincere thanks and best wishes for the success of the little book.

Ever believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

S. ATKINSON.

With the admiration here expressed for Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Atkinson was naturally very deeply gratified to learn that the historian on his part had spoken in high terms of her own sketch of Irish affairs a hundred years ago in her introduction to the "Life of Mrs. Aikenhead." In November, 1886, in returning thanks for a copy of the second edition, Dr. George F. Shaw, of Trinity College, referred back to the incident:—"I believe I told you that Lecky was indignant when I asked him did he know the work. 'It is one of those I know best,' said he, and he added many other things which your humility would be wounded by my repeating to you."

If we were to give extracts from the extremely favourable judgments passed on Mrs. Atkinson's chief literary work, we

should choose as representatives two very clever and cultivated journals, which, in spite (or on account) of their cleverness and culture, died—one in London, the other in Dublin. *The Pen* summed up thus the merits of the “Life of Mrs. Aikenhead”:—“Nothing is stated rashly; copious notes and references bear witness to the writer’s industry and conscientiousness; and it is worth observing that all historical statements made here agree very remarkably with those of Mr. Lecky, though S. A. has sought information from rare memoirs, books of travel now not easily found, antiquated ‘tours’ made by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, who visited Ireland in the days of her trouble and gave their impressions to the world; while the author of the ‘History of England in the Eighteenth Century’ has gone for his facts to the state papers and public records lately made accessible to the world. For all who enjoy a brilliant and picturesque bit of historical writing where much that is interesting is condensed into small space, we recommend the perusal of the Introductory sketch which, with a backward glance over times just gone by, leads up to the moving cause of Mary Aikenhead’s charitable work.” And *Hibernia* says of the same portion of the volume:—“This vivid and picturesque description of social life in Ireland under an inhuman code can worthily stand beside the Irish chapters in Mr. Lecky’s *Eighteenth Century* and Sir C. G. Duffy’s rapid *Bird’s Eye View of Irish History*.” But many will read with additional interest, for the sake of the writers, two private letters on the subject from Father Charles Patrick Meehan and from the late Father James Jones, S.J., whose work lay in England, and who is therefore less known to Irish priests than his brother, Father Daniel Jones, who died many years before him. Father Jones writes to the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity:—

St. Beuno’s College, North Wales,
July 1, 1879.

DEAR REV. MOTHER—My letters from London tell me there is awaiting me there, through your kindness, a magnificently bound copy of the lately published life of your venerated foundress. I cannot allow myself to wait to see the gift to thank you for it, or to say how highly I value and will treasure this mark of your remembrance.

I have, however, seen a copy of the work here, and have already found a few moments to look through its pages.

Unquestionably the Sisters of Charity may well be congratulated

on having given to Catholic readers this fine volume, so full of the deepest interest, so well written, and so excellently arranged. We shall all learn and gain much by the insight it gives to the personal character and the singularly beautiful and devoted mind of Mrs. Aikenhead. I have been much struck by seeing in the extracts of her correspondence a confirmation of one of her characteristics noticed by me years ago when I had the great privilege of conversing with her, the singular clearness and precision of the conception she had formed of the purpose and work of her institute, and of the inflexible tenacity with which she ever clung to her standard. This I take to be one of the surest signs that the work she was called to complete was from the design given her by God.

I have read, of course, the chapters on Benada, and I can hardly tell how deeply I am touched by the gracefulness and delicacy with which the whole matter is treated. I have no idea who the writer may be, but whoever it may be, I beg you will convey to him my heartfelt thanks for the kind consideration which speaks in every line for the living and the dead.

And again thanking you, dear Rev. Mother, for leaving to the Church this most valuable life, and for the special kindness you have shown towards myself in your valuable present,

I remain,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

J. JONES, S.J.

The foregoing letter was evidently written at the first appearance of the book; and yet Father Meehan, writing a month later, speaks already of preparation for a second edition:—

SS. Michael and John,

August 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. ATKINSON—I have taken the liberty of sending you the last edition of “*The Geraldines*,” in which you will find some trifling notices of Irish nunneries at home and abroad in the 17th century.

Allow me to suggest that you ought to look into Carte’s “*Ormond*” for notices of two of his lordship’s sisters who were nuns in Kilkenny during the Confederation, when he was doing his best to exterminate Catholics, although every member of his family belonged to the ancient faith.

You should look into the two volumes of Dr. Moran’s “*Spicilegium Ossoriense*,” in which you will get copious reports of the condition of Catholics in the 17th century. Read Dame Mary Hamilton

to her brother about the apostasy of her son. The letter occurs at p. 182 of 2nd vol. of the "Spicilegium."

I am delighted at hearing that you are preparing a second edition of your noble work. You may add to it, but you cannot improve it. Of its sort it is the most interesting volume I have ever read. Could you draw on Thierry's description of the first convent of nuns founded in the Aventine, *tempore* St. Jerome? I know you have perused Amedée's charming work, and it occurs to me that you might utilize it now in your 2nd edition. That man could write lives of saints in pleasing style for the enlightenment and edification of his readers. . . . Praying God to give you health and strength to complete your pious and elegant labours,

I remain with every sentiment of profound respect,

Your grateful servant,

C. P. MEEHAN.

Look to date of Rinuccini's arrival in Ireland. He came in 1645.

We trust that these informal notes, which must come to an end for the present, may help to keep in remembrance Mrs. Sarah Atkinson as an Irishwoman of great and well-used talents and of many solid and amiable virtues.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The order in which new books are brought under the notice of our readers is often determined by accident, but naturally a critic would be inclined to turn first to the most interesting book of the month among those amenable to his jurisdiction. This must of course in the present instance be the new poet—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his view."

There is a certain appropriateness in quoting Keats in this context, for his influence is not unfelt in "Footsteps of the Gods and other Poems," by Elinor Sweetman (London: George Bell and Sons), not only in the richness and daintiness of the poet's diction, but also in her fondness for what M. Villemain calls the *gracieuse théologie* of the Greeks. We know how Keats, with Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek," and also with a large share of Shakespeare's genius, drew

the purest poetry out of the old worn-out Pagan themes; but a Christian maiden and especially an Irish maiden (for we are glad to claim Miss Sweetman for Ireland) would draw truer and more vivid inspiration from subjects nearer and dearer to her own heart. The classical influence indeed is apparent only in a few of the pieces: but we have *Alceſtis* and *Dian*, and *Endymion* and *Aphrodite*, and even the Supreme Name in the plural in the title-poem of the volume. "*Footsteps of the Gods*" was probably assigned this post of honour and danger because some poem had to go first and it was wisely decided not to begin with the longest, as used to be the fashion with poets. "*The Silent Knight*," which comes last, fills nearly half the volume, which thus is larger than most of the recent books of verse, though it contains less than a score of poems with exactly a dozen of sonnets. It would not take long to tell in prose the dreamy, shadowy story which runs through "*The Silent Knight*," but round it clusters a great deal of exquisite poetry in very perfect and musical blank verse. By the way, is it by accident or design that page 28 is allowed to end and page 85 to begin with an excellent rhyming couplet? And, as we have alluded to the mechanism of verse, in that fine, brief ballad of "*Sir Bion*," is the ear expected to notice that the penultimate line of each long stanza rhymes with the third and fourth lines, although nine and even eleven lines intervene? Cardinal Newman seems to have made a still more unreasonable demand on the ear's memory in some early parts of "*The Dream of Gerontius*"; but surely rhyme is meant for the ear, and surely it is the eye, not the ear, which reminds us, when Sir Bion's "heart should have ceased to beat," that, a dozen lines higher up, "there came a weasel to sniff his feet." Miss Sweetman's *technique* seems to us to be generally faultless, and we do not need to fall back on Goldsmith's commonplace of criticism, "the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains." She has enough reverence for her art to know that no pains can be too great; and in her great variety of metres she is successful, perhaps more so in her few sonnets and one or two songs. If we could quote, our choice would probably fall on "*Heights*," "*Afterwards*," "*The Urn of God*," and certainly on the very first lines of the book, the dedication to her sister Agnes (Mrs. Egerton Castle) which is one of the most winning and attractive pieces of the sort we have ever met. It justifies us in appealing to the young poet to consider whether she would not be wise in seeking more frequently a human and homely inspiration like that with which she thus begins so well. The publishers have brought out the volume with an austere elegance which well befits a treasury of very refined and very poetical poetry.

2. Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, at the Bodley Head,

in Vigo Street, London, have in a short time gained a great reputation as publishers of the most literary kind of work, and especially as poets' publishers. They have just issued anew the exquisite little volume of bright and musical poetry which is, alas! all that we are to have from rich mind and heart of Frances Wynne. Perhaps that slender and dainty tome "Whisper!" will live in the next century when many a more ambitious collection of poetry, even by would-be Laureates, is dead and forgotten. To the present issue is prefixed "Frances Wynne: a Memory," in which Mrs. Hinkson has condensed into four pages of her delightful prose a pathetic appreciation of the very gifted young Irishwoman taken away from us so soon. A very sweet and life-like portrait of Mrs. Wynne is in front of the title page. This and still more the delicate bit of word-painting that follows the title page, will give even to strangers a sort of personal interest in the young mother, "so gay, so coaxing, so full of childlike naiveté and charm," who died at twenty-seven.

3. Blackie and Son, of London, Dublin, Glasgow and Edinburgh, are famous for the vast number of excellent stories for young people that they produce every autumn. This year their voluminous Christmas list will contain nothing more pleasant for their youthful constituency than "Town Mice in the Country, a Story of Holiday Adventure," by M. E. Francis, author of "Whither?" We are glad to see that the frontispiece (though illustrations have been a weak point with the Blackies) is a really pretty picture, and helps us to know the three town mice and their father and mother. For of course the mice are children, a boy and two girls; and their sayings and doings are recorded by one who knows child nature thoroughly. There is nothing childish about the story, which we are sure will be keenly relished by old and young. Many a nice feeling is prompted, many a good lesson insinuated, by the account of the various adventures that the Burton family go through. It is a wholesome and very interesting and pleasing story. This is another of many instances in contemporary literature in which the finest literary skill is expended on books for the young.

4. From the other side of the Atlantic comes a large and thick octavo containing a tale of a very different kind, "The success of Patrick Desmond," by Maurice Francis Egan (Notre Dame, Indiana, office of *The Ave Maria*). Dr. Egan is well known as one of the leading Catholic publicists in the United States, who, even when a journalist, was more literary than political. He has now withdrawn from political journalism and devoted himself to literature in theory and practice. Some excellent work he has done in poetry and criticism; but now he is using the novel as the best means of gaining his objects.

for he has many ends in view besides the amusement of his readers. Those who profess such dislike for "the novel with a purpose" will make this an objection against "The Success of Patrick Desmond;" but we do not see why the curious fascination of Fiction should not be made to teach a good lesson, as it has taught many a bad lesson. Mr. Egan does not waste much space on descriptions or impersonal reflections, nor does he trust to sensational incidents. The development of feeling and character, very often as revealed in natural conversation, seems to be his strong point. He knows his own people best, but we are sorry that he considers Miles and Nellie to be typical of the manners and dispositions of that class of the Irish race in the States. The book is so cleverly written that one might cull from its four hundred pages of fine bold type a very respectable collection of epigrams.

5. We fear the printers will soon cry "Hold! enough." Very reluctantly we must confine ourselves for the present to the bare announcement of an illustrated edition of "The Donegal Highlands" recast and enlarged (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). This handsome volume, with its numerous excellent illustrations and its enlarged map of Donegal, ought to have the advantage of the name of its original author, Cardinal Logue's predecessor in the Sea of Raphoe, though in its present improved form it is chiefly the work of his brother, the Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. The publishers have done their best to produce the work fittingly. Donegal is better off in this respect than any other of our Irish counties,

6. "Angeli Dei, or Stories of Angels," adapted from the German of Dr. Joseph Keller, appears in a new edition [London: R. Washbourne]. We trust that the scissors of Atropos will not cut off this mere naming of two books specially adapted for the month of November, "Help for the Holy Souls, or Devotions, Considerations, and Examples referring to the Souls in Purgatory," by a Redemptorist Father (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.), and a larger book on the same subject, "All Souls' Forget-me-not, a Prayer and Meditation Book for the Solace of the Poor Souls in Purgatory," edited by Canon Moser, and published by Mr. Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

DECEMBER, 1893.

MISS MICKLETHWAITE'S MAID

A STORY.

I.

THE Micklethwaites came of good stock, had been accounted gentle folk indeed within the memory of living men, were gentle folk still in the finer distinction of the word. They might have taken their place in the newer aristocracy of wealth, had they consented to sell their park-lands that abutted on the manufacturing town whose outskirts already reached their gates, or let out in building lots, as their long-headed agent advised, the fields that sloped towards Weaste River on the south; but John Micklethwaite, with a grunt, tossed the Corporation's offer into the fire, said a strong word or two to Jabez Hale, and spent the couple of hundreds left in the bank in building the thin brick wall that shut out valley, river, park-lands, town, all view in short but the tall smoky chimneys of the factories at the back.

Farming was not what it had been; but John made a living, and would have made more had he taken the old serving man, Thomas Birley's, advice, and grown the turnips and cabbages for which the market never failed; but John, faithful to tradition, stuck to "rotation of crops."

His sister, his niece, Mary Battersby, and Ellen Hare, the young Irish servant lass, did the house work among them, Ellen, in addition, milking and littering the two half-bred Jersey cows, and managing what she called "a delve" in the kitchen-garden occasionally as well.

Her mistress was a sore trial to Ellen. "Life was too short for such old maidish ways," she confided to Mary Battersby now

and then, and that "a pinch of sugar more or less could affect any one's salvation was more than she could believe," she would add, when Miss Lucia had a special cake or pudding in hand and was carefully adjusting her weights and scales. "God Almighty give us patience!" she would cry with fervour, when she found it was Miss Lucia who was to help her to make the beds, realising the careful examination of "right side" and "wrong side" in sheet and counterpane.

Miss Lucia had been brought up at the old York convent so well known to our ancestors, had come home at seventeen to "have her story," as people say, and go back to the nuns a year or two later to realise that a broken heart does not mean a vocation to the religious life; but from the noviciate she brought the faithful, if prim, exactitude in performing every duty, the order and neatness that so exasperated Ellen Hare, and an abiding dread of the fascinations and temptations of a wicked world.

Miss Lucia would almost have thought it a sin to have missed saying her "Office" in the little chapel attached to the house where Mass was offered up on the third Sunday of every month, and where the family said their beads at night. She was an "innocent creature," as even Ellen Hare condescended to say, when the gentle little lady passed her, prayer-book in hand.

Ellen's encounters with her aunt, her ready tongue, her apt rejoinder, never ceased to astound stolid Mary Battersby; there was even a certain fascination in wondering what she would dare to say next.

Ellen had "put her foot into it" with Miss Lucia, very literally, the first day of her service. Except for the few weeks she had worked in the town when first coming over from Ireland, the girl had never worn covering to her feet; and, joyfully discarding the hated clogs, she had appeared, to Miss Lucia's dismay, dinner-tray in hand, with kilted petticoat, and, as she would have put it herself, "naked feet."

"Ellen," Miss Lucia had ended a rebuke stern for her, "this must never occur again."

"An' sure I'll fetch the clogs this blessed minute," was the ready reply.

"You do not tell me you have *no* shoes?" Miss Lucia asked solemnly.

"If it's the last word ever I spoke, I never had a shoe t' the foot o' me since I was born," was the unabashed reply.

"Mary?" Miss Lucia appealed, and Mary Battersby had brought a pair of her own slippers and fitted them on the culprit's feet.

"They're murtherin'," Ellen remonstrated with heavy sighs later in the day.

"You *must* wear them." Miss Lucia said, hurrying away that her heart might not be softened by the disconsolate face. But Ellen's victory was to come.

"Have you had time to say your penance? You would perhaps like to stay a little longer. Miss Mary will see to the tea," Miss Lucia said a few days later, meeting Ellen coming out of chapel the Saturday evening before the monthly Sunday Mass.

"Penance, is it?" Ellen had replied demurely, and with an innocent expression that completely took Miss Lucia in. "Penance, is it? Sure an' the holy father (an' God reward him for it!) had too good a heart t'be layin' a penance on me, an' me in Purgatory all the week—wid them shoes of Miss Mary's!"

Miss Lucia's pale face grew pink. "I am sure I am very sorry, Ellen," she began hurriedly.

"An' that's what I was sayin' to his reverence," Ellen went on graciously, "that you weren't understanding my predicament at all, Miss Lucia." And "bare-soled" henceforward Ellen went in and out.

"Potatoes first, Ellen," Miss Lucia whispered to her handmaid that same evening, when, her supper tray deposited on the table, Ellen lingered a moment to "pass" the vegetables round in honour of the priest.

"Petaties first," Ellen pausing, cauliflower in hand, repeated the words thoughtfully. "Petaties first. An' sure"—her whole face lighting up, "it's the Lord's own order. I'll mind, Miss Lucia," with a reassuring nod to her mistress. But, sometimes, even Mary Battersby wondered how much was real, how much assumed simplicity on Ellen's part.

"Say 'your reverence,' or 'Reverend Father,' not 'Holy Father,' when you speak to Father Eyston, Ellen," Miss Lucia said seriously one day. "Holy Father is only used in speaking to the Sovereign Pontiff, that is the Pope, Ellen, himself."

"I'll mind, Miss Lucia," was the usual cheerful response, but Mary detected a lurking mischief in her eye.

"If ye plaze, Holy Father, John Kennaway's wanting a word wid ye," Ellen said on the occasion of Father Eyston's next visit, standing demurely at the parlour door, then holding up her hands in pretended dismay: "Ye must forgive me this time, Miss Lucia, an' you sayin' his reverence wasn't holy at all at all!"

Never had poor Miss Lucia been so discomfited.

"Why don't you pack her off, if you don't like her," John Micklethwaite said when his sister complained as she did sometimes of Ellen's delinquencies. But, after all, it was something to have an honest, clean, good-tempered girl, who never complained of the work, and who, in spite of a mischievous sauciness of tongue, was never—Miss Lucia could distinguish—really pert, and who was a good Catholic too, and *that* was everything in Miss Lucia's eyes. She was not quite certain about the friendship that had sprung up—naturally enough, they were of an age—between Ellen and her niece, and she consulted Father Eyston.

"They will do each other no harm," the priest had replied; inwardly he thought that a little shaking up from Ellen would do Mary Battersby a great deal of good.

"Ellen is sometimes a little irreverent, I am afraid," Miss Lucia said, flushing at what she feared was an uncharitable speech.

"She has high spirits, she does not mean it," Father Eyston said. "Leave them alone, Miss Lucia; they will do each other no harm."

Miss Lucia gave a little sigh. Ought she to have told the Father the story of St. Michael and the goose?

Antiquarians might shake their heads and say "*Micklethwaite*" in its derivation had no connection with St. Michael at all, that the family motto—*In virtute Michaelis*—was of modern origin, the dedication of the chapel a coincidence; but Miss Lucia had no doubt of the origin of her name. The rough-hewn angel, sword in hand, guarding the house from his niche above the entrance door, was proof enough for that gentle simple mind; and if more were needed, had not each generation produced its *Michael*, doubly consecrated by his name, as it seemed to Miss Lucia, to his patron warrior saint—witness her Jesuit brother of to-day.

It was a *Michael* Micklethwaite who by a narrow but most unfortunate chance had failed to gain martyrdom in persecuting

times. It was a Michael, who so late as the 18th century suffered imprisonment and heavy fines. It was a Michael—Miss Lucia was explaining all this to the two girls, at length, while they picked, at the great kitchen table, the currants for the preserves she made to give away, when Ellen Hare, as distinctly as a mouth full of fruit would allow, broke in with her most innocent face: “You’ll know about Father French’s goose?”

“Goose?” Miss Lucia, always more or less astonished at Ellen’s erraticness, looked midly up; and Mary Battersby, scenting mischief in the air, stopped work.

“It was yer talkin’ about St. Michael put it int’ me head,” Ellen said composedly, taking a side glance at Mary, and popping another currant into her mouth. “Miss Mary, you’ll be knowin’ the story.”

Mary shook her head.

“It was Mrs. Frank French up at Ballintrae, bad cess t’ her, and Father Patrick her own full cousin, that played him that trick unknownst to iver man an’ sent the Holy, I beg your pardon, Miss Lucia, the Reverend Father th’ ould gander that had walked Ballintrae since man could mind, for his Michaelmas. But she counted widout her master, as they say, an’ St. Michael was up to her! for who should confront her but Father Patrick an’ Frank coming out of the chapel, and ‘you’ll dine wid me and ate a bit o’ your own bird, plaze God,’ says Father Patrick, and Frank makin’ his bow an’ acceptin’ as they say, an’ Mrs. French pullin’ at him an’ whisperin’ to him for the love o’ God to come home, an’ he pushin’ her wi’ his elbow an’ tellin’ her to be quiet, an’ his reverence callin’ on the two of them to come on. ‘It’s me book I’ve left in the chapel,’ says poor Mrs. Frank, and in an’ on her knees an’ promisin’ St. Michael t’ altogether reform her life, an’ pay old Davy Moore what she’d owed him many a year, an’ Masses for this, an’ Masses for that, an’ a harvest goose t’ his reverence every year, if only Frank might not fin’ her out.”

“Ellen!” Miss Lucia said nervously——

“Wait a bit till ye hear it,” Ellen went on with another peep at Mary Battersby’s sober face. “The heart was in the mouth of her, poor soul, when she saw his reverence’s fork in the beast. ‘Min’ what I promised ye,’ she whispered to St. Michael.”

“Ellen!” Miss Lucia said again.

"An' in goes the knife, an' out squirts the fine brown juice; an' says Frank afore you could count three, 'though I says it as shouldn't say it an' the cratur comin' from Ballintrae, it's the best bird I've eaten this many a year, an' I'll trouble yer reverence for another slice,' says he."

"Ellen!!" Miss Lucia had risen from the table.

"Well," Ellen went on composedly, with another peep at Mary Battersby's round astonished eyes, "some folk said it was St. Michael, an' some said old Peggie Farrell—that was Father Patrick's housekeeper—misdoubtin' Mrs. Frank, an' seein' the feet of the cratur, *boiled* it afore it went on the spit."

"Ellen!" poor Miss Lucia said again.

"I tell it as it was toul't t' me," Ellen said, looking down to hide the twinkle in her eye, and whispering to Mary as she passed behind her for a plate. "did ye want her t' have all her own way wid St. Michael?" And Mary, looking up, wondered, with a wonderful sharpness for her, if the whole story was a concoction of Ellen's brain. But Ellen had done what she wanted, and had ended Miss Lucia's reminiscences of the Micklethwaite family for the time.

But of one story the girls never tired, the story of "Madame" Lucia Micklethwaite, who, escaping the horrors of the French Revolution, had made her way home—to die.

Once they even coaxed Miss Lucia to show the great woollen cloak that had hidden the habit in which "Madame" had flitted, like a ghost, about her home for a brief month or two, and in which she slept in the quiet Lancashire churchyard among her kin.

Even Mary warmed as they discussed the tale; had she been "Madame" Lucia, she would never have left her sisters, she thought, but gone—joyfully—with them to her martyrdom. Ellen was not of this opinion. "Sure I'd have taken my chance and died in my bed, Miss Mary," she said with conviction and a shake of the head.

For once, it seemed to Miss Lucia, mildly pondering, the girls had changed characters.

There were other relics of poor "Madame," her crucifix and beads, and—more precious still—tattered and yellow in its little frame, one of those first impressions of the Sacred Heart that passed so miraculously, one may almost say, from convent to convent,

from holy soul to holy soul ; an impression touched perhaps by the Blessed Marguerite Marie's hand, looked at, who knew, by Père Colombière himself. This Father Micklethwaite would bring his brethren to see, and Miss Lucia herself always dusted the little bracket on which it stood, and solemnly lighted the little red lamp that hung before it on the first Friday of every month.

But it was to the "Armada"—the six cross-shaped—candlesticks, unique in the history of church-plate, though why "Armada" there was no tradition to tell, the Micklethwaite Chapel owed its fame. Miss Lucia was ready enough to tell the tale of their preservation in persecuting times, buried in a friendly Protestant neighbour's garden till quiet times came ; but it seemed almost profanation to the gentle lady when they were handled, and even photographed by spectacled antiquarians, or members of learned societies on their yearly trips, or interested Protestant parsons sometimes. She shivered still at the recollection of the great London man who, seeing the poverty of the land, had suggested "at Christie's—so much an ounce!" Why, not even the grandfather who had humbled the family to the dust, marrying his dairymaid and drinking the property away, had dreamed for a moment of selling the stately lights. As to their being stolen!—at that suggestion Miss Lucia only smiled.

II.

WHAT would Mary Battersby be like, Father Micklethwaite asked himself, as he drove up the avenue one day. He had two distinct recollections of her as a child before he had started on the Foreign Mission from which fever had now driven him. The first was of a stolid, round-eyed child, standing silently mutinous by her feeble-minded mother's knee ; he could hear the querulous entreating voice—"Poor John ! Mary won't go with Sarah to ask for poor John ; poor John who is always good to Mary." Then a silent pause. "Mary will go?" coaxingly. "Poor John ; think of the wicked adder biting poor John." And then the tight little mouth unclosed, "Mary not go ; what for John speak with a *sarpint* after Eve's business?"—and a determined little figure marched away. The Father could smile over that recollection, but there was a second over which he shook his head. A fine Sunday morning among

the Cumberland hills, a struggling, tearless child dragged off to Mass, protesting, "I *will* be Protestant like father; I will go with father!"—for first of her race, Mrs. Battersby had married out of her faith.

The Father sighed, and sighed again, as he thought of the querulous, self-indulgent woman, who alternately scolded and spoilt her children, quarrelled with her maids, and made her honest, hard-working husband's home so miserable.

It was the remembrance of this last scene that made Father Micklethwaite, when hard times came on both households, suggest—from his African Mission—that Mary should be sent to her uncle and aunt, and the results proved his discernment; the girl quickly learned to respect Miss Lucia's unpretending piety and duty-loving life, and soon settled into what Father Eyston called with approval a solid Catholic.

The "fool of the house" played Mary Battersby no pranks. Where Miss Lucia, with a touch of sentiment born of her early trouble perhaps, sighed, and Ellen Hare wept, Mary walked unmoved, the incarnation of common sense. Hard-working and obliging the girl was, and had her native obstinacy well in hand; but it was Ellen Hare (forgetful of duty many a time) who provided the finer touch of generosity in the service of the house. It was Ellen who saw when Miss Lucia was tired or ill, and who brought, as by magic, the comforting cup of tea—Ellen who noticed when the master did not eat and suggested something appetising for his tea; Ellen who, when the days grew short and cold and Miss Lucia shivered, and Mary bemoaned chilblains, took the rough work entirely in hand. That the girls would do each other no harm was Father Micklethwaite's opinion, too, after a few days' observation of the pair.

Lucia, in her joy and pride at having her brother home, grew younger, Ellen thought. She had not words enough to express her admiration of the gentle lady's appearance in black silk gown and goffered collarette. "She's that genteel looking it takes my breath away," she confided to Mary Battersby. As for the curtsies dipped to Father Micklethwaite, they never came to an end!

"To think of a fine gentleman like that givin' his life out among them murderin' blacks! Faith the sight of one o' the dirty-faced thieves wid his gun would finish me off, Miss Mary"—was

another confidence made one day while they were picking strawberries for tea.

"Not if it was your vocation, Ellen," was the prim response.

"You wouldn't be afeared of the blackguards, Miss Mary?"—incredulously.

No, not if it was her vocation, she hoped, Mary repeated.

"It's you has the courage, Miss Mary"—admiringly. "Faith and you'll be takin' up wid martyrdom like the ho—Reverend Father himself!

"Not *martyrdom*, Ellen."

"Faith, an' it's martyrdom I'd be callin' it if I saw one o' the cratur's widin' a mile o' me," Ellen responded with decision, and an expressive shudder.

"And was his reverence clever enough to speak the black-faced cratures' tongue?"

"Yes, more than one of their dialects," Miss Mary explained with pride.

It was like their impudence to set up so many tongues of their own, Ellen thought, and what wouldn't she give, she added, to hear his reverence say a word—the Hail Mary now—had Miss Lucia heard that?

No, Miss Lucia had not heard it.

And what good would do her to hear it when she wouldn't understand a word? Mary demanded.

What lost opportunities! Ellen thought to herself with a sigh, and looked up from her basket, to see the Father himself looking at her with amused smile.

"And so you wouldn't like to be a missionary?" he said—and Ellen had to get up from the strawberry bed to make him her curtsy while she answered with another dip, that "the Lord an' His Blessed Mother forgive her, she had no taste in the world that way!"

"And you, Mary?" There was still a twinkle in the Father's eye.

But Ellen answered for her young mistress with decision, that not even the cannibals would scare Miss Mary.

III.

EVERY second year Miss Lucia packed up her best gown and set off with Mr. Micklethwaite on a week's visit to Mrs. Battersby. Thomas Birly and his wife, with dog and canary, came from the cottage at the gate to look after the house while they were away. But this year Mrs. Birly was ailing, had a "weakness," as she expressed it herself, and was nervous as to the effects of "a change of bed" (no offence meant to Miss Lucia as Thomas explained,) and it was agreed that Mary being so steady, and Ellen (if a little flighty) *good*, the two girls might be left to manage affairs.

Miss Lucia weighed out their stores, arranged and re-arranged the house, reiterated directions and rules in her gentle little way till Ellen Hare saw with almost guilty delight the gig that was taking them to the station disappear.

"Don't you be an old maid, Miss Mary," she said with emphasis.

And Mary laughed.

But, perhaps after all, it was Miss Lucia's arrangements that made the day's work finish so soon, and the girls, the supper dishes washed up, found themselves with nothing to do.

Should they go round and look up, and come back and roast potatoes, in the ashes, Ellen suggested? She would run out and have a look at the cows and be back in a shot if Miss Mary would wait. And should they go to the chapel and say their beads before it was quite dark? Mary asked, for in spite of her courage, the house felt empty without the uncle and aunt.

The cows were all right, Ellen announced as she barred and bolted the back-door; and then, keeping close together, the girls went from room to room, fastening the windows and shutters. The front door was already chained, the outer chapel door was never opened except when Father Eyston came. The night prayers gave them confidence and soon they were laughing and joking over their potatoes and the bag of nuts Thomas Birly had brought them: and at ten, with a last look to see all was safe, they went gaily off to bed.

Mr. Micklethwaite's door was standing open, and the room looked dreary as the girls peeped in, their candles reflected from the great polished posts of the oak bed.

"Ellen, did you ever see?" Mary asked, and pushed back the fluted panel of one of the posts that—sliding back—showed the hiding place where Miss Lucia stored the Apostle spoons, and the goblet or two that were not in daily use.

"You maybe shouldn't have shown me," Ellen, with the native delicacy of mind, remonstrated.

"A robber would never think of such a place," Mary said.

"Ah, don't speak of robbers, Miss Mary, if you please," Ellen said. And shutting the the panel, they went silently to bed.

It was past midnight when Ellen woke Mary Battersby.

"Miss Mary darlint, for the love of God not a word, there's men gettin' into the house."

Mary would have screamed but Ellen's hands were on her lips. "Hush wid ye for God Almighty's sake!" The girl was shaking from head to foot herself. "God Almighty preserve us!" she whispered, wringing her hands, and then a thought struck her. "They never would touch us in the chapel; Miss Mary darlint, come!"

Trembling, down the back stairs, hand in hand they crept.

"They're at it still," Ellen whispered, and Mary heard the saw-saw, the creaking of the shutters, the whispered voices of the men who knew they had only two feeble girls to deal with in the house. The moonlight crept through every crevice and crack. In the chapel, where the high windows were unshuttered, it was almost as light as day.

Mary Battersby threw herself on her knees, trying to repress her sobs; from the hall they heard a crash, as an upper bolt gave, and, instinctively, they clutched each other's hand—"Holy Virgin, protect us!" Ellen started up. "It's the candlesticks they're after, Miss Mary—Miss Lucia's candlesticks!" But Mary was stiff and dumb with fear.

A crash of glass, a voice. Ellen had lifted the first great silver candlestick. "Holy Virgin protect us," she repeated as she staggered under its weight towards a dark recess between organ and wall. A louder crash, the last fastening had given way. Ellen heard the first man leap into the hall. Then the whole window seemed to fall in with a crash of broken glass, and there

came a muttered volley of oaths. Breathless, panting, the girl continued her task. The steps and voices turned towards the dining-room; how long would they stay there? "Miss Mary!"—but by this time Mary Battersby was almost insensible with fear. "Miss Mary, come!" and half carried, half pushed, Mary too was guided to the recess which, filled by the Armada lights, left barely standing room.

Ellen looked round; the moon shone peacefully in on the dismantled altar, on our Lady with extended hands, on the glass case with Madame Lucia's Sacred Heart. The Sacred Heart! All Ellen's fears had gone. Mary, candlesticks, were safe! As with quick, fervent act of faith, she laid the case at Mary's feet, the voices came clear again, and, crossing herself, the Irish girl went to meet her fate.

A dull thud, a fall. "Damn you, what made you touch the girl?" The words, the voice sworn to months later by Mary Battersby, saved one man's life. Sick and trembling, the girl crouched in her hiding-place. What had they done to Ellen? Then she crept closer to the wall. Hunting for the treasure, for which the cart was waiting outside, the men came and went, tapping the pannelled walls, breaking down one altar end, groping under seats. "Sent them to the bank before they went away," the man who had remonstrated said, as they sat to rest on one of the benches and drank the brandy one of the number went to fetch from the dining-room.

"Did we look up that corner there?" Mary, clutching the wall, pushed against the organ-side and heard it creak. All was over! Dimly she heard the answer: "I looked as I passed, there's nothing there." And with the reaction came what was almost unconsciousness.

When Thomas Birley came, a little earlier than usual, next morning to see that all was right with the girls, there was no answer to his reiterated "chaps," and then, like a wise man, he walked round the house to throw a waking stone at Ellen Hare's window. Who had been trampling Miss Lucia's violet bed? Why, the border was trampled down! Thomas hurried on; the broken-in window told its tale. The lasses, the poor bits of lasses, were they all right? Thomas, swinging himself in at the window, saw the open chapel-door, and just outside it could *not* be Ellen! Good

God, not Ellen Hare! In his horror the man called out aloud, and an answering cry came from Mary's hiding-place.

"Take me away, take me away," was all Mary Battersby could say, when the afternoon brought Father Micklethwaite. It was many days before the girl could tell a coherent tale. It was Ellen, not she, who had hidden the precious things—Ellen who had pushed her into the corner—Ellen who had whispered, "It's all right, Miss Mary dear, see here's 'Madame' Lucia's Sacred Heart."

The Micklethwaites did what the Lancashire folk thought a handsome thing; they took poor Ellen back to her Irish home and gave her such a funeral as had seldom been seen in those parts; settled, too, a small pension on her old grandmother, whom Ellen had gone to English service to help.

One day Miss Lucia, coming in from the garden with flowers for the chapel, saw a sight she never forgot: Mary Battersby kneeling where poor Ellen had been struck down. And, as the little lady, loath to disturb her, lingered in the passage, Mary stooped and kissed the spot where the dead girl had lain. Miss Lucia put down her basket and came and knelt by her side.

"You have got over your fear, darling?" the gentle little lady said.

"I never was afraid of—*Ellen*," Mary said. And the little lady nodded her head.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

A SUDDEN MEMORY.

PANTOUM.

THROUGH heavy hours of grey-visaged November
The wet mown hay recalls the scents of June.
A moment from old summers I remember,
Thrilled to quick tears by wandering harpers' tune.

The wet mown hay recalls the scents of June,
Though at its verge the summer rose is flowerless.
Thrilled to quick tears by wandering harpers' tune,
Oh, feeble heart! has time still left thee powerless?

Though at its verge the summer rose is flowerless,
 Frost cannot quell the rye-grass' tender green ;
 Oh, feeble heart ! has time still left thee powerless
 To reign in calmness, 'mid thy ruins queen ?

Frost cannot quell the rye-grass' tender green ;
 To suffer pain, not end it, life was given,
 To reign in calmness, 'mid thy ruins queen,
 Were paler diadem deserved in heaven.

BERNARD L.

“WHISPER !”

A POSTHUMOUS CRITICISM.

IT is with a very curious mixture of feelings that one takes up this little book, a book which now contains so much more than it did when first it saw the light three years ago. Though the young hand which penned these nine and twenty poems has not added one line to this work on its re-issue, and though the tender and graceful tribute of her friend and quasi-biographer occupies but three pages, there is a whole unwritten volume bound up with that enclosed in the dainty familiar cover. “*Frances Wynne : a Memory.*” How much will the mere context of the words say to those who knew her ! The portrait, which at least recalls in its bright alertness one characteristic expression of a very winsome face ; the remembrance of the gay vivacious eager personality, the thought of the young life cut short so unexpectedly at the very moment of its fullest joy—there is a pathos in it all deeper than any to be found in her verse, deeper, indeed, than in her few happy years she was even conscious of.

The very name of the book appeals to one now with a new tenderness. “Whisper !”—it is a view from another world ; we turn over the leaves with a sort of reverence, ennobled, sanctified as they are by the touch of death.

And yet at the very first page we pause smiling, even though the tears may gather in our eyes. These are not far-away angel tones, no ethereal spirit breathings, but very human whispers. It is a girl's heart which is laid bare to us; the abundance of life, ardent vigorous young life flashes at us, as it were, from every line. Here is a youthful impetuosity which carries one away; a transitory despair, very youthful too; a petulance, charming, playful, delicate; and an undercurrent of something deeper, gradually developing in the budding woman.

Every girlish phase and mood is here indicated with swift airy touches. Sunshine, flowers, birds, little children, all lovely innocent things, are worshipped in their turn: like a child with wide-open eager eyes she wanders through the world, uttering little ecstatic cries of wonder at its beauty. "One can best imagine for her . . . perpetual youth"—says the writer of the sympathetic memoir with which this volume opens. Indeed, one might almost apostrophise Frances Wynne in the famous words of another poet—carried off like her in the flower of his days—

"Happy melodist unwearied,

"For ever piping songs for ever new"—

for hers are the songs of girlhood, life's springtime, and spring, as we know, perpetually greets us with a gladsome shock of surprise.

Had she lived, even her fresh nature must in time have borne some impress of its contact with this work-a-day world, and who knows? with riper womanhood a note of sadness might have mingled with those bird-like warblings of hers, if indeed they were not hushed altogether. One cannot imagine Frances Wynne singing in melancholy tones—

"The sweet bird-notes are stilled

Now in July,"

She herself complains. In the summer-tide of life the inevitable wear and tear, the increasing cares of a growing household, the very depth of mother-bliss might have combined to silence her. The brooding bird does not sing: These blithe trills came to us while she was still on the wing, frolicking in the morning sunshine, like the finches as they dart from tree to tree, shooting out snatches of song the while.

There will, in all probability, be a successor to this little book, for Mrs. Wynne wrote several poems and a few prose sketches during her happy married life ; but perhaps to many of her friends and readers she will be best represented by “ *Whisper !* ” Reading it, we seem to conjure up a vision of her arch girl’s face, to see her young hands beckoning, to listen as she laughingly confides to us her maiden secrets, or, with pretty pettishness, utters her complaints. She sang of late, as Mrs. Hinkson tells us, “ a more serious new strain ; ” no doubt very sweetly too as we shall presently judge—but to me the peculiar charm of Frances Wynne’s verse lies in its very girlishness.

Here, for instance, is a characteristic little poem :—

This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies in the meadows,
On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering like gold,
Across the bright and breezy wold ran shifting shine and shadow,
The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all is changed and cold.

*He’s half an hour late,
While here I wait and wait.
Well ! It is just my fate—
Too plainly I can see
He never cared for me.
How cruel men can be !*

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their foolish flutter,
And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a second still.
My eyes ache so ! Would someone please to partly close the shutter,
And move those hateful hyacinths from off the window-sill ?

*He’s half an hour late,
No longer I shall wait.
Hark, there’s the garden gate !
Love, is this you at last ?
Ah, do not be downcast—
I knew the clocks were fast.*

With all their simplicity and spontaneity, Mrs. Wynne’s poems have a very artistic finish. She frequently and apparently unconsciously makes use of “ alliteration’s artful aid ; ” and here and there a word or phrase quite takes us by surprise, so pictorial

is it, so apt.—“The *frayed* gold west,” for instance, of “the gusty cloud-heaped” sky of an autumn evening ; and again this :—

“ With pursed rosy lips,
“ The baby buds are asleep on the apple tree.”

Besides the distinctive richness, the delicate suggestiveness of her work, it displays real sympathy with the moods of nature as well as of human nature.

We know not how it would have fared with her had she lived, whether she would have sung to us still of deeper, sadder themes, or whether she would have held her peace. She has gone from us into the silence of the night ; but while these few poems remain they will breathe to us of the freshness of the morning and the promise of the spring.

M. E. FRANCIS.

AVE ATQUE VALE !

I.

When with a song of heavenly mirth,
Soft angel hands thy bonds unwove.
And pæans swept the courts above,
In triumph at thy heavenly birth :

When 'mid the sound of falling tears,
They laid thee in thy quiet grave,
And prayers ascending, wave by wave,
Smote on thy Master's list'ning ears ;

One prayer was missed, one voice unheard,
One long last debt of love unpaid ;
Thy form from human eyes did fade,
And left thee, spirit, to be feared.

I would not now dare speak to thee,
Dear sainted soul, no voice of mine
Should mar that harmony divine,
That holds thee rapt in ecstasy.

But from the far-off halls of light
 A mournful murmur creeps to me ;
 Thou weepest one lost sympathy—
 One prayer that failed thee in the fight.

Ah ! never count my love as lost ;
 I bore thee in thy heavenward flight,
 I robed thee in thy robes of light,
 And though on sin's black billows tost

In deepest awe I worship thee ;
 And kneeling low before thy throne,
 Thy warm hand clasped within mine own,
 We breathe one life eternally.

II.

I turn to human hearts and eyes ;
 To hearts where thou hast left a void,
 To eyes with sweetest weeping cloyed,
 From which a light for ever dies.

O Mother ! with thy brave, strong heart,
 Crushed by the strength of God's dear love,
 Yet yearning in the depths to prove
 What strength His dear love can impart ;

O Father ! orphaned in thine age
 (For in thy child thy father died),
 How struggling with the mighty tide
 Can poor dumb words thy woes assuage ?

Yet mine's a bootless task, I know ;
 My faith is not unshared by ye ;
 The light that dimly breaks on me
 Doth blind you with its golden glow.

Ye credit not the Scientist—
 That all your loved one's golden worth
 Is the poor dust of senseless earth,
 And the cold grave your final tryst.

P. A. S

MISTAKES.

I SUSPECT that this is the way in which the following contribution has come into our hands. Two young ladies, not members of the same household, chanced to be under the same roof towards the close of the seaside holiday season. They challenged one another to write each a little essay on the same subject—perhaps to beguile a rainy afternoon—and the subject chosen was “Mistakes.” Evidently there are endless capabilities of pathetic meaning in that word. Here is the view taken of it by G. S. and C. D. respectively.

* * *

I.

Mistakes are the froth on the stream of life—dirty white foam that floats in the bed of the stream, fastening on and sullyng everything that dares to show its head above the water, until its turn comes to be forgotten and it is left to cling, as it can, to the bank. Blemishes—often trivial blemishes—but who ever cares to remember blemishes? But the saddest mistake of all is that which we are trying to forget all our lives and cannot.

What is a mistake? Who can say? Of the great environment of mystery that belongs of necessity to man, mistakes form a part, perhaps a prominent part. Our finite minds incessantly flutter round mystery, even as the moth is attracted by the candle. But the moth is ignorant of the risk it runs, and we are not. We know the danger. We see others daily breaking their heads against the wall, yet we are not warned, but follow blindly. Shall we, too, smash ours?

Perhaps our use of the word in its ordinary sense is a mistaken one. “An error of judgment.” Many a ponderous dictionary rests satisfied with the definition. But it is the same tribunal that passes sentence on the error. It is our judgment that made the mistake, and it is our judgment that pronounces it to be one. We have no higher tribunal. Sometimes the higher limits of our finite power border on the unbearable.

I began by saying mistakes were the froth of life—its petty sweets and sour. May I not also call them the rocks upon which the stream breaks—the rocks which turn its waters to a new channel? If so, what an important part in life they play—too important, perhaps, for simple errors of judgment.

Sometimes one strikes the true meaning of the word by listening to its sound, just as the voice of a man is often a fair indication of his character.

Mis-take. In what gambling game do we “take the miss,” and often the *miss* hand proves to be the best?

Mist-ake. An idea of general mistiness, where the path cannot be seen, but our footsteps falter on along a blind way with no turning, and the heart aches with a dull pain that deadens all attempt at effort. I fancy these phonetic forms of the word have a certain ring of truth about them. Who cannot look back upon some point in his life where what seemed at the time to be such a mistake turned out in the end to be all for the best? The other meaning is to be met more rarely; it throws a gloom upon every-within its reach.

Alas for the poor wretch that looks back upon his span of weary living, and, with a groan, has to acknowledge it all to be a mistake! He is old now, and it is too late to change; how could he have been such a fool at the time? But, if he will not change, he is a greater fool still. There is nothing more terrifying or more consoling than the thought that it is never too late to change. Remember that, poor despairing sinner, and hasten to set about, even at the eleventh hour, the working of your salvation.

But I am preaching, and I have no right to preach, God knows. Yet, even at the risk of being charged with preaching, I must say it; it would seem so easy for all to remember that as mistakes (when they are not sins) are ordained by God (like everything except sin) they are intended for our good. Doubtless they increase the load, but let us tug valiantly at the traces and pull on to the end. And when the end comes, what matter that we think our life to have been one huge mistake, if our Father and Judge decides mercifully after all?

G. S.

II.

What a wide field this word opens out—so wide indeed that one hardly knows where to begin, what to say, or what to leave unsaid.

We are living in a world of mistakes; we do not realise it perhaps, but nevertheless it is true, and many lives that we think well enough of are mistakes—fatal mistakes.

Let us examine how this can be. First of all, let us place illusions. How many people have a false conception of themselves and of life? Some never seem to look above the earth, or beyond the narrow circle of their existence. They have no higher object in view than their material welfare, and pass their lives in a flurry of business without giving themselves time to think; and consequently they live only half their lives, and that the lower or less perfect half.

Others, again, are off in a directly opposite course. They never think of the present; their thoughts are always of some wonderful deed that is to astonish the universe—of some great work that will regenerate humanity. Their own daily life is so tame, so poor, so incapable of anything, that they let the precious hours slip by, dreaming of the golden opportunity that is to come. They never realise that every act is a link that binds them to this great deed, and when one link is lost, *it*, too, is lost, and can never be reached. O, deluded beings, dream not your lives away in castle-building, but remember that greatness is only in the *doing*.

Others, again, see there is so much to be done around them that there is a golden field for work, but somehow never seem to realise that they are to put their shoulder to the wheel; they feel that they are too weak and incapable, and so wait and watch for some one else to come and achieve these things; and so they pass their time in dull apathy.

Some others clearly see that there is much that they can do, but instead of setting about it, put it off from day to day, thinking that another time it may be easier, or that they may be more disposed to do it. Their motto is—"Always put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." And so it goes on, till suddenly they awake to the fact that it is too late; either that the work is past the doing, or, as is more often the case, that they are no longer capable of

doing it. Their best years have gone by in procrastination, and now they have no longer the fire and energy necessary for so great a work. Oh, how bitter must be the awakening of those who see behind them their glorious years of youth—years that might have been spent in the service of God and his human creatures, and which they have hopelessly wasted.

In looking round the world it is enough to make anyone sad to think of the many lives that have missed their end. Each of us has a special destiny to fulfil, and even the smallest things in some degree tend towards the fulfilment of that destiny, and everything is a mistake which draws us away from the all important business.

Our destiny, then, is to avoid mistakes, to live our life as it should be lived, with some high ideal to aspire to, but neglecting not the present; remembering that the little tasks of each day well performed will prepare us for higher tasks in the future, if God should ever lay such tasks upon us; and, if He should not, in the meanwhile we have done His will, and all is well. On the other hand, many a brilliant career, of which self-will, and not the Divine will, was the guiding impulse, will be found in the end to have been nothing but a miserable and irreparable mistake.

C. D.

A FEW SONNET PRINCIPLES.

The sonnet is beginning to take the same place amongst us, making allowance for altered circumstances, as the epigram did with the Greeks.—*The Westminster Review*.

A sonnet is, in its highest moods, an epie, in fourteen lines.—*Thomas Hood, the Younger*.

With reference to laws of structure in regular sonnets it is self-evident, as regards the sonnet of compound stanza, that there are four different forms into which may fall a metrical structure consisting of an octave of a prescriptive arrangement of rhymes and a sestet consisting as of another set of rhymes that are free in arrangement from prescription. And some years ago the present writer exemplified these in 'four sonnets on the sonnet,' one only of which, under the name of 'The Sonnet's Voice,' originally printed in the *Athenaeum*, was widely circulated in sonnet anthologies. These varieties of the sonnet of octave and sestet are: (1) The sonnet in which the stronger portion both in rhythm and substance is embodied in the sestet. (2) The sonnet in which the stronger portion both in rhythm and in substance is embodied in the octave. (3) The sonnet in which the sestet is not separated from the octave, but seems to be merely a portion a the octave's movement rising to a close more or less climacteric. (4) The sonnet in which the sestet seems to be added to the octave's movements, added after its apparent termination in a kind of tailpiece answering to what in music we call the 'coda.'—*Theodore Watts*.

Le sonnet est un petit poème qui semble avoir la supériorité sur toutes les autres petites pièces de Poésie, à cause de la exactitude qu' on exige dans les quatorze vers dont il est composé; la moindre négligence passe pour un crime, et on exige, avec une élégance continue, que le sonnet soit vif et naturel.—*Beauzée*.

As we are told that the mere obedient observance of a rule of religious life contains and unfolds high, unguessed, and mystical spiritual virtues, so the mere obedience to the metrical laws of the sonnet implies and brings with it the beauties of the "crescendo," the evolution of thought, the climax, the fall—the beauties more hidden and subtle than these. This necessary obedience has respect to the shape of a sonnet rather than to the rhymes. That is to say, if the divisions into quatrains and tercets, and the pauses proper to each are observed, no injury will be done to the best perfection of the sonnet

by the use of a greater variety of rhymes than the Petrarchan type permits. We must remember that the Italian language has an inexhaustible source of rhymes in the regular conjugation of verbs which the English has not. Against the shape of the sonnet the greatest offence is the use of a final couplet; this, especially if isolated as it generally is, has a quasi-epigrammatic turn; and epigram has nothing to do with this noble form. Another common offence is the neglect of the pause at the end of the second quatrain; and a third is the introduction of a final Alexandrine, which simply ruins the peculiar music of the sonnet.—*The Tablet*.

A true sonnet is characterised by greatness, not prettiness; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a contribution of many thoughts but the development of a single thought so large as to be, latently, a poem.—*Aubrey De Vere*.

To indite a sonnet and at the same time to refuse obedience to the laws of the sonnet is, as a thoughtful critic has said, to commit the absurdity of trying to have at the same time the pleasure derived from the sense of a prescribed form and the pleasure derived from the sense of freedom from a prescribed form.—*Mark Pattison*.

If it be required that the quatrains must not contain more than two rhymes, nor the tercets more than three, and that these rhymes should recur in particular places according to rule—if no word should be introduced merely for the sake of the rhymes—if the sonnet should develop one thought or feeling gracefully and completely, without a word too much or too little, without obscurity, irrevelancy, commonplace or extravagance—if the major system should close in the eighth line with a full stop, and not run on into the ninth—if in the last line the thought should reach a climax full of energy and force; or the sonnet should die away at its close like a falling sky rocket, as if from pure exhaustion of the idea which is its life—and if in addition to these stringent conditions, it should be the unmistakeable result of poetic inspiration and fraught with sacred fire: how rarely can even the brightest and most imaginative intellect succeed in satisfying these numerous requirements!—*Saturday Review*.

Modern taste seeks in sonnets for qualities not always associated with that beautiful organism of verse. It is not that we do not recognize the value of the state and restraint of the ideal sonnet; but taking these for granted, we desire vitality and a certain impulse. In other words, we are most delighted with a sonnet which is an organism—as we have just called it—rather than a construction.—*Alice Moynell*.

Quel est donc l'imbécile qui traite si légèrement le Sonnet et n'en voit pas la beauté pythagorique? Parce que la forme est contraign-

ante, l'idée jaillit plus intense. Tout va bien au Sonnet ; la bouffonnerie, la galanterie, la passion, la rêverie, la méditation philosophique. Il y a la la beauté du métal et du minérale bien travaillés. Avez-vous observé qu'un morceau de ciel aperçu par un soupirail, ou entre deux cheminées, deux rochers, ou par une arcade, etc., donnait une idée plus profonde de l'infini que la grand panorama vu du haut d'une montagne ? Quant aux longs poèmes, nous savons ce qu'il faut en penser ; c'est la ressource de ceux qui sont incapables d'en faire de courts. Tout ce qui dépasse la longueur de l'attention que l'être humain peut prêter à la forme poétique, n'est pas un poème.—*Baudelaire*

With that profound sense of the analogies of Religion and Nature which pervades everything that Mr. Aubrey de Vere has written, he ingeniously suggests that "the sonnet is in poetry what the Collect is in devotion." Within the narrow limits to which its structure confines it, "there is room a tonce for meditation and observation, for the imaginative and the impassioned ; and these four blended elements, far from impairing, intensify its unity."—*C. W. Russell, D.D.*

In its solemn mood it seems as if it should be graven on marble ; yet it can be buoyant as a flower and light as a dewdrop. While enriched by rhymes, it also demands, like the Miltonic blank verse, a nobler music, varying from the simplest to the subtlest cadences of metrical harmony. It requires a diction strong, pure, felicitous, and lucid. It should end with an increased ascent and elevation, or else with a graduated dying away.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Without entering into the question of the structure of these exquisite miniatures, a sonnet is a poem expressing in fourteen lines a single thought, emotion or fact, and expressing it in poetical language and by means of a natural transition which should take place in the Petrarchan sonnet at the end of its opening octave. The form is brief, but sufficient for this single purpose of a single expression ; it is, in the words of Carducci, *un breve ed amplissimo carme*.—*George A. Greene.*

The sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure, and the wealth it contains is rarely to be won without toil. Condensation of thought, exactitude of language, and unity of design are demanded of the sonnet writer, and through his fourteen lines, and knitting them together, must run the golden thread of poetry.—*John Dennis.*

Archbishop Trench has well said that "poems of the highest order are in their very essence sources of delight which is inexhaustible." This delight is afforded in no stinted measure by the sonnet, which concentrates within a narrow space so rare and peerless beauty. A sonnet, brief though it be, is of wide compass, and contains, to use the

words of Marlowe, infinite riches in a little room, What depths of emotion, what graceful fancy, what majestic organ-notes, what soft flute-like music is it not capable of expressing!—*The Same.*

In those fourteen lines one thought, and only one, can with proper freedom and fulness of expression rise to its climax and sink to its close. There is a quasi-legend about the birth of this wonderfully perfect solitary stanza. Upon a day Apollo met the nine Muses and the three Graces in sweet sport mixed with earnest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was there likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began; then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and finally a low sweet strain from Memory made a harmonious close. This was the first Sonnet, and, mindful of its origin, all the poets take care to bid Apollo strike the key-note for them when they compose one, and to let Memory compress the pith and marrow of the Sonnet into its last line.—*Frederick C. Kolbe, D. D.*

The sonnet and its peculiarities, whether it should end in a point or die away like a reffluent wave, has for long been a favourite exercising ground for critics. *Solvitur ambulando.* A sonnet, like an epic or a ballad, has only a right to exist when it is good as a poem, and a pocket collection would easily hold all the English sonnets which are poetry. As a rule, a bad sonnet, that is, most sonnets, tails off and expires in feebleness, the bard being exhausted in his contest with rhymes, which are "stubborn things." A sonnet is in poetry what a gem is in the sister art, but there are more good gems than sonnets.—*The Daily News.*

There is no undue artificiality in a sonnet as a vehicle of expression. Adequate thought or emotion, once carefully enshrined in metrical form so complex, acquires independent being. Writing a sonnet is thus the same as giving organic body to a fragmentary soul, which would else be imperceptible to sense and without duration in this world. But the very artificiality of the vehicle, the fixity of the stanza, renders it a source of strength to those who are not in a high sense creative. When they have mastered the conditions of the sonnet, they can pour into that deftly fashioned vase a liquid thought or feeling which shall afford refreshment to many generations. Such singers do not demand the elbow-room of infinity. Most of the greatest require it. Therefore the sonnet's narrow plot is an advantage for the former, an irksome limitation for the latter.—*John Adington Symonds.*

THE ART OF THINKING.

OF all the arts which go to make up the "sore travail which God hath given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith," none has had so much labour spent on it, and none has been so worthy of labour, as the art of thinking. Many evidences of this honourable toil are on the shelves around us, in this which we may call our art gallery of mind; and it is this aspect of our mind's work that has inspired me with the subject of my address. I shall speak of thinking as a fine art. The notion is common enough, but I think we have reason to complain of the way in which the notion is grasped and carried into practice. Thinking is always called an art, but it is not always consistently regarded as such, nor indeed is it often now-a-days cultivated as such—a very general idea prevailing that it is a kind of instinct, and that to know about other people's thoughts is the same thing as to think—as if men painted by instinct or became artists by looking at buildings. How few schools are there like that of St. Augustine, where the lads were daily taught to lay aside their books awhile and think! It is therefore my intention to do what I can towards setting this often ill-grasped notion in a clearer light, and to urge, in so far as I may, its being more commonly acted upon.

It seems to me strange that at the beginning of our books on logic, books concerned with the laws of thinking, we have discussions as to whether logic is an art or a science. Following the ordinary use of words, this question is perhaps somewhat misleading. Painters painted, and architects built, and then critics came and analysed and made a theory—but this analysis, this theory, was not itself an art. So thinkers thought, and critics analysing made logic, but this analysis, this logic, is not art. I am also surprised when people speak of the promulgation of some new logical method as being the birthspring of some new progress in thought—as witness the common superstition about Bacon, that he invented induction, and immediately science was born. This is against the nature of things. Science *cannot* give the initial impulse to art. Let a new school of painters or architects arise (I say a school, for no individual is ever equal to the task) adding native genius to

their assimilated inheritance of skill, and at once the theory of painting or of architecture will enlarge its bounds; but there never was, and there never will be, an instance of an art theory creating art, critics leading the way, and geniuses bringing up the rear. So let a new school of thinkers arise (again no individual will do), and, gathering up the rich store of past generations, add to it the priceless treasure of original thought, and immediately the theory of logical method will expand—the logician following the thinker as a geographer in the train of Alexander, not to tell him where to go and conquer, but to describe to the world what he has conquered. It is thinking, then, that is the art; logic is only the paper record of it.

And thinking shows its kinship to the other arts. They are all bound together by subtle and intimate relations, and thinking is no exception. It could hardly be otherwise, for both it and they are, in mathematical phrase, *functions* of the same unknown quantity, called civilisation, and may therefore be expressed of one another. Take, for the sake of comparison, any special art, any architecture. Such as a nation's architecture is, such also is its thought, and *vice versa*. This we may establish by a simple induction. The architecture of India is an exact reflex of the thought of India—grotesque in form, overlaboured in detail, exquisite in workmanship, and yet most of that workmanship wasted over irrelevant ornamentation. So also with Greek Architecture and thought—severe and exact, delighting in simplicity and proportion, appealing to the understanding rather than to the feelings; yet, with all its beauty, of the earth earthy; its lines parallel to the earth's surface, and in aspirations heavenward utterly wanting. Take again the Gothic architecture and the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages; if thoughts were stones, one might compare the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas with one of those glorious cathedrals which were building in his time—the same unity of organised plan, the same rigorous subjection of every detail to that plan, the same infinite array of heaven-pointing arch and pinnacle and spire, the same subdivision of tracery, the same elaborate display of pillared support for every separate moulding, and yet withal the same frequent concealment of the real mode of support for the whole superincumbent structure. And to carry the parallel still further, we may point out how the Gothic style and scholasticism were both liable to the same causes of corruption, and became debased, both

of them, as soon as they ceased aiming at the expression of truth and aimed only at ingenuity. Again, what was the renaissance in both thinking and building? With a few well-restrained exceptions, it was nothing but a bold endeavour to introduce the genius of a departed paganism into the life of Christianity—and, unfortunately, it too often succeeded. Once more come to modern times. What architecture have we now? When we are at our best, we are servile copiers of past ages; and the more servile, the better are our buildings. Ordinarily speaking, putting aside the revival still in its infancy, we pick a bit from one style and a bit from another, and add nothing but monstrosities of our own, and part does not harmonise with part, and good workmanship is not held in honour, so that we may characterise the common run of our building as being in style a conglomeration of incongruities, and in material, mostly stucco and sham. And our thinking world corresponds pretty closely. There are signs of better things; but, as a rule, our books, journals and papers teem with the same sort of work—intermingled, incoherent and illogical, pretentious and void. I am aware that I am running somewhat counter to ordinary notions in coupling together Gothic and the schools; I can only say that the comparison would have been acknowledged, not only in the fourteenth century, but also in the seventeenth. The conceited and shallow thinkers of the renaissance had the same sneer for both; it was they, vandals as they were themselves, who gave the name Gothic, meaning it for an insult; it was they, too, who called the schoolmen barbarians. Both sneers were caused by ignorance and incapacity, as sneers generally are. In spite of them, pointed architecture has held its sway, and has transformed its nickname into a title of honour. Signs are already indicating that scholasticism will do the same, and that hereafter even the “darkness of the schools” will be preferred to the “enlightenment” of the renaissance. This, however, is by the way.

Another point in which thinking shows its kinship to the family of the fine arts is in its impulses being incalculable; it culminates capriciously. You cannot tell when or where the great artist, poet or thinker shall arise. He may burst forth suddenly, like the Buddha, or like Dante, and hold a lonely throne. Or he may come as the bravest of a brilliant band, *primus inter pares*, like Raphael among painters, Shakespeare among dramatists, Aristotle among thinkers. The coy Muse has often to be wooed long and

laboriously before she will be won, and may refuse to be won after all. At other times she seems kindly to excess, and is prodigal of her favours. But note, that while the art is thus capricious, the theory steadily advances. The theory of sculpture, or of painting, with all technical appliances, was never so complete as at the present day, but where is the man now who could carve us the Apollo Belvidere or the Antinous, or paint us the Madonna di San Sisto or the Last Judgment? So the theory of thinking, logic, was never so thoroughly sifted or ably expounded as at the present day; but the art itself is at a fearfully low ebb, and we look around in vain for a Plato, an Augustine, a Bacon, or a Kant.

But *quorsum hæc*? Nobody denies that thinking is an art. Why state it with such parade? What follows from it that we do not already know? What follows! why, just this—that, if these things are so, we should accommodate ourselves to them and voluntarily accept their consequences, which we do not do. It follows, for instance, that, thinking being an art, not everybody can think — no more than everybody can draw or build. We can all do that rapid drawing of characters generally called writing, and I suppose we could all with our umbrellas sketch a small map upon the pavement for an erring wayfarer, but that does not entitle us to say that we can draw. We could all, if pushed to it, devise and construct some kind of hut to dwell in, but that does not make us architects. So we can all go through the ordinary routine of life as rational beings, without therefore having the right to call ourselves thinkers. Now this is just what we cannot reconcile ourselves to. We keep on imagining that we are thinkers, that we have an inherent right to settle all questions in heaven and earth. The most intricate disputes in morals and politics are decided everywhere with a facility and self-sufficiency that would make even Socrates stare. The world has never learnt, seems likely never to learn, Socrates' lesson; it still supposes that, while the common arts and the fine arts are difficult of attainment, the diviner arts of thinking correctly and of living nobly are to come haphazard or by heaven-born inspiration. And thus it comes to pass that we do not exactly know what it is that education has to do for us. In this respect we are behind the Greeks, behind even the despised middle ages. In their education they had a definite end. Their means may not have been the best possible; in fact, the means at our disposal are infinitely superior; but their education was never aimless, as ours too

often is, so that they frequently did more with their little than we with our much. Professor Mahaffy tells us in his interesting book on Old Greek Education that "the Greek public were far better educated than we are. For Greek life afforded proper leisure for thorough intellectual training, and this includes, first of all, such political training as is strange to almost the whole of Europe; secondly, moral training of so high a kind as to rival at times the light of revelation; thirdly, social training to something higher than music and feasting by way of recreation; and fourthly, artistic training, which, while it did not condescend to bad imitations of great artists, taught the public to understand and to love true and noble ideas."

I am convinced that the true view of education is the artistic view, and not the theoretic; it should be a definite development of faculties, not a mere aimless filling of a capacity; a training of the whole man to action, and not to dreams. And I am therefore convinced that much of our training power is being thrown away. Our examinations show it, and our results show it.

What do our examinations test? Little more, I fear, than the power of cram. Of course the best man can generally cram best, and thus generally get to the top; but have his energies in so getting to the top been profitably spent? And does not this intellectual cram often go one step further and become intellectual cramp? A friend, on whose judgment I greatly rely, wrote to me recently, "If the book-gorging, knowledge-cramming habit of the day does not finally kill all original thinking power, it will be due to some kindly intervention of Providence." Is not our habit of feeding on other men's minds a kind of intellectual cannibalism? To quote Professor Mahaffy again, "Among the Greeks there were no competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. They never thought of promoting a man for 'dead knowledge,' but for his living grasp of science or of life."

Our results show it, for we turn out as ready for life a set of youths, not each knowing what he can do best and how best to do it, but all cast in the same mould, and determined by fashion rather than by fitness. We are somewhat better now than in the days not so long ago, when every boy had to make Latin verses, and every girl play the piano, as the main result of years of education. But even still, many a lad now painfully extracting mathematical roots, or grubbing for Greek ones, would be much

more intelligently employed upon real agricultural ones. And it is a thousand pities that some of the arts, for which sometimes gentlemen are fitted as for nothing else, should be regarded as ungentlemanly. I do not see why it is more respectable to pretend to brains which God has not given than to use the manual skill which He has given, and which He alone could give. Much of our teaching power is therefore being thrown away, because we will not recognise the fact that no single art is possible to all; and even those who might learn to think, we are not training to think, because all are supposed to become thinkers without training.

I have already become somewhat discursive; but as all I have said bears more or less convergently upon the main subject, you will not, I hope, confine me within strict logical fetters; nay, I hope you will let me wander a little longer in this by-path; we shall get into the main road again by-and-bye. I was saying that education should be a development of faculties, a bringing out of the possibilities of our nature—such a process as George Eliot brings out the need of in *Romola*:—"Romola had had contact with no mind that could stir the larger possibilities of her nature; they lay folded and crushed like embryonic wings, making no element in her consciousness beyond an occasional vague uneasiness." A true teacher will, in the tentative process of primary education, discover these embryonic wings, and so develop them as to enable his pupil to soar. For this reason primary education is wise, because the question has to be decided, for what art or arts has the scholar a taste. Nor is it only for this reason, but also because we should learn a little of every art, if only to appreciate its productions, and thus sweeten our lives with the sense of beauty on every side, and to be able to measure our distance below the masters of it, and thus procure for ourselves a little wholesome humility. While doing this the student will be sure to find that faculty which it would serve him best to cultivate with exclusive care; if his bent be towards the art of music, let him become a musician; so will he best put forth the powers of his soul; but if it really be towards the art of thinking, then, in God's name, let him go on and think accurately, and diligently, and fearlessly. Nay more, often our other powers slumber until they are aroused by sympathy after we have stirred up that in which we excel most; whereas, had we neglected it, our intellectual growth would have been stunted for ever. A striking instance of this is the astronomer, Father Perry, whom some of

you have seen. When a youth, he entered the seminary at Douay, and was advised to give up studying for the Church, because they said he had no head. He afterwards entered the Jesuit Order, and they set him to work on his own line, and the result was not only his brilliant success in astronomy, but a fair competence in other studies also—at one period of his life he taught philosophy with credit. In fact, in this very discovering and developing special faculties lies much of the secret of the wonderful success of the Jesuits as an educational body.

However, I suppose there is very little use in theorising on *Cuique in arte sua credendum*, that everyone is an authority in his education. Education is also an art, and, as we saw before, theory cannot lead the way where art is concerned. We can but study the great educators and their method, and then go and try to do likewise. I will but say that if the old saying is to hold good, own art—another saying must also first hold good. *Quisque in arte sua excolendus*; everyone must get a special training in his own art—be that art shoemaking or sculpture, architecture or thinking.

This brings me back to consider what else follows from the fact that thinking is an art. We have seen the negative consequence, that it is not given to everyone to be a thinker, and we had already begun to consider the positive consequence that, therefore, thinking must be taught. But how? Well, how do we teach the other arts? If I want to learn music, I go to one who knows music; I learn the elements; I practise diligently; I do not venture to strike out a style of my own, I simply do as I am told; afterwards I begin to have more power; I take hints from other masters; I develop a character for myself, and can thenceforward teach others. And I do this even if I am a great genius. Raphael learnt from Perugino. His early pictures are painted in simple obedience to his master's style. Later on he gave full play to originality; but do you think Raphael would ever have ended in perfection if he had not begun in obedience? So with all the other arts. Ruskin, in his *Seven Lamps*, tells us that the lamp of obedience is the "crowning grace" of architecture. So also should it be with thinking. It should be, but it is not. Students now do not so much learn as criticise; they are taught to criticise from the commencement. When I went to University College, London, my professor began by criticising the text-book; then he pulled all the big philosophers to pieces for us, and called himself an eclectic. Of

course, we lads soon picked up the trick, and then pulled *him* to pieces. But just think of this from the point of view of art. Jack Robinson, an undergraduate, laughs at Kant as a transcendental old fool! What should we say if a youth, who does not know what colour sunlight is, and who could not draw a straight line, were to jeer at Titian as a daubing old stupid? Or if a young lady, who contentedly sings B flat while her neighbours are singing B natural, were to dismiss Mendelssohn, or even Wagner, as a discordant old jackass? The things are parallel. Even for thinkers who are not beginners there must be some more fruitful way of studying philosophy than to consider all philosophers as so many ninepins to be bowled over. But for the tyro to begin criticising is surely mere impertinence. What Ruskin says of another art is true here also:—"Respect for the ancients increases the power of the painter, though it diminishes his liberty; and if it be sometimes an incumbrance to the essays of invention, it is oftener a protection from the consequences of audacity. The whole system and discipline of art, the collected results of the experience of ages, might, but for the fixed authority of antiquity, be swept away by the rage of fashion, or lost in the glare of novelty; and the knowledge which it had taken centuries to accumulate, the principles which mighty minds had arrived at only in dying, might be overthrown by the frenzy of a faction, and abandoned in the insolence of an hour." A flagrant instance of disregard of this truth is found in the philosopher Descartes. Casting off all ties of authority, he philosophised on his own basis alone, and the result is that, in spite of all his undeniable genius, there is not a single one of his main positions that has not been pitilessly rejected even by his own disciples.

I put it down, therefore, as the first condition of learning to think—this reverence towards the great masters, and towards the individual teacher, which every art demands. This quality it is which supplies the principle of cohesion, by which all the arts have grown to greatness. Art-work is not the work of individuals, but the outcome of the united efforts of a school. You see it in the sculptors of Greece, in the stonecutters of the middle ages, in the painters of Italy, in the musicians of Germany, in the athletes of England, in the dramatists of our Elizabethan era, and in the thinkers of Greece. The principle of irreverence at once makes all such combination impossible. Even in ordinary life it is a fruitful

breeder of all kinds of misunderstanding; how much more in philosophy? Why, for example, have English thinkers learned so little from Thomas Aquinas? Simply because they learned from Descartes to scorn him; and, therefore now, when they read him, they cannot understand the simplest thing he says. They think he is such a fool that, if his folly is not on the surface, it must be in the background. Here is a specimen. G. H. Lewes says:—"Aquinas asserted that there could be only one inhabited world; and his grounds were these: if a second were admitted, there would be no reason for denying a third, and so on to infinity, 'which would be contrary to truth and revelation.'" Now I looked it up, and would you believe it. Aquinas never asserted anything of the kind, and the reasons for what he did assert were totally different, and the words in inverted commas were not there at all. Then is G. H. Lewes a liar? No, he only had his folly spectacles on. The question that St. Thomas was discussing *Utrum sit unus mundus, tantum*?—"Whether there be but one universe?" Under ordinary circumstances, G. H. Lewes would have known that the Latin *mundus* meant what the Greeks meant by *kosmos*, the whole complex of created things, and that therefore Aquinas' question meant "Is there unity in God's universe?" And he would have learned that the answer to the question was as wide in philosophical extent as the evolution theory. But all this was far too sensible for a schoolman, so *mundus* must be translated "inhabited world," and the whole thing is reduced to nonsense. Who after that can trust one word of what Lewes has to say on scholasticism? His irreverence has put him out of court.

The next essential requisite towards learning the art of thinking is persevering toil at the drudgery of it. Every art has its own drudgery. That of thinking consists in the elementary practice of formal logic. We must learn to divide, and to define and to distinguish, and to use words with full consciousness of their exact meaning, and to frame arguments, and to unravel sophistries—to split hairs, if you like. Accurate thought is impossible without it. You might as well try to excel in painting without first learning to draw. What is more, these logical exercises must be under supervision, must be subject to instant correction. Nay, I believe that unless a man in his college days is used to every perpetration of a fallacy being greeted with shouts of laughter from his fellow students, he will be likely to go on perpetrating fallacies all his life.

I know there is a prejudice against formal logic ; it is irksome ; it is stiff ; it fetters the mind, it keeps our thought in a narrow groove—there are many objections to it. But I never said that the whole of thinking was to be done in formal logic, any more than that all music consists in practising scales. I am convinced that formal logic is to the art of thinking what anatomy is to the art of healing; or, to change the metaphor by an obvious association, it is what the skeleton is to the body. If we want our thought to have a backbone in it, we must practise dialectics. Bentham is the most logical thinker England has seen for centuries, and in his own line one of the most successful ; study his works, and you will find that nearly all his strength is owing to his marvellous facility in logical division—a power which is as distinctively a mark of his genius as the argument from the absurd was of Zeno, or the ironic dialogue of Socrates. But if in any writer we find incomplete divisions, inadequate definitions, inconsequent syllogisms, or flagrant fallacies, we may conclude that he is no thinker. Christians are sometimes exercised in mind because several of the great geniuses of the day have discarded Christianity—and that on the ground of advanced thought. This does not trouble me in the slightest. Take Huxley, for instance. He is a great investigator into the facts of biological science—none greater ; but he is no thinker. His treatment of Hume's famous argument bristles with logical blunders. He gives in one breath three definitions of nature which are intended to be equivalent, but in fact are (even in his own principles) mutually exclusive. Then he gives us this argument, and calls it reasoning :—Nature is everything which exists ; if therefore a miracle exists, it is part of nature ; but the very definition of a miracle is that it is against nature ; therefore no miracle exists. This is puerile. Take again his answer to Dr. Ward's argument on intuition derived from memory—an argument to which Mill gave in like a man, granting that our trust in memory is intuitive, though he maintained it was the one exception. What did Huxley say ? He said that there was no intuition in it at all ; we trust our memory because we find it pays. But how do we know we find it pays, except by memory itself ? A more delightful vicious circle I never met, unless it be that of a student of my time in Rome, who answered his professor that space must have existed before the world, because when God created the world he must have had a place to put it in. It is true that dialectics can be carried too far,

can become the end instead of a means, and then, of course, we have what is sometimes found in Scholasticism. Bacon has wittily described it:—"As many solid substances putrefy, and turn into worms, so does sound knowledge often putrefy into a number of subtle, idle and vermicular questions that have a certain quickness of life and spirit, but no strength of matter or excellence of quality.

For the human mind, if it acts upon matter, and contemplates the nature of things and the works of God, operates according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it works upon itself, as the spider does, then it has no end, but produces cobwebs of learning, admirable indeed for the fineness of the thread, but of no substance or profit." There may be a certain amount of caricature in this and other passages of Bacon; but while outsiders say, "A hit, a very palpable hit," scholastics themselves are obliged at least to say, "A touch, a touch, I do confess." There was then, and there often is now, when one is deeply imbued with scholasticism, a tendency to dogmatizing and *a priori* reasoning on nature, an air of finality about one's statements, a readiness to dispute and decide *de omniscibili*, and to debate as eagerly on trivial questions, or questions that have no issue, as on really useful and important points. And these tendencies, with others, produced what Bacon censures, and what Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on Philosophy calls *nimia subtilitate quæsitum* and *parum considerate traditum*. But the best scholastics are not of this sort; and even in the others, many of these "vermicular questions" were hardly regarded as more than dialectical exercises, and were often followed up for the mere fun of the thing. Moreover, not all questions now-a-days called frivolous were necessarily so in reality. Thus schoolmen are often held up to ridicule for having gravely discussed the question, "How many angels could stand on the point of a needle?" It is funny; and was meant to be funny, in form. But what they were really discussing under this quaint disguise, was that deep question which all philosophers necessarily discuss, the Nature of Space, with the further question, "What conceivable relation have pure spirits to space?" But why did they put it so oddly? Why! I cannot tell. Look at one of the old Gothic Cathedrals; why do grinning gargoyles make faces at you from under the roof? Why are grotesque and comic creatures entwined in the lovely leafage of the sculptured gates? Why, I know not; it was the humor of the men. But even this degree of quaintness is absent from the

pages of Thomas Aquinas. He, too, is accused of frivolous questions : well, so was Sir Isaac Newton. When he was studying the laws of light on iridescent surfaces, an old woman who lived next door to him remarked of him one day, "Poor daft old gentleman : why, he sits at the window for hours blowing soap-bubbles ! " St. Thomas Aquinas' frivolous questions always remind me of Sir Isaac Newton's soap-bubbles—and those who object to them remind me of the old woman. At any rate, if there be danger in dialectics, it is sufficient to keep our eyes open and avoid it : there are few things that give us power which do not also bring danger with them : and dialectical skill will give us power : and without power there is no art.

And indeed the next great requisite towards learning the **Art** of Thinking contains the preventive of any ill effects that might arise from dialectics. It is indicated in Bacon's words above : that the human mind must act upon matter, and contemplate the nature of things and the works of God, and thus operate according to the stuff and be limited thereby. If, then, we would learn to think, we must accustom ourselves to deal with realities, and not to toy over words or be entangled in notions. Art is concerned with things, not with notions ; and there are things of the mind every whit as real as tables and chairs. If you want to understand what is meant by the reality of an idea, read the first part of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Development : in this part, which is purely philosophical, he treats of the developments and of the corruption of ideas. The following passage will give a hint of his meaning :—
 "When one and the same idea is held by persons who are independent of each other, and are variously circumstanced, and have possessed themselves of it by different ways, and when it presents itself to them under very different aspects without losing its substantial unity and its identity, and when it is thus variously presented, yet recommended, to persons similarly circumstanced, and when it is presented to persons variously circumstanced under aspects, discordant indeed at first sight, but reconcilable after such explanations as their respective states of mind require : then it seems to have a claim to be considered the representative of an objective truth." Now, it is these objective truths which we must keep before our mind, if we would really think ; and this necessitates the process known as Meditation or philosophic Contemplation. Otherwise we shall never think, we shall only be letting a stream

of abstractions pass through our mind: we shall be dealing with mere symbols, and might as well be talking about *X*, *Y*, *Z*. Many a student is taught to discuss the theories, *e.g.*, of the union of soul and body: he can tell you all the philosophers have said on the subject; can classify them; can criticize them all; but he has never *thought* about it himself: the whole question is to him a mere dream, and if he adheres to any solution himself, it is simply for form's sake; it does not influence his mental vision; he has never *contemplated* it. In Newman's language, our apprehension of the philosophical truths we talk about must be not only notional, but also real. Read the Grammar of Assent, and you will see what this means: I despair of conveying the full value of the distinction between notional and real apprehension and assent in a sentence or two: I must content myself by referring to it. Obvious though it seems, the distinction is (I believe) original with Newman. To my mind, it goes to the root of most of the bad thinking in the world. This Grammar of Assent, let me remark by the way, seems to me the most remarkable book on the Theory of Thinking written this century, certainly it is the most original. It is the *Novum Organum* of Implicit Thought: and in logical science the theory of Implicit Thought is, I think, as distinct and as necessary an advance upon Induction as Induction was upon Deduction.

But I must proceed. I must make a fourth postulate. Our pursuit of the Art of Thinking must (1) begin in reverence, (2) must go on in willing drudgery, (3) must rise to contemplation of the realities of the mind, and (4) must lastly be motivated by undying enthusiasm. We must love our art, for its own sake, not for anything it can bring us. We must be ready to sacrifice everything for it; because its object is not only beauty but Truth, and Truth is divine. We must be real philosophers, *lovers* of wisdom: otherwise we can never become artists in the domain of Thought. The dry light of the intellectual world within us must not be dispersed in the humours of feeling, nor refracted in the unequal media of prejudice. Onward, whithersoever Thought may lead us, must be our cry; and we must be animated with such a spirit that neither the terrors of hell,* nor visions of heaven, nor allurements of earth, nor unsteadiness of passions, nor intoxication of pride

* This expression refers to those Protestants who dare to deny the existence of hell simply because of the terrors of it.

shall make us swerve from the straight path of intellectual light. For the natural home of true intellectual light is the Bosom of God.

FREDERICK C. KOLBE.

TO MYSELF.

If thou wouldst to thyself be true
And reach that higher goal,
Unseen, unknown, yet felt, whereto
Thou ledest on thy soul :
If thou wouldst read the tangled lore
Of human life and scene,
And faithful follow evermore
Fair Knowledge as thy Queen :
Be brave ! Bear out thy toil and smart—
A crown in store hath Time ;
Tread down the weakness of thy heart,
And upwards, onwards climb !

If loving, loved, thy spirit yet
A loneliness has known,
If thou the soul hast never met
That speaks unto thy own—
Yet bear ! Though happiest are they
Who lean on friendly hand,
It is the strongest soul that may
Alone unshrinking stand.

Though the dark maze of human life
Lie heavy on thy heart,
Shrink not, nor fail before that strife
In which thou hast thy part.
Fight out thy fight, and dare to speak ;
One light thou hast in view—
Men may be false, and flesh is weak,
But God is strong and true.

B G.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The enterprising Anglo-American publishers, Osgood, M'Ilvaine and Co., of Albemarle Street, London, have begun their new series, "Short Stories by British Authors," with "In a North Country Village," by M. E. Francis. This is a striking testimony to the place that the author of "Whither?" has already won in the literary world, and especially in the literary market. This new work is not a three-volume novel—but indeed "Whither?" has also reappeared in a cheap one-volume edition—yet, though it is only a single volume collection of stories and sketches tied together by a string of personal experience, there is, we think, a distinct advance in literary skill over the former tale, gracefully written as that was. It is not too high praise to name Mrs. Francis's new book in the same breath with two famous books to which it bears a certain affinity, "Our Village" by Mary Russell Mitford, and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." This last beautiful book has been thirty or forty years before the public, and the other twice as long; but Mrs. Gaskell's book deserves to be a classic much more than Miss Mitford's, which has just reappeared with an introduction by Thackeray's daughter in a series which is appropriately named "The Cranford Series," with exquisite illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, who has the advantage of being an Irishman—and, by the way, the "British author" whom we are criticising is an Irishwoman, though her "North Country Village" lies, we suspect, in Lancashire, where she is evidently thoroughly at home. It is significant that it is another woman who has done the same for an Irish country village. If our readers have not already made the acquaintance of Miss Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls," let that be one of their Christmas pleasures. The delightful book now before us reminds us of all these, being, like them, confined to the study of the inhabitants of one small rural spot, and displaying the same keenness of observation, the same knowledge of the human heart, the same kindliness, the same quiet pathos, the same quiet humour, and the same charm of style—the same, but in all these cases with many a difference. The descriptions of country sights and sounds are quite exquisite in Mrs. Francis's pages, such as that which begins "On the Other Side of the Wall"; but she very wisely keeps her descriptive faculty well in check, and deals chiefly with people. How many of these good folk she makes us thoroughly acquainted with!—their appearance, their talk, their sentiments and their want of sentiment—for she has to deal with a very different race from Widow M'Gurk and Miss Barlow's other *dramatis personæ*. The quaint, gentle humour sets off the judiciously

rare touches of pathos ; though the only story that is altogether sad, "Our Joe," will be picked out by many as the prettiest of them all. "Nancy" and "Aunt Jinny" are perhaps the strongest items ; but there is not one of these finely printed pages that is not bright and wholesome. Though brought out by the London representatives of the New York publishers, the Harpers, for the novel-reading world at large, "In a North Country Village" may be added to any convent circulating library as being a great deal more than harmless, while very amusing and very charming. The price is only three shillings and sixpence—another strong recommendation.

2. Most of our readers have read accounts of the beautiful death of Father John Morris, S.J., at Wimbledon, while preaching on the 22nd of October, 1893, in the very act of repeating his text, "Give to God the things which are God's." A few days after his death came to us the last book he had been engaged upon, a reissue of "Two Ancient Treatises on Purgatory" (London : Burns and Oates)—namely, "A Remembrance for the Living to Pray for the Dead," by Father James Mumford, and "Purgatory Surveyed," an old Jesuit work which Father Anderdon, S.J., had revived. Another book on this subject is "Purgatory Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the Saints," by the Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. (London : Burns and Oates). This very handsome volume of more than three hundred pages is translated from the French of a Belgian father already known by several very useful works intended for the use of priests. It is very well that such a compilation has been made by a trained theologian, who can fortify anecdote by dogma. The translator, J. J. S., is a lady, and has done her task very well, as far as we have examined it ; but she ought not to have followed her French original in calling Durandus "Durand," and in some small points of that kind. Does Father Schouppe call his divisions of matter chapters ? They are quite too short for that dignified title. Three or four of them would form not too long a chapter. This will be an attractive addition to the libraries of convents.

3. "Little New World Idyls," by John James Piatt (London ; Longman and Co.) has no doubt had its name suggested by Mr. Austin Dobson's "Old World Idylls"—we spell the word as it is spelt on the two title pages respectively, but we vote for the single *l*. There is a great contrast between the spirit and themes of the two books, but they are alike in being poetry of a refined and cultured kind. Mr. Piatt has none of that dreamy cosmopolitanism that some poets affect, and still less of the new paganism of Keats and the literary poets. He often dwells, indeed, on the feelings that are common to all hearts all the world over ; but he never lets us forget his beloved American surroundings—with a few tenderly painted Irish scenes, which will

henceforth, alas, be only distant memories. A singularly pleasing and faithful portrait opens the volume which ought to have closed with some extracts from the graceful criticisms on the poet's work which Mr. W. D. Howells contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* and James Russell Lowell to *The North American Review*—poets both of them, though both more distinguished in prose, even the author of "The Biglow Papers."

4. An extremely interesting book has just been published by Dollard, of Dublin—"The Irish Cistercians, Past and Present, an Historical Sketch." The author, who conceals his name, has performed his task admirably. The continental history of the Order is briefly sketched, and then more minutely the Irish monasteries, Mellifont, Bective, Newry, Boyle, Assaroe, Holycross, &c. Then we come to the modern revival, Mount Melleray, near Cappoquin, and lastly Mount St. Joseph, near Roscrea, which owes much to the munificence of Count Arthur Moore. To this newest House of the order we are indebted for the present volume, and applications for copies may be made to this monastery. The book is sent post free for 1s 2d., and how this is done we do not understand, seeing that the pages are strewn thickly with pictures of ancient Cistercian monasteries, of Melleray in France and Melleray in Ireland, and, lastly, of Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea, from many different points of view.

5. "Smiles and Sighs" is the title of a volume of poems by Michael Francis Sheehan, which Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have brought out very tastefully. The Rev. Michael P. Hickey has prefixed an interesting introduction. Mr. Sheehan's themes and the spirit in which they are treated are always pure and refined. He has great metrical facility, and this is in itself a peril. His muse is not quite hard enough to please as regards rhythm, rhyme, and reason. For instance, the proper rhyme for "about thee" is "without thee," not "about me." This graceful little volume represents many delightful hours in the life of the poet, and it will give pleasure to many readers of like taste.

6. Messrs. M. and S. Eaton of Dublin, have just brought out in various dainty bindings a third volume of their very popular "Little Treasury of Leaflets." The two preceding series have been used very largely in convents and among the pious faithful. Brevity, variety, and novelty are among the recommendations of this excellent collection of prayers and devout readings. The new series is in several respects likely to be more popular even than the two earlier ones, and more serviceable as a practical prayerbook. In one place it abandons its single-leaf policy and devotes twenty pages to consecutive devotions for Mass.

7. Burns and Oates, London, have issued a shilling edition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's selection from the poets under the title of "The Household Poetry Book, an Anthology of English-speaking Poets from Chaucer to Faber." An excellent vignette-portrait of the illustrious editor greets us on the title page. Cheap as it is, it is an adequate book of samples from the entire range of English poetical literature; and any young student who masters its contents will know English poetry better than if he spent months over the "complete works" of all the chief poets. For, besides his admirable judgment in selecting, Mr. de Vere condenses into brief notices biographical details and critical remarks which may be accepted with the docility due to such an authority. Our young people would do well to eschew newspaper poetry and other trifles of the day and to fix in their minds as much as they can of this classic selection and of Mr. de Vere's running commentary.

8. Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Nassau-street, Dublin, have published in tonic sol-fa notation the voice parts of Mr. Joseph Seymour's "Mass in honour of St. Brigid, for two equal or unequal voices," price fourpence. Also in the same form some Benediction music by the same composer. They have also issued a new and revised edition of "St. Patrick's Hymn Book," by the Rev. Edward Gaynor, C.M., which is rapidly extending its beneficent influence everywhere that hymn-singing is one of the ways of praising God. Upon religious communities especially Father Gaynor has conferred a great boon.

9. Burns and Oates have sent us the second volume of the French translation of the German meditations on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Father Meschler, S.J., which are quite different from the ordinary meditation-books. The sacred text is given in full and then minutely and solidly discussed; and indeed the book is rather a solid commentary broken up into the lengths suited for the points of meditation.

10. "From La Rabida to San Salvador," a drama in four scenes written for the Columbian celebration, at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A., is far above the average of the conventual drama, as might indeed be expected from the literary associations of the place. The "Catholic Annual" of the Benzigers is even more entertaining and edifying than usual this year. We can only name—but that will be enough for those who know the authors and are interested in the subjects—we can only name "Views on Education," by Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria (Office of *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana), "The Portuguese Royal Patronage in British India considered in its various aspects and relations" (East Indian Printing Press, Marine-street, Bombay) and "Some Popular Historical Fallacies

Examined," by the author of "The Religion of St. Augustine" (London: Burns and Oates). As this is Christmastide or nearly, we may remind our young readers that Blackie and Sons have brought out for them a very pleasant story book by M. E. Francis, called "Town Mice in the Country," which will give them some of their pleasantest Christmas hours.

[And also, as it is 'nearly Christmastide, we may wish to all our friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Their kind hearts will of course return our greeting with "The same to you!"—and their kind hands will give effect to their kind wishes by at once enclosing in an envelope addressed to 55 Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, postal orders to the amount of seven shillings—at least.]

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

The first notice that we have seen of Miss Elinor Sweetman, whose first book we introduced to our readers last month, is the following from the very critical *Saturday Review*:—

In "Footsteps of the Gods," the opening poem of her slim volume, Miss Sweetman is inspired by a theme which has attracted not a few poets since Keats wrote his sonnet "Glory and Loveliness have passed away." Still, to the poet the gods themselves return with the reviving year, and the voices of the universal Pan make music in the woodlands. Or, as another poet has it, "even at this day"

'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus everything that's fair.

Miss Sweetman shows much sympathy and grace in her poetic vision of the birth of spring and the re-entering of the gods into their ancient possessions. Of the the sonnets in the volume we note the last, as one more example of a sonnet "On the Sonnet," and one that is decidedly not the least pleasing and ingenious of the kind. In "The Lost Dream," and "My Love and I went Maying" we have songs that can scarcely fail to charm, so true, yet so simple, is their appeal to ears attuned to unforced singing. Different in style, as in subject, is "The Silent Knight," a poem that is sufficient in scope and development to serve as a test of the writer's invention and skill. Every form of narrative in verse has its difficulties, and in this poem Miss Sweetman has successfully treated that which deals with a legend, perhaps

the most difficult of all forms of narrative. Occasionally. it may be noted, the writer falls into an excess of metaphor, as in the verses—

The Autumn was in its agony, &c.

But with young poets the way of hyperbole is apt to be slippery. The poem, however, is effectively presented as a narrative, and the romantic element, which pervades the poem as colour and atmosphere may, is handled in a congenial spirit.

* * *

It is significant that there is an allusion to Keats both here and in our own notice of the same beautiful book. We quoted his famous sonnet about Chapman's Homer; but the printer changed *ken* into *view*. Even if half asleep, we could not forget the rhyme for "Darren." How many blunders must thus and in other ways creep into printed books. especially those that live after their authors have died! Few can correct a proofsheets with the same care as the authors thereof. But some authors are so stupid or so careless that their article is safer in any hands rather than in their own.

* * *

Did you ever hear of "Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury under William III, Anne, and George I?" This is the description given of him by Lord Chesterfield in attributing to him the well known saying: "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." That excellent lord lieutenant of Ireland applies the saying to the use of time. The hours and other considerable spaces of time force you to attend to them; but beware of wasting the miscellaneous fragments of time which may intervene between one important duty and another.

"The pence are sometimes more important than the pounds,"
Said good old Mr. Secretary Lowndes.

* * *

It is unfortunate when two persons in the same line of business bear the same name. "Mr. Vincent O'Brien" would seem to be a sufficiently distinctive combination of baptismal and surname, yet it is borne by two gentlemen distinguished in the musical world of Dublin. The identity of her initials made Miss Margaret Ryan, author of "Songs of Remembrance," take the name of "Alice Esmonde" in order not to be confounded with the editor of this magazine, who on the the other hand has got the credit of "The Little Golden Door" and many other devout pieces by M.

G. R., who in reality is a Loretto Nun, Sister Mary Gertrude Reddin. "P. A. S." are the initials of the layman who lately wrote the "Life of John Martin," and also of the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, C.C., of Mallow, whose "Two Civilizations," in a former volume of our Magazine, won the admiration of the late Judge O'Hagan. It is this last "P. A. S." who wrote several years ago "The First Sin," published for the first time in our October number. In the same manner Miss Ellie Sweetman, who contributes poetry to some Dublin journals, is likely to be mistaken by some for Miss Elinor Sweetman the author of "Footsteps of the Gods, and Other Poems," for which even Saturday Reviewers, forgetting their traditional cynicism, have nothing but praise. Perhaps indeed the wonder is that literary names are for the most part unique, each standing aloof from all the rest—one Goldsmith, one Lamb, one Dickens, one Thackeray, etc. "James Thomson" has indeed been repeated in our poetical annals; but already the poet of pessimism is almost forgotten, and the poet of the seasons enjoy a perpetual spring.

* * *

I heartily agree with what dear Charles Lamb says in his essay "Oxford in the Vacation." He refrained from reading the original manuscripts of certain poems. "Those *variae lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith." And in a note he adds: "There is something to me repugnant at any time in written hand. The text never seems determinate. Print settles it. I had thought of *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute—till in an evil hour, I was shown the original written copy of it. . . . How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected, as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might be otherwise and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and those fluctuating, successive indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture till it is fairly off his easel."

This resolve of Elia's seems to me very wise. Let us see picture and poem and every perfect thing in its ultimate perfection. I thought more highly of Thomas Davis's poems before I saw a good many of them in his loose handwriting.

The view in the foregoing paragraph regards more particularly certain poets and others who produce slovenly manuscripts. It does not regard neat and careful writers like Charles Lamb himself. In his "Complete Works," edited by R. H. Shepherd, and published by Chatto and Windus in 1878, an autograph is given of the famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig." But it is strange that in the very first sentence the Editor convicts himself of a misprint. "Mankind for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw." Is this the reading of all the printede ditions? If so, they are all wrong. Lamb, in his beautiful clerkly hand, wrote "twenty," not "seventy." Compare the *t* of *to* in the same line, and you will decide that the printers have changed *tw* into *sev*. Are there many such mistakes made, I wonder, and never detected?

* * *

E. M. Storey of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine* can rhyme very deftly. Here is his (or her) description of how "The Old Man Sings." The first lines describe very accurately the way in which some young girls sing when they try to write verse:—

There's a wobble in the jingle and a stumble in the metre,
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation;
But there's music such as once was played before the ancient kings
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes looking for the strings;
There is laughter choked with teardrops when the the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle,
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle.
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,
And he sings the songs of long ago with faltering intonation;
And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings,
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,
When he tunes the dusty fiddle, and the old man sings,

And while the broken man is playing on the broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle;
The sound of many wedding-bells in all the music surges,
Then we hear their clamour smothered by the sound of funeral dirges
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings,
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings:
And so we sit in silence when the old man sings.

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